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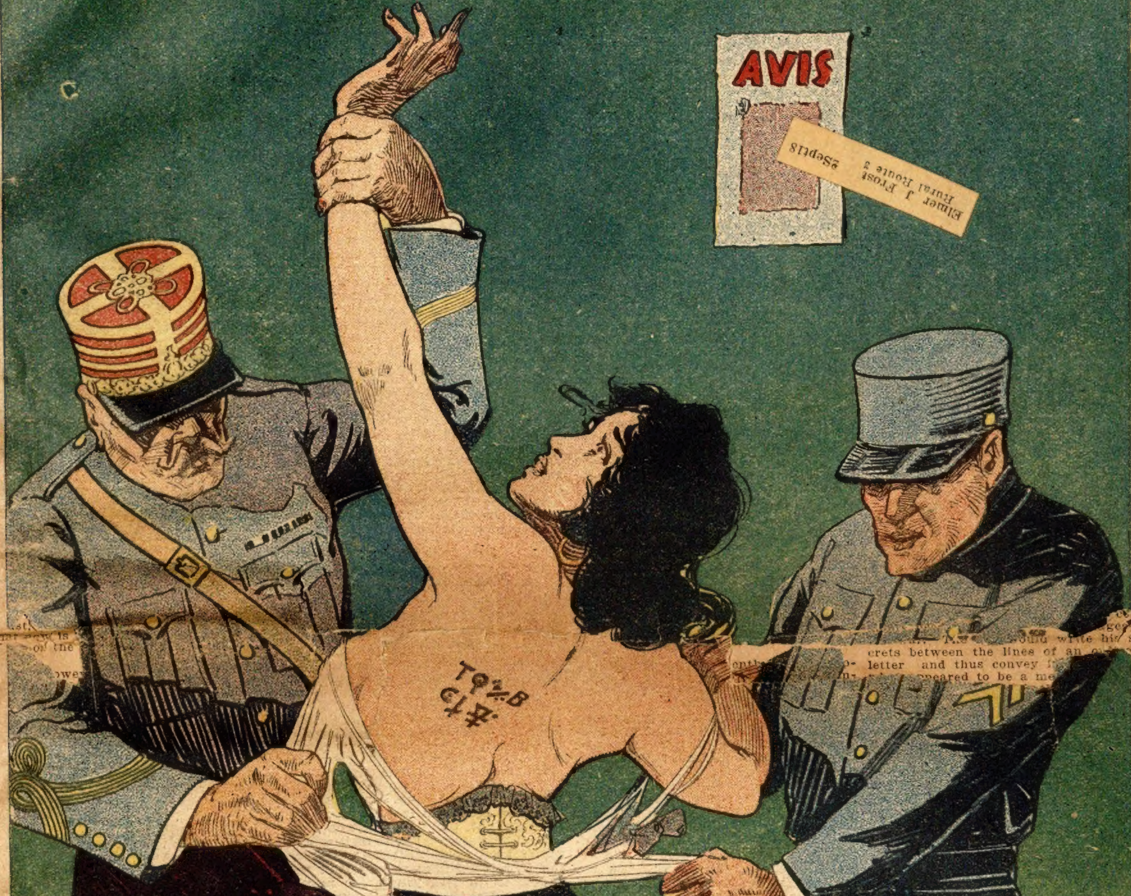

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Elmer J Frost
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IN THIS ISSUE

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The Mission of the Ledger

For One Person Who Wishes to Be Uplifted, There Are a Million Who Wish to Be Entertained.

YEARS ago when the Chicago Ledger was founded its publisher, W. D. Boyce, came to the conclusion that the sentence which is printed above was solid truth and upon that basis he built the present magazine. To others was left the work of uplifting the one while the Ledger's mission in life became the entertainment of the million. Today the Ledger is reaching out after the second million who wish to be entertained and it not only is gratifying, but surprising, to discover how many persons find in the Ledger the supreme touch of pleasure during the week. The editor's mail bag is a constant source of anticipation—a surprise grab bag, as it were—and it is remarkable how many of those who write to him express their joy at seeing Saturday roll around, bringing with it the Ledger. The bulk of you must feel the same way, for most of those who write seem to take pride in telling us how long they have been reading the paper, so long that to them it is as much a necessity as their sleep or their meals.

OF COURSE every story doesn't please every reader. You remember the story of the old negro who was given a top hat by a white man, one of those shiny, stovepipe affairs with a brim about two inches wide and a crown a foot high. The old negro was immensely pleased with it and he strutted around in complete satisfaction with himself and his headgear. Then his friends began to get in their work, as well-intentioned friends so often do. The first one declared that the crown was far too tall and urged that it be cut down an inch or two. The owner did it. Then another friend declared it still was too tall and the man chopped it down some more. Along came a third frien[illegible] "The top of the crown is wholly unnecessary," said he. "Think how much more comfortable it would be if more air got to your head and, besides, it will keep you from growing bald." So off came the top of the crown. Then some one thought the brim was a silly-looking thing, anyhow, because it was so narrow, so once more the old negro's knife came out and he cut off the brim. He put what was left of the crown on his head and took one look at himself [illegible]

SO IT is with editing a magazine. If you immediately put into use every suggestion that was made pretty soon you would have a hodge-podge of a publication, neither fish nor fowl, and something that would not suit any one, not even the editor himself. A great man once remarked that even the office boy could put things in the paper, but it took a clever editor to know what to leave out. So if most of you feel as does a woman who wrote us from Hobart, Wash., we know that we are doing a good job. She said: "On the whole, I like the Ledger. There always is one or more stories that appeal to everybody, even if they don't like all of them."

"WHY can't some of us mothers have a baby department?" writes one woman. She goes on to explain that she is the wife of a farmer, that she lives many miles from a town and that helpful suggestions regarding the care of her babies would be greatly appreciated. Once we thought of running a series of articles along that line. In fact, we had a number of such articles for reading. Then we discovered that the writer who was trying to advise other women how to raise babies never had had any babies of her own. Her knowledge of the subject had been gleaned from books, theories not based upon actual experiences, yet she was perfectly willing to try to advise others. We pointed out to her that when you want a physician yon don't send for a plumber, that a blind man is scarcely fitted to guide other blind men and that certainly a woman without babies of her own was not the person to tell mothers how to raise their babies. She left quite angrily, but a day or two later she telephoned: "I tore up my articles today," she said. "I had my eyes opened and I discovered that the best person to know what to do with babies is the mother herself. Nature can tell her more in a minute than I and my articles could in a thousand years." However, there are several good magazines which make a specialty of helpful things for mothers, and their articles are really authoritative, and we would be glad to have our readers take them for information along this line and look upon the Ledger as the magazine from which they derive their entertainment.

SOME time back we promised you that we were going to run some serious war stuff, something that would give you vivid insights into the big game that is being played over in Europe, the game in which the entire world is so keenly interested. We are doing that now and we hope that you enjoy the little articles. Whether you do or do not, we will be glad to have you tell us. A postal card, a few minutes' time to write upon it, and your expression of opinion may make the Ledger all the more what you want. Don't think that your letters will not be read with a great deal of interest.

IT IS about time for us to be telling you something about the next number of the Ledger. There will be some short stories which we want you to read. One is the story which will lead off that week. It is called "Hans O'Hara and the Submarine." We think it is one of the best short stories we have read along the humorous line in a long time. There is a little incident connected with its purchase which may interest you. Every story that goes into the Ledger passes thru several hands before it is accepted, for what one person might like might prove utterly distasteful to others. So if the first person who reads it likes it, it goes to another. If the second one likes it, the chances of its acceptance are good. Thus it was with this story. The first person who read it chuckled quite a great deal during the process. So did the second. Then they got their heads together and chuckled some more. So the editor took it and read it himself and he, too, chuckled. Here's hoping that every one of the Ledger readers chuckles, too.

"MY LADY'S TREASON" is a thrilling war story with the scene laid in the France of today. It is from the pen of Augustin W. Breeden, who has sent us some good yarns in the past, and [illegible] very clever woman, the machinations of the Germans and interest is intense from start to finish. In the same number will be "The Man of Mystery," a love story of an unusual kind. All three of these stories are complete in the one issue. No new serial will be started in that number, as we wish to give you an occasional number in which short stories predominate, for many of you have requested this and have said that you didn't have time to read many serials now that spring is in full swing and summer is on the way. That does not mean that we are going to omit serials, for at least three will be running all the time, sometimes more. That will enable us to give you larger installments and at the same time give you a greater variety of fiction.

WHY is it that so many people seem to prefer detective stories above all others? And isn't it natural that you will take a liking to some particular fiction detective and insist upon reading about him as often as possible? That is the way it was with Keeneyes, the central figure in the serial now running under the title "Is She a German Spy?" Just now we are in receipt of letters asking us to bring Christopher Poe into the limelight again. You will remember Poe as the banker-detective who uses his peculiar powers of observation and deduction to solve mysteries. Several stories about him proved quite popular and unless we hear a great deal of objection we are going to offer you some more in the near future. It has been said that Poe is the best fiction detective since Sherlock Holmes and we are inclined to agree.

WE HOPE that you will like "The Kidnaped Feudists," which begins in this number, for William H. Manning, its author, has done what we consider a good piece of work. After you have read thru the Ledger this week you will be in a good position to tell us your opinion again. Tell us if you care for such things as "Gambling With Death," the article about the tricky German spies. Tell us how you like the other things. Even include these talks from the editor.

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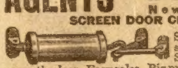

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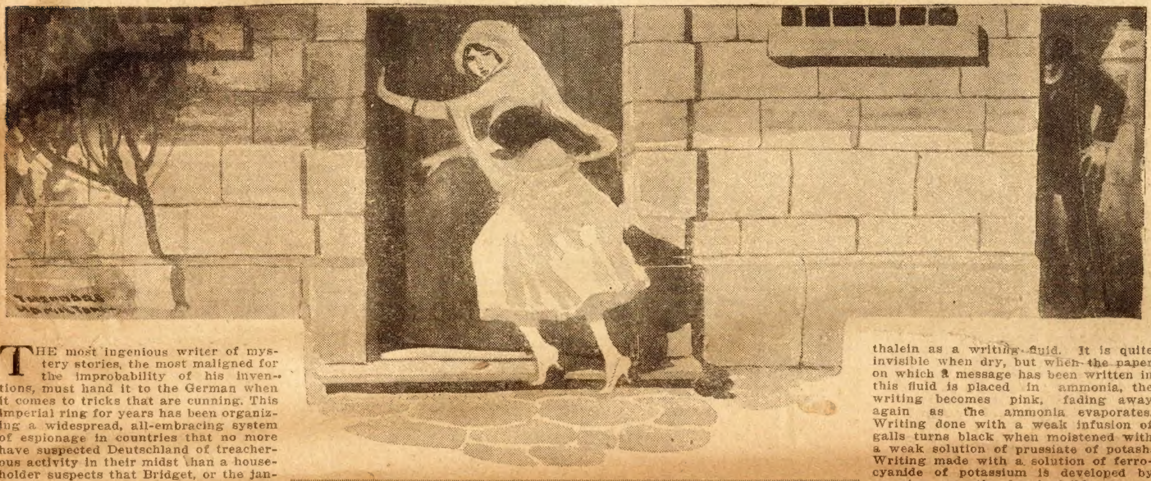
NEW STORIES
Of Mystery,
Adventure,
Humor and Love
Every Week

VOL. XLVI. CHICAGO, ILL., APRIL 13. 1918. No. 15.

GAMBLING WITH DEATH



The most dangerous game on earth! Some play it for love of country, some because of its lure. The reward of success is small, the penalty of failure a firing squad.

THE most ingenious writer of mystery stories, the most maligned for the improbability of his inventions, must hand it to the German when it comes to tricks that are cunning. This imperial ring for years has been organizing a widespread, all-embracing system of espionage in countries that no more have suspected Deutschland of treacherous activity in their midst than a householder suspects that Bridget, or the janitor, or the iceman is being paid by his neighbor to report the amount of sugar in his pantry, or the fact that he snores in his sleep. Yet hundreds of thousands of persons have been working in our midst, collecting a mass of information that now is feeding the rapidly maturing plans of the militant aristocracy of Germany.

Now, however, that three years of war have jolted England and France and America into something like a suspicious frame of mind with regard to these erstwhile admired and welcomed Teutons, it is stretching their ingenious wits to the utmost to get information thru the Allied lines to the Iron Ring in Berlin.

Since the days of Eve, woman has been reputed a born spy, born investigator and vehicle of forbidden knowledge, and in the great war of today her name is breaking into the limelight of things treacherous with an unexampled and daring success. Women of the type who are hired as spies are quicker than men at throwing their pursuers off the scent, more ready with excuse, more fertile in hiding-places. They have been known to hide a secret in their heels, under their hair, in the linings of their corsets, and even on the skin of their backs.

A European dispatch, for instance, reports the seizure of a woman spy carrying military secrets from an Allied country concealed on the skin of her shoulders.

Twenty-six years ago this woman was a bewitching young girl in Rome, a singer, whose lovely voice and genius had taken the Roman world by storm. She sang, on the occasion of her debut in "The Huguenots," with the great tenor, Marconi, and for weeks the Roman musical world rang with the name of Elena Teodorini.

Soon her fame was echoed in every great musical center of Europe, and across the Atlantic impresarios began to coquette for her favor. Shortly before the outbreak of the war she bade what may prove to have been her last professional farewell to Europe. Then, singing in company with Marconi, at a gala performance in the Italian capital, she gave a startlingly impressive presentation of the role of Lucrezia Borgia, that fifteenth-century mistress of sudden and secret deaths.

With the applause of this triumph still in her ears, she said good-by to Rome and so disappeared across the seas. Nothing more was heard from her directly and her name became a fitful memory, stirred once or twice by a press dispatch from Buenos Aires, a far-away echo of the applause that had made her a name in Rome.

But now her name again is heard in Italy, for Elena Teodorini, the Roumanian child whom Rome had claimed for her own, has been taken into custody—a spy, it is rumored, in the pay of Germany.

If one could but read the heart of this international waif of fame and fortune, what a story would be there! Her woman's innate love of forbidden fruit, her woman's innate intuition, her own dramatic instinct would make her a quick and resourceful student of the dangerous, expert technic of the spy; but when she came to choose the master she should serve, it was surely no altruistic love of country that moved her. Thru what aberration of the heart did Elena Teodorini come under the influence of the German Count Luxburg? And by what subtle persuasions dear to a woman's soul did he, or some handsome devil in his employ, imbue this gifted creature with enthusiasms and purposes hostile to the lands that had befriended her?

Suddenly she, in the midst of her operatic career, began tripping to and fro between New York and Buenos Aires. This persistent flitting brought her at length under the surveillance of the American Secret Service. More and more closely they watched her, but she foiled all their efforts to establish her guilt. Nothing was ever found in her letters, her baggage or about herself to indicate that she was carrying information to the enemy.

On October 2, however, when she embarked on a trans-Atlantic boat, bound for Spain, the American authorities wirelessed the Anglo-French dispatchers that Signorina Elena Teodorini, on board the Queen Victoria Eugenia bound for Spain, was, it was feared, bearing confidential dispatches to Germany's secret agents in Spain.

Some distance off Cadiz a British destroyer loomed up. The Britisher ordered the Queen Victoria Eugenia to follow her. She was then boarded by English officials, who having produced warrants, asked pointedly after Signorina Elena Teodorini.

On being told that they were to search her baggage, Signorina Teodorini turned deadly pale; but, quickly recovering herself, she assumed a more haughty demeanor, demanding, "Why mine, more than anybody else's?" She then assisted with the search, maintaining an attitude of apparent indifference.

The sum total of the officials' ransacking was a roll of curl papers, the wrapper of which was still intact. The bystanders laughed, but the British officials summoned an English stewardess to replace the signorina's maid, and gave orders for the vessel to get under way.

Then they fell upon the curl papers with the eagerness of enthusiastic cryptologists. For a time they owned themselves baffled, for the papers were very innocent-looking papers, indeed. But after a prolonged experimentation with acid tests, there suddenly flashed out a message in unmistakable hieroglyphics. While the officers pored over these undecipherable bits of paper, the artist acquaintances of Signorina Teodorini forgot the incident in their fond imagination that they were nearing the port of their destination.

Instead of that, they suddenly found themselves alongside a French cruiser. Then it was that the signorina's friends were grieved to learn that when the prima donna was stripped by the English stewardess, as for the bath, there on her shoulders was inscribed the key to the curl-paper puzzles.

Elena Teodorini was then delivered over to the French cruiser and now stands accused of carrying on treasonable communications with the enemy.

This stratagem, like most feminine wiles for deceiving the secret service, was based for its success on the well-known chivalry of French and English officers. An Allied officer would hesitate to inflict humiliation on a woman of Signorina Teodorini's beauty and charm.

Secret writing has been one of the most successful means of conveying information to Germany because of the innumerable forms of invisible writing and the fact that each requires a different chemical process to bring it out. A particularly interesting effect is obtained, for instance, with a solution of acetate of cobalt with a little cobalt. A message written in this ink will flash out green before the flame of a candle and immediately fade away again as the flame is removed. The same effect in yellow is obtained with a dilute solution of chloride of copper. A solution of acetate of cobalt, with a little nitrate added, turns rose-colored when heated and fades away as it cools. Lemon juice will turn yellow on exposure to fire. Copper and sal ammoniac, in equal parts, dissolved in water, make a colorless writing fluid which becomes yellow when heated. Onion juice acts in the same way.

The more difficult "inks" are those which require a liquid developer. In these cases a single misstep may wash away every trace of the invisible substance. The Germans have made use of a fairly strong solution of phenolphthalein as a writing fluid. It is quite invisible when dry, but when the paper on which a message has been written in this fluid is placed in ammonia, the writing becomes pink, fading away again as the ammonia evaporates. Writing done with a weak infusion of galls turns black when moistened with a weak solution of prussiate of potash. Writing made with a solution of ferrocyanide of potassium is developed by pressing over the dry invisible characters a piece of blotting-paper moistened with a solution of iron sulphate. A pure dilute tincture of iron is redeveloped by a blotter moistened with strong tea.

These invisible inks were most commonly used during the earlier stage[illegible] the war. The spy would write his secrets between the lines of an ordinary letter and thus convey information in what appeared to be a mere bulletin of family news. Now, with the growing experience and acumen of the Secret Service men, it has been made a rule to confiscate all papers found on the persons of unknown neutrals seeking passage out of the country. For this reason, writing on the skin has been resorted to.

Invisible inks can be detected on the skin in some cases by a skilled finger, in others by means of the microscope, in others by the use of heat, and in some by the application of chemical reagents. In the use of the latter the greatest caution must be observed. The investigator, having ascertained the probable location of the writing on the skin, first uses the developers that will do no injury. Then, he will take the reagents the use of which may prove fatal, and apply to a small area of skin just enough of each in turn to reveal the presence of the substance he is looking for. So by continued testing a means is discovered, finally, for bringing the hidden writing into view.

One of the cleverest stunts tried by a spy is that of the artist's sketch which conceals in its lines diagrams of enemy fortifications or cryptic symbols decipherable by the powers above.

The spy-artist, for instance, may purport to be a naturalist. He has a portfolio of wonderfully limned butterflies, the odd markings of whose wings reveal the location of machine guns and trenches.

A similar case is that of Werner K. R. W. Sturzel, a German spy now interned at Fort Oglethorp, Ga. About the time that the war broke out, Sturzel was sent to Porto Rico and employed by one of the biggest German business houses in the island. He always had an abundance of money and was a liberal spender, telling his acquaintances that his parents were wealthy and that it was their custom to "give generously to the children who were far from home." Just about the time that the Government agents began to take notice of this prosperous young man, Cipriano Castro, ex-dictator of Venezuela, who was known to be in touch with Germany, was ordered out of Trinidad by the British government and immediately returned to Porto Rico, where he resided for ten months before the United States declared war. It was known also that German agents had been active in an effort to obtain a submarine base in the Caribbean and West Indian waters. All these events made the Government agents more than usually alert for evidences of undue German influence in Porto Rico; otherwise the seemingly innocent trick pulled off by Sturzel might have got across the seas more than once. Among young Sturzel's many accomplishments was that of drawing and painting. In 1917 he evolved a magazine cover—a cubist portrait of an Arabian woman, entitled "Tipo Arade"—which he succeeded in selling to the Illustrado, a Porto Rican paper having a wide circulation in Spain. Sturzel knew that, without any suspicious effort on his part, this magazine cover, if published, would fall into the proper hands in Barcelona, Valencia, or Cartagena and be transferred eventually to Berlin.

The cover appeared on Jan. 5 of this year, and the sharp eyes of the authorities no sooner saw it than they waxed inquisitive because of the exquisitely fine detail in which the woman's head was done. Minute study of the drawing revealed the fact that it literally teemed with code letters and hieroglyphics decipherable only by Germany or by Sturzel.

Persons familiar with the handling of codes and cryptograms have expressed the belief that in this cover design Sturzel has revealed important information to the enemy in regard to American defenses in the Caribbean.

One of the most successful of spies in the hire of Germany was Matahari, the Dutch-Oriental dancer who was executed in France for having given, it is said, information to the enemy about the construction of the British tanks. She made her headquarters in Paris, but made frequent trips to England. Then, laden with her grist of secrets, she made trips to Holland and to Spain. How she conveyed her messages has not been disclosed, if, indeed, it was ever known.

The secret investigations of the vast organization of spies which Germany has established throught the world now are bearing fruit in the appalling accuracy with which this terrible foe is effecting his ends. Democracy, hospitable and trustful by nature, was slow to grasp the reality of this subterranean treachery. It was hard for America to believe that such deep, dastardly plots against her sovereignty existed outside the lurid pages of the cheapest of schoolboy thrillers. But to Autocracy's deep-laid system of treacherous espionage Democracy has now opposed an increasingly efficient secret service of her own, whose agents must be expert chemists, expert criminologists, and advanced students of military affairs. If only it be not too late to avail!

Recently the Committee on Public Information issued an "official expose bulletin," giving the documentary proof of far-reaching German intrigues and spy plots in this country.

Each of the Kaiser's agents had his special department of activity. Captain Fritz Von Papen, the military attache of the German embassy, was the military agent, whose work was the procuring of information that would be of aid to the imperial German army and its military problems. The naval expert was Karl Boy-Ed, who specialized in the various lines of naval matters, fortifications, coast defenses and explosives. Heinrich F. Albert, privy counselor to the German embassy, looked after the gathering of information regarding the financial, industrial and commercial activities in this country. Franz von Rintelen was the manipulator of the finances—the millionaire spy, who dealt out the Kaiser's millions often more lavishly than wisely. At the command of these men were thousands of reservists, trained agents, spies and tools, whose spheres of influence and usefulness reached often into the most secret councils of the Government at Washington.

The headquarters of the entire system were in New York. Dr. Albert had his offices in the Hamburg-American Steamship Company's building and in the same building was the office of Paul Koenig, who was nominally the superintendent of police for the Hamburg-American line. Boy-Ed had his headquarters in Room 801 of 11 Broadway and Von Papen held forth on the twenty-fifth floor of a Wall street skyscraper.

Of Von Papen's connection with the Canadian dynamite plots, the fomenting of Irish and Indian disturbances, the placing of fire bombs on supply and munition vessels, the forgery of passports and kindred activities the public is now familiar thru the confessions of his tools, Von der Goltz and others. But it is not so generally known, perhaps, that it was part of his duties to inaugurate and supervise a campaign of terror and frightfulness in the United States in the event of a war between Germany and this country.

"It devolved upon Von Papen," says a recent writer, "not only to keep in thoro touch with the development of American military affairs, but also to study constantly the topography of the United States and the plans of cities and their surroundings from a military viewpoint. Upon him fell the task of stationing German reservists in the various cities and towns, where, in case of hostilities, they would be valuable to the German cause. There was under consideration at one time, when the crisis between the United States and Germany was acute, military plans to start a reign of terror in America. Captain Von Papen and Captain Boy-Ed supervised the purchase of ground near New York and Boston, which was to be used for the construction of concrete bases for big guns in the same manner in which the Germans prepared in Belgium, England and France prior to the war. There is absolute proof that German representatives spent money for this purpose and that they caused to be built foundations that could be used for big guns for the purpose of making an attack upon New York City, for instance."

Von Papen's chief collaborator was Captain Boy-Ed, the Kaiser's social dandy—Germany's Beau Brummel. "Born of a Turkish father and German mother—the latter, Ida Boy-Ed, a novelist much loved in Germany—he possessed an unusual combination of traits, a mingling of Oriental subtlety, the brutal frankness of the Prussian, and the artistic genius of his mother. Admiral Von Tirpitz took him up and made him one of his 'Big Six,' young German officers who were admitted to the naval lord's most secret councils and trained for just such emergencies as the great war produced. Speaking English fluently and possessing an unusually attractive personality, he made himself extremely popular in America."

Boy-Ed had large sums of money at his command. One of the officials of the Deutsche Bank testified that at one time he had $2,225,000 placed to Boy-Ed's credit thru a New York mercantile firm and at his orders it was distributed to various other depositories thruout the country. Boy-Ed had charge of the provisioning of the German raiders and the manipulation of the wireless plants, keeping the raiders and the Berlin government advised of the loading and departure of ships and their routing. He also did quite a large business in forged passports and took a directing hand in the Mexican intrigues and he was one of the executives who engineered the Huerta fiasco.

The most active and spectacular of the lieutenants of Von Papen and Boy-Ed were Paul Koenig—known as "P. K." in the spy code—and the young Wolf von Igel. "P. K." was an ideal Prussian spy. He trusted no man. He never sent an agent out on a job without detailing another man to follow that man and report back to him the movements of the agent and the man to whom he talked. He had spies along the water front on every big steamship pier. He had eavesdroppers in hotels, telephone switchboards, among porters, window cleaners, bank clerks, corporation employes and in the police department. He had an utter contempt for Americans, and he loved to gibe the Government "specials" in their efforts to trail him.

He never went out in the daytime that he did not have one or two of his agents trailing him to see whether he was being shadowed. He used to turn a corner suddenly and stand still so that a detective following came suddenly face to face with him, when Koenig would laugh heartily and pass on.

About the origin of Wolf von Igel, Von Papen's secretary and general man Friday, there is much mystery. There is a rumor that he is a grandson of Graf von Waldersee, one time Germany's chief of staff. At any rate, he was a man of great importance in the system. Von Igel was the man who had charge of the offices, "the safe and the papers," in Wall street when Joseph A. Baker of the Department of Justice and Federal Agents Storck, Underhill and Gorgurevich rushed in one morning last April and placed the whole outfit under arrest and confiscated the papers. It was a dramatic scene. As soon as Von Igel caught sight of the officers he knew the "game was up."

With one spring he reached the safe and swinging the doors shut, was turning the combination when Baker leaped upon him, bearing him to the floor. Realizing the importance of the documents intrusted to his care and straining every resource to outwit his captors, he fought again and again, facing revolvers and braving fists to reach the telephone and call the German embassy for help and to prevent the officers from getting the documents. But he was overpowered and the "papers" captured—a mass of documents which told many of the secrets of Germany's invisible war upon America and the parts played in it by Von Papen, Boy-Ed, Von Igel, Koenig and their hirelings.

But the Big Man—the power behind the immediate executives—the Monte Cristo of the campaign of deceit, treachery and criminality was Franz von Rintelen, the audacious plotter, the man for whose release the Kaiser offered to barter any ten prisoners he had. Back of all the American schemes Von Rintelen looms, the man of mystery, user of a hundred aliases, supreme egotist, a Teutonic Jekyl and Hyde. He was the glass of fashion, on the tiptoe of courtesy, beguiling with his gallant quips and charming his hearers by his fascinating stories and comments. At other times, a disguised conspirator, meeting his agents secretly in offices, or in hotels, or he might pick them up in an automobile, whizzing along at full speed, handing gold to hirelings who, for a price, were ready to undertake any criminal job.

Von Rintelen was a wealthy man, his fortune estimated at $15,000,000. He was a director of the Deutsche Bank and the National Bank fur Deutschland. His big task was to isolate the United States commercially from the European markets, by any means, fair or foul. He was a confidante of Bernstorff and hand in glove with Von Papen and Boy-Ed and Dr. Albert. He poured a flood of gold in various venal channels—he had, he often boasted, $50,000,000 or more to his credit. He lavished millions that brought no results. He it was who deposited $800,000 in Mexican and Cuban banks to finance Huerta's inglorious campaign. He spent $2,000,000 a week provisioning ships for Denmark, the most of which were captured by the British. Thru his agents he tried to bribe Samuel Gompers with an offer of $500,000, merely to indorse the peace propaganda. He spent vast sums trying to influence legislation at Washington and in the financing of the many strikes that occurred in munitions plants unauthorized by the national labor bodies. And for all his Teutonic boldness and thoroness of execution, he was no match for Uncle Sam's sleuths. He was a blunderer and a failure on a large scale—the wise ones relieved him of his money right and left—and the most of his schemes came to naught. Today he is languishing in a British prison.

And now the system is sadly demoralized, tho still doing business in high and low places. Bernstorff, Von Papen, Boy-Ed and Von Igel are back close to the Kaiser's bosom. Von Rintelen is interned in England. Scores of their tools and agents are doing time in American prisons.

Overdoing a Conversation

THE effusive but well-meaning woman beamed upon the other woman in blue velvet who had sat next her at the large luncheon.

"I'm so glad to have met you!" she said. "We've had such a nice time visiting, haven't we? Do you know, I didn't catch your name at all when we were introduced! Would you mind——"

"Raymond," supplied the other woman in blue velvet amiably. "It's so hard, meeting such a number of people, to get their names sorted out, isn't it?"

"It's perfectly dreadful!" agreed the effusive woman. "And if I do recall the name I invariably tack it onto the wrong woman! Raymond—Oh, by the way, is it possible you are related to Edgar Raymond? Or do you know him? He's the loveliest——"

The lady in blue velvet smiled. "Why, yes," she admitted, "I do know Edgar Raymond—quite well, in fact! He is——"

"Now, isn't that perfectly wonderful!" gasped the effusive lady in great excitement.

"I always think," she continued, "it is so nice to meet people who know other people that you know yourself! And it really is so rarely that people do know folks with the same name—did you ever notice that? Still, I don't believe in all my life I've met anybody who was a relative of any one I expected them to be! Are you a relative of Ed Raymond's, did you say?"

"Oh, no," said the amiable lady in blue velvet. "Not a relative. I——"

"I knew you couldn't be," cried the effusive woman, triumphantly. "Because you haven't got the Raymond nose! I always thought the world and all of Edgar Raymond, but that didn't blind me to the fact that his nose was a terrible misfortune! If it's any other part of your face you can sort of fix it up, don't you know, but somehow you can't do a single thing with a nose. Anyhow it's fortunate he isn't a woman, because a nose like that would be a tragedy to a girl! His sister's is bad enough, but his—don't you think so?"

"No, it isn't a handsome nose," agreed the other. "Still, if you know a person very well you really do not think what he looks like! His nose never occurs to me! I——"

"Now that shows what a sweet nature you have!" said the effusive lady. "I wish I were like that! But I never see Edgar Raymond that I don't feel sorry for such an affliction! I haven't seen much of him since he married. He was away down East so long, you know! Oh, if you know him, perhaps you know Genevieve Grackle! I've heard so much about her! She's his wife's best friend and——"

"But——"

"It's remarkable how facts lodge in one's brain!" pursued the effusive woman. "Hearing your name has brought them all up again! I never laid eyes on Genevieve Grackle, but I have a distinct recollection that when Ed married I was told that his wife was terribly chummy with her! Wouldn't it be a coincidence if you knew her, too! Still, I expect you do, seeing that you know him!"

"I certainly do!" the lady in blue velvet laughed. "There isn't any one with whom I am better acquainted than Genevieve Grackle! In fact you might say——"

"Why, I think it's perfectly wonderful!" almost shrieked the effusive woman, large eyed. "Finding out all of these delightful things just from asking your name! Did you ever hear that Genevieve Grackle was crazy about Edgar, too? I should think that would have ended the friendship between Edgar's wife and herself! I remember just as well somebody's telling me about it! I never forget things! And oh, tell me—what is his wife like? Is she pretty? Did her people have any money? And how on earth did she happen to fall in love with him with that nose! Of course Edgar is a perfectly lovely man, but——"

"That was the reason," firmly interrupted the lady in blue velvet as everybody rose. "Because he was the perfectly loveliest man she ever had met! As I've been trying to say, I know because I'm his wife and I was Genevieve Grackle before I was married to him! You had the facts, but they were mixed."

"Oh, my goodness!" gasped the effusive one, staring after the vanishing blue velvet back. "The horrid thing! Now, why on earth didn't she tell me before! She just did it on purpose!"

THE BETTER MAN

Not good enough for my country!
Not good enough for you!
You told me your love was a soldier,
They told me I wouldn't do,
And I saw how you kissed him and blessed him
The day that he sailed from you.

But you cried on my friendly shoulder
When the news came over the sea,
"Dead on the field of honor,"
*Honor and victory. * * **
But a girl must love what is left her;
Today you're to marry me.

So why do I dream of the trenches
And the place of a nameless grave?
Oh, sweet are your eyes with the promise
Of all that man may crave—
But I envy the cross on his bosom
And the best of your heart in his grave!

—Columbia State.

Beginning a New Serial of Adventure, Love and Mystery

THE KIDNAPED FEUDISTS

By William H. Manning

MOUNTAIN men born and bred were they—and deadly enemies because of a feud which decreed that they should kill each other on sight. It grieved the heart of a man who was friendly to both and he took a step calculated to make them forgive and forget. It led to strange adventures. The story will be told in five generous installments.

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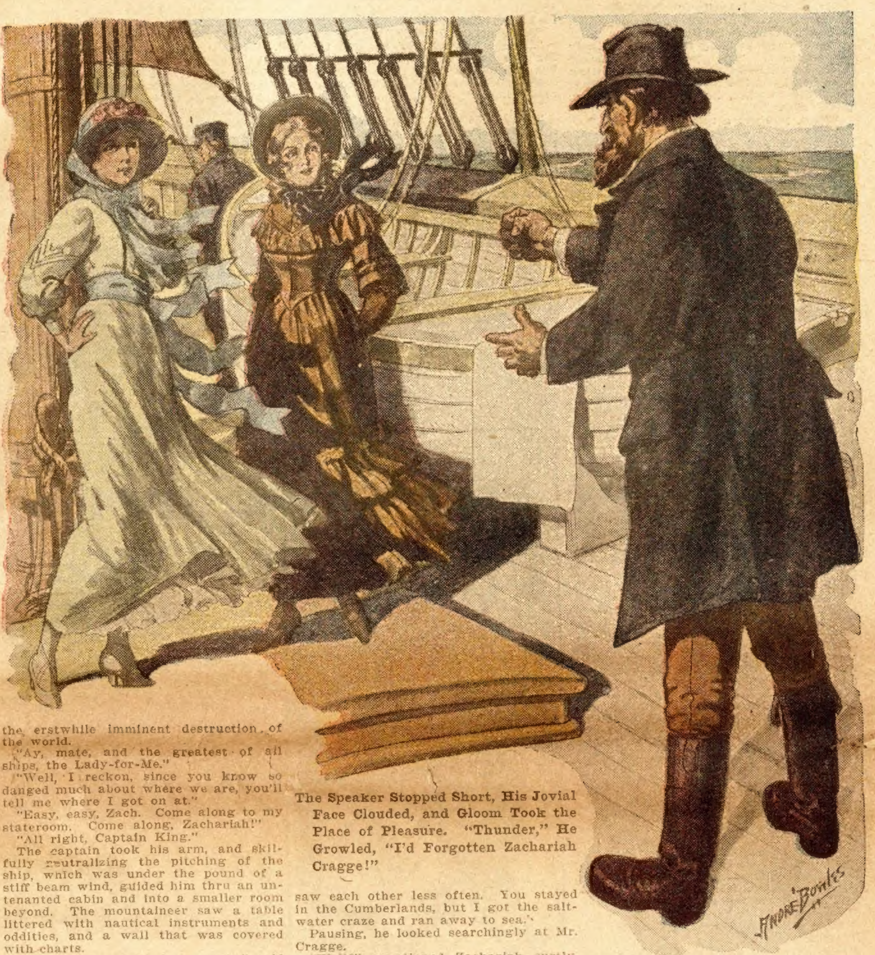


The Speaker Stopped Short, His Jovial Face Clouded, and Gloom Took the Place of Pleasure. "Thunder," He Growled, "I'd Forgotten Zachariah Cragge!"

CHAPTER I.

A PRISONER AT SEA.

ZACHARIAH CRAGGE fell asleep peacefully in his home on the side of a mountain that had never shifted an inch perceptibly since the day of Creation, and he awoke to find everything heaving, tipping and rocking violently, as if the time of world-destruction were at hand.

Night was still with him when he awoke, and he lay for a moment staring into the darkness. Thirty-nine years he had lived in his cabin home, and tho it was in the wildest part of the inhabitable Cumberlands, close by the rugged cliffs of Josephus Knob, he had never known the like of what he now sensed so painfully. Mighty mountains were his dumb associates, a giant ridge of the world, and he had found them as firm as fate and always reliable. But now Zachariah found himself swaying, lurching and slanting as if Old Earth had decided to tip him off. It dawned on him that this was the Day of Judgment—just as the Bible had threatened.

Well, he was a fighting man and not inclined to give up tamely. He leaped from his bed, took two steps and reached out his hand for the rifle which, according to his lifelong practice, he had left leaning against the wall.

The rifle was not there!

He groped a few feet farther and was horrified to find that the door of his cabin was not there; and worse yet, the cabin itself was not there. His shins thumped against strange objects, and his wildly groping hands encountered nothing familiar. Finally his pawing about brought him to a little, round opening thru which air was entering the room. It would just admit his head and he lost no time in thrusting his face thru it. Then Zachariah spoke:

"Jeosophat!——

"All clear enough," he ruminated mournfully. "Gabriel has blowed his horn and my cabin's a-driftin' on the Flood."

As far as Zachariah could see, he saw water. It lapped and gurgled against the walls of his cabin.

"No, this ain't my cabin," he contradicted his thoughts and jerked his head in to take another look. "Nor it ain't any building I ever saw before. Now it's odd and amazin' how I could get out of my cabin and into this floatin' ark and never know a thing about it."

He shook his head anxiously.

"Well, here I am, and perhaps I'm the only human being left alive in the world. By golly, I wish I had that gun."

Zachariah wrestled with the mystery, pulling hard at his beard the while. Suddenly he jumped and grabbed again at the place where the rifle was not. Three heavy knocks sounded somewhere above him and a muffled shout reached his ears. "Starboard watch, ahoy! Do you hear the news? Turn out!" Almost at once a door opened, a light flashed in his face and, with no less surprise than that with which Adam sighted Eve, Zachariah beheld a stout, ruddy old gentleman in the doorway, holding a lantern and clad in a nightshirt.

"Ship ahoy!" the visitor shouted lustily. "Zachariah Cragge, how are you, sir?"

Mr. Cragge stared blankly.

"Shiver my topmasts!" cried the ruddy person with the light. "Why don't you speak up? Don't you know me, Zachariah?"

"Yes," drawled Zachariah, "I'm jest calculatin' where in thunderin' blazes you come from and where I'm a-goin'. I—I thought you were at sea——"

"Well, so we are, my hearty, right out in the old Atlantic Ocean, stowed safe and sound in the Lady-for-Me. Didn't you hear the three knocks on the deck and the call for the starboard watch a bit ago? Don't ye hear the bulkheads creak now? D'ye notice the slight slatting of the sails? Anyhow, I reckon ye detect the roll of the ship—eh, Zach?"

"At sea in a ship?" mumbled the mountaineer, his eyes bulging more than at the erstwhile imminent destruction of the world.

"Ay, mate, and the greatest of all ships, the Lady-for-Me."

"Well, I reckon, since you know so danged much about where we are, you'll tell me where I got on at."

"Easy, easy, Zach. Come along to my stateroom. Come along, Zachariah!"

"All right, Captain King."

The captain took his arm, and skilfully neutralizing the pitching of the ship, which was under the pound of a stiff beam wind, guided him thru an untenanted cabin and into a smaller room beyond. The mountaineer saw a table littered with nautical instruments and oddities, and a wall that was covered with charts.

"Now, sit ye right down, mate," said the skipper hospitably. "You will notice that there is but one chair, but you take that, and when I get dressed I'll sit on the berth. That, you know, is sea talk for bed."

"Um—um!" growled Mr. Cragge.

Captain King began to dress with deliberation.

"Look-a-here, John King," yelled Zachariah Cragge, "how is it that I go to sleep in my cabin in the Cumberland Mountains in Tennessee and wake up in a ship on this pond of water?"

"It's some pond," remarked the skipper amiably, "a little bit of water that covers over forty-one million square miles."

Sufficiently clad to satisfy him for the time, the captain sat on the edge of the berth and smiled at his friend. It was clear that he was amiable even to the point of anxiety. Zachariah was gnawing his lip and there was a belligerent gleam in his eyes.

"Zachariah," began the Captain, seriously, "you and I are old chums. We were boys together near the foot of Josephus Knob——"

"Don't I know that?" snapped Zachariah. "Talk sense, will you?"

"Wait just a bit!" urged the mariner. "As I was saying, we were born and brought up together in Tennessee, right in the heart of the Cumberland Mountains, pretty nigh the tiptop of the world, it seemed, and we had a right smart happy boyhood. We learned to use a rifle before we cut our first tooth, and Zach, old man, is there a beast or a fowl that lives in the Cumberlands that we didn't hunt together? Slow-tracking—that was our favorite way—eh?"

The captain reached out and slapped Mr. Cragge on the knee genially. Zachariah's face remained grim. He was disposed to wait a while before reciprocating this display of friendliness.

"Eighteen years we were bosom chums," the skipper continued, undaunted, "but after that—more's the pity—we saw each other less often. You stayed in the Cumberlands, but I got the salt-water craze and ran away to sea."

Pausing, he looked searchingly at Mr. Cragge.

"Well?" questioned Zachariah curtly. "Now to business."

"It's high time."

"When I was a boy," pursued the Captain doggedly, "an old feud was on between the Cragges and Skarlotts. Years have gone by, but I understand that the feud is still alive——"

"It is!" loudly proclaimed the mountain man.

"And that the passage of years has made Isaac Skarlott leader of the one family and you leader of the other——"

"Right!"

"Sir," exclaimed the Captain, "I want you and Isaac to bury your grudge and install peace in the Cumberlands. A feud is soul sickness, and I'm going to cure this particular one. You and he must abandon your enmity——"

"Never!" declared Cragge.

"I've set my heart on it, sir, and as a first step I've kidnaped you and brought you to sea to make up with him.

"I've kidnaped him, too, and he's on board this ship. Yes, I've shanghaied both of you, and you and Isaac are goin' to shake hands and be friends, or I'll keep you afloat in this ship forever!"

CHAPTER II.

THE TRAPPED FEUD.

A BRIEF silence followed this explanation. Cragge sat speechless, staring at the Captain blankly, angry and yet unbelieving.

"John King, you're crazy!" he yelled.

"If you think so, Zachariah, you will be undeceived later," calmly replied the mariner. "I repeat that Isaac Skarlott is in this ship. Like yourself, he was a boy with me in the Cumberlands. I knew you both as well as I knew my own dad, and I've never been back to the mountains on a visit without being a whole lot with both of you. Both were always my friends, highly valued chums of boyhood days. Both are still fine fellows. Now, I've shanghaied you both, and I've done it to get you together to talk matters over and bury your grudge. I'm going to cure that feud."

Absurd as it appeared to be, Cragge mentally admitted that he had heard the truth. Beyond doubt, he and his fellow feudist were in the ship.

A rattling sound welled up from his throat, and then he spoke slowly.

"Seventy-five years the Cragges and the Skarlotts have been bitter foes," he said, deeply moved. "My grandfather and Isaac's began it, and when they died, our fathers kept it up. With their death Isaac and I became the same as our ancestors had been. Of course, a good many other men, Cragges and Skarlotts, were mixed up now and then, for it was no weakling of a feud, but I'm talking about leaders. Every family has its head, you know. For three years I've been head of the Cragges, and for more than two Isaac has led the Skarlotts. You see, we were promoted about the same time."

"Have you shot a Skarlott since then?" the sailor asked.

"Don't mortify me by asking, but I have not. When I hid in some suitable ambush to lay for them, they went around and missed connections."

"Have they killed any of the Cragges?"

"No. It never occurred to me before, but it has been a dull time in family affairs since Isaac and I took hold as leaders."

"Then there is nothing new to forgive, and you and he will find it easy to patch up your quarrel."

"We will, will we?" shouted Zachariah angrily.

"Why not?"

"That man is a Skarlott."

"He's a human being——"

"I doubt it."

"Do you remember that, in our boys

hood days, Isaac and you used to ignore the feud and meet each other on Josephus Knob and have a right smart outing? How often have you two and myself spent all day in the mountains having a jolly time—eh, Zach?"

"I was a fool then, and Ike has been one all his life. That reminds me, you say you have him on board this ship. Have you talked with him? What does he say?"

Mr. Cragge leaned forward, showing sudden interest, and eyed his companion in eager desire for tidings.

"He?" Captain King repeated, suddenly embarrassed. "Oh, you mean Isaac. Well, he said—of course, I can't betray him, but I got the idea that if you would bury the hatchet, he would help like a good fellow."

"John, you are a mighty poor liar!"

"Eh?"

"I know, and you know, that Isaac is no such soft cake as that. The idea that he would intimate to you that he was willing to patch up peace is ridiculous. He wouldn't make peace, and he knows I wouldn't, neither. Isaac and I are not built that way."

"Um-m-m!" growled Captain King, steadfastly amiable outwardly. "Do you remember that I've just said you and he would shake hands pleasantly or I would keep you at sea forever?"

"That was your joke."

"No joke about it!"

Stubborn Mr. Cragge heard his old friend's jaws click, and, as he looked at the big face before him, he realized again that he was with somebody just as stubborn as himself.

"Joke?" repeated King sharply. "Um-m-m! Do you understand how much of a job it was to kidnap you and Isaac and get you here? With the help of my selected assistants I drugged the two of you into unconsciousness and brought you by relay teams of fast horses from the Cumberlands to a certain nook some miles from the mouth of the Santee River. Three hundred miles as the crow flies. You may live to see the time that better roads will be found in that region, but in this year, which happens to be 1853, going is not fine. Do you think all that was done for a joke?"

Zachariah sat in silence, turning these words over in his mind with other things that occurred to him. Then and there he gave up all notions except that King was in earnest. The captain waited, allowing him time to think, and the thinking was done. At one point a red flush of rage mounted to Cragge's face, and a less courageous man than King might have feared bodily attack, but he was unmoved, and his patience bore fruit.

His companion's angry look lost force and when he spoke it was temperately.

"Do you realize, John," he asked, "that it is something of a job to carry out your plan? Isaac and I will never make up, and your threat to keep us at sea forever—well, well!"

"I'll do it if necessary, but it won't be that. Peace will soon come. I've studied it all out. You two, thrown together day by day, will soon lose your venom. You can't help it, and as a move to that end I've set the stage for pleasant surroundings. Womanly influence, Zachariah, is what tames the world and the men in it. Well, now, when you and Isaac sit at the same table to eat——"

"Ur-r-r!" rumbled Mr. Cragge belligerently.

"Or when you and he idle comfortably on deck, you will have female company. Sir, I have brought the ladies of my family along in this ship. They are my aunt, Miss Ruhamah King, and my sisters, Magnet and Jewel."

"To tame Isaac and me, eh? Well, well!"

"To give a home atmosphere to this ship, to alloy harsh conditions with refinement and daintiness."

"Ur-r-r!"

"A home atmosphere. No feud can continue to exist under such conditions. The Cragge-Skarlott feud will be done to death by womanly amiability. Mark my words!"

"John, it won't work."

"Then you and Isaac will continue at sea forever."

"See here, man! Give him and me each a rifle and set us at opposite ends of this measly old ship and let us blaze away at each other. That's the quickest way to settle the matter, and after I've looked at him thru the sights of my rifle, you can sail for your home port as soon as you please and feel that the feud is ended."

"There is not a rifle in this ship, nor a revolver, neither."

The captain stopped short, grew anxious, and then hastily added:

"Say, Zachariah, you wouldn't try to pitch Isaac overboard slyly, nor fall to beating him with your fists, would you——"

"That will do!" exclaimed Cragge. "There will not be any such brutal indulgence as that. No gentleman would so conduct himself. The rifle is the only weapon of a gentleman. Villain that Isaac Skarlott is, he can be relied upon in this matter, too. He and I are Tennessee gentlemen."

"I should have realized that and asked no questions."

"So you should, John. Men who fight by using their fists upon each other are mere brutes. Never mind that, tho. So your sisters are in the ship?"

"Ay, ay, Magnet and Jewel."

"I've not seen them in two years. They were naturally fine young ladies, but you took chances of spoiling them by sending them away to school at Charleston. Luckily, that mad folly of yours was offset by their supply of brains. Born mountain girls, they remained unspoiled by the evil combination of books, city life and society. Magnet is a fine-looking young lady."

"Some prefer Jewel's looks."

"I'll not quarrel with such as think it, for she is a real Cumberland beauty, but Magnet is even more surprising in looks, manners and speech. So they are really here?"

"Yes."

"I shall be glad to meet them again."

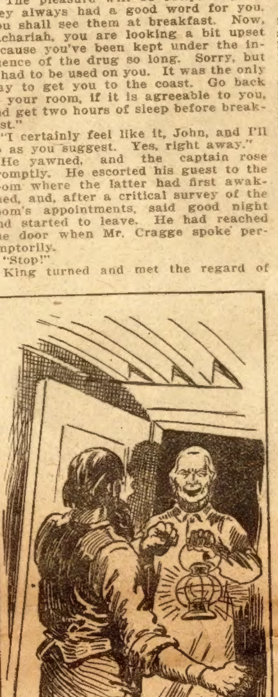
"The pleasure will be reciprocal, for they always had a good word for you. You shall see them at breakfast. Now, Zachariah, you are looking a bit upset because you've been kept under the influence of the drug so long. Sorry, but it had to be used on you. It was the only way to get you to the coast. Go back to your room, if it is agreeable to you, and get two hours of sleep before breakfast."

"I certainly feel like it, John, and I'll do as you suggest. Yes, right away."

He yawned, and the captain rose promptly. He escorted his guest to the room where the latter had first awakened, and, after a critical survey of the room's appointments, said good night and started to leave. He had reached the door when Mr. Cragge spoke peremptorily.

"Stop!"

King turned and met the regard of eyes that were both powerful and gloomy.



"Ship Ahoy!" He Cried.

"John," the mountaineer added, "this abduction of me is the most high-handed thing I ever heard of, and, ordinarily, I should consider that nothing but your lifeblood could make amends, but I remember that you and I were boys together, and right smart good friends. Yes, friends then and ever since. Because of that I shall not do any violence to you. As for Isaac Skarlott, this ship will fall to rot from old age before I'll make up with him. That's all. Good night!"

The captain had injudiciously stepped over the threshold, and now the door was unceremoniously closed in his face. He hesitated, but suddenly smiling, ended by walking to his own room, muttering as he went:

"Zachariah and Isaac will make up or stay at sea forever!"

CHAPTER III.

THE TAMERS.

IT WAS seven bells in the middle watch, and the ship Lady-for-Me was heeling slightly under the blows of the miniature seas that, knocked together by the light pound of the breeze, were driving against the larboard beam of the craft. Oliver Kenyon, the second mate, had the watch, and, composedly pacing the deck with peace all around him, he gave no more attention to his surroundings than alert seamanship required.

If he had been questioned as to the cabin party, he would have replied as truthfully as his own knowledge allowed, tho that would not have been impressively.

"All of the ladies, as well as Captain King and Silas Hunt, the first mate, are below, and no doubt fast asleep. Also the two men of backwoods look, whom I have not seen except distantly. I understand that they are both seasick, these backwoodsmen, tho I never before knew men to be sick that way before the ship started. I don't fully understand their case, but I don't need to, anyhow. I am only the second mate."

Such would have been Oliver's comment, if he had been interrogated by anybody in whom he saw fit to confide, but he was not questioned, and his belief as to the situation was all wrong.

At that moment Captain King and Mr. Cragge were just ending their surprising interview.

Mate Kenyon, young, blessed with good health, full of properly controlled optimism, walked in the waist of the ship with a light, springy step, feeling well content. Only a few hours had elapsed since the home port was left behind, but he was already satisfied that he was to be congratulated on having secured a good berth. He liked ship and captain, and felt sure the voyage was to be to his taste.

The Lady-for-Me was doing her best to add strength to this opinion. A full-rigged ship, she had been laid down and built to the last chainwale, treenail wedge and trestletree with thought for her reputation and that of her builder. Now, she was justifying his faith.

A beauty of the sea, clean of deck, white of sail, neat of line, she slipped thru the water with a speed and buoyancy that smacked of saucy pride. As one noted how lightly she carried herself, it was impossible to dream of her as a "wet" ship, or to believe that, even in the worst work of a long-continued gale, she would fall to wallowing. She could be thought of only as a victor of the deep.

From the beginning Kenyon had periods when he mentally bowed in admiration. He was thus felicitating himself over his good fortune when, his gaze roving seaward, he had the vague impression that a light showed in the darkness, far away.

Walking to the lee rail, he leaned upon it and bored into the night with sharp scrutiny, but the light did not show again. Reluctant to doubt his own eyes, he remained stationary for some minutes, but finally gave it up.

"A delusion," he admitted, yawning. "It doesn't matter."

Taking a look at the water that creamed away from the ship's hull, he finally turned to give his usual attention to inboard affairs. Just then something happened. A human fist hit him under the chin and he went down into the scuppers, his head ringing as tho the world had been struck by a neighboring planet and smashed into bits. This dismal idea was quickly dissipated with the clearing of the mate's head, however, and he bounced back to his feet.

He had been smitten by a vandal fist and knocked down. His dignity as a ship's officer had been flagrantly assailed, but chiefly he resented it as an ordinary man. As a private individual, he wanted to get a return blow at that wretch and hit the rascal harder than he himself had been struck.

Belligerently poising himself for a rush, he looked for the man. He looked, but in vain. Forward, some of the members of his watch were to be seen, idling about as they waited for a possible call to duty. Nearer at hand, the helmsman wrestled with the wheel, his upper body dimly lighted by the binnacle lamp.

But the assailant was invisible.

His disappearance might not necessarily be mysterious. The night was dark, and the few deck lanterns were mere yellow spots in the blackness. There was ample chance for a man to slip away quickly and noiselessly.

Aware that it would be folly to race about wildly, trying to happen upon the fellow, Kenyon quietly walked to where the man at the wheel was twisting at the spokes. The mate knew him to be named Caleb Small, but the Lady-for-Me was too recently away from port for him to have the character of his shipmates established.

"Who has been near us?" the mate snapped.

"Haven't seen anybody lately, sir," Caleb replied.

"Have you been asleep?"

"This breeze ain't no more than a lively drive, sir, but it's wind enough so that the man who might go to sleep at his post would get into a whole lot of trouble, and maybe rip the masts out of her."

It was impossible to deny the truth of this statement, and it went unchallenged.

"Didn't you see the man who came up to me?"

"No, sir. You've been a bit back of here, you know. I didn't look around at all. This wheel needs me. Oh! I take it you don't mean the tall man who was here about five minutes ago?"

"What tall man?"

"Don't know, sir. He slipped along quite ghost-like nigh the bulwark, going that way, sir. He might be there now, for all I can tell."

Caleb turned his head and peered into the shadows that lay so thick along the bulwark. But the mate knew nobody was there.

"Was it one of the sailors?" Kenyon asked.

"Bless me, no, sir. Must have been one of the passengers. He was tall and slender. That's all I can tell, sir, for it was right dark, and I gave it no thought."

"He was moving that way, you say?"

"That's it, sir. Drawing nigh the companion way."

"Five minutes ago?"

"Yes, sir."

"And you've seen nothing moving near here since?"

"Not a thing. Nothing moving, and no sound."

Kenyon meditated. He felt like believing the sailor, chiefly because it was certain the helmsman had not been napping at his post. Had he done that, or left the wheel even for a few seconds, the ship would be in trouble aloft and, at the least, taken aback. Caleb had not struck the blow, and he had not been drowsing.

"Would you know that man again?" Oliver pursued.

"Yes, sir. That is, maybe so. I'm absolutely sure he was none of the foremast hands, and he was taller than the cook or the steward. Must have been one of the passengers, sir, and unless more than one is tall and slender, why, it's easy to identify him later on."

"All right, Caleb," and so saying the mate walked away.

He had said it well, but he knew all was not right. He had never known a man to be knocked down for a joke, and a ship's officer was a sacred character. To strike him was an unusually serious matter.

Kenyon took a walk around the deck, found nobody, and came back to the bulwark near where he had been attacked. As Caleb had said, the point was somewhat behind him. It was quite possible for the affair to occur and be unseen.

Problems bristled in the mate's mind.

"Who hit me? Why did he do it? Will he do it again? What sort of a ship is this, anyhow?"

He could not answer any of these questions, and while he tried with blind attention, his watch drew near an end. At eight bells the deck was relieved by the chief mate and the larboard watch, and Kenyon was off duty for four hours to come.

Day was over the water. Clouds that had previously hung in the heavens had been swept away, the sun was reddening the east bravely, the breeze had fallen somewhat and the sea rolled less heavily. Under these conditions the Lady-for-Me furnished a deck where even a novice could stand and walk, with a measure of ease, and this favorable turn had its results.

Up the companion way, presently, came a man of noteworthy appearance. Large of frame, with shoulders and arms suggestive of great muscular strength, he was also impressive because of a good-sized head that was equipped with hair and beard of a red hue, almost true auburn. In his size and strength he was like Captain King and Zachariah Cragge, and his cautious movements indicated that he was unfamiliar with the sea.

Mountaineer was written all over him. He put his red head out of the companion, blinked at the bright light of the heavens, took in the main features of the deck with wondering curiosity, and then abandoned all attention to such trivial things.

In the lee waist he had seen two young women, and his eyes twinkled with mastiff-like satisfaction. Drawing his feet clear of the steps he was fully on the deck, and he lumbered toward the girls. At that moment they saw him, and both looked a little anxious.

"Don't fall, Mr. Skarlott!" cried one of the pair hastily.

"Fall!" rumbled he of the red beard. "Not I! Shall a man who can climb the steepest cliff in the Cumberlands tumble over because a pot of water is shaking this ship around feebly?"

"One has to get used to the sea before walking here is easy."

"I'm ready to swear to that, Miss Jewel. A pitching, saucy thing the sea is. Well, and how are you this morning, and how are you, too, Miss Magnet?"

"We are delightfully well, Mr. Skarlott. And you?"

"Lusty as a three-year-old bear! Had a fine night's sleep. Yes, and you will see that I am in good temper this morning. When I first came out of that vile drug and knew your hopeful brother had kidnaped me, I was inclined to murder him. I reckon you heard me bellow my sentiments. I said harsh things to him, but, love ye, miss, the captain is an old boyhood and manhood friend of mine. I forgave him partly—partly, mind you!—and so got a good sleep all last night.

Ha! so I'm now at sea! Ladies, it dumfounds me!"

"I hope," said Jewel, "that you will not be lonesome."

"How can I be with you and Miss Magnet here?" cried the man gallantly. "The Misses King could make a homesick rock laugh with joy. Why, I am not only content, but I shall be as happy here as a stomach-full hound——"

The speaker stopped short, his jovial face clouded, and gloom took the place of pleasure.

"Thunder!" he growled. "I'd forgotten Zachariah Cragge!"

"Don't you worry about him, Mr. Skarlott."

"Worry? Worry about him—him! That disgrace to the Cumberlands, that degenerate, that Cragge, that——"

"I've never found him a bad man!" interrupted Magnet. "He is my brother's friend, and he used to carry me on his back when I was a wee bit of a child, and——"

"Miss Magnet, I beg your pardon!" exclaimed Mr. Skarlott contritely. "I should not have been so outspoken in my views when in the company of ladies. What Cragge is I can mention to John King with freedom, but not to John's sisters. Once more, I beg your pardon. I trust that I am a Tennessee gentleman."

"Nobody has ever disputed that, sir," said Jewel quickly.

"Certainly not," agreed Magnet, tho with less force.

"Just so, just so!" added the mountaineer, pulling at his beard in the mountain way. "The rash course of Captain King has put all of us into a mighty embarrassing situation, but I trust we shall be able to pull thru it after a fashion. Just think, tho, of Zachariah Cragge and me being shut up in a little seven-by-nine ship with each other! Think of it! There wasn't room for us in the whole State of Tennessee, and now we are here. Think of it!"

"Oh, Mr. Skarlott," cried Magnet, "if only you would drop your feud with him——"

"Never! The feud of the Skarlotts and the Cragges is for all time. Its history is written in the Cumberland soil in characters made by long rifles and punctuated by numerous graves. Beg your pardon, Miss Magnet, but there can be no peace between the two families."

"My brother says he will coax you and Mr. Cragge to make friends or keep you at sea forever."

"That's rather a longish time," he reminded.

"Magnet, you are forgetting yourself," said Jewel reprovingly. "Mr. Skarlott, I beg your pardon for her. She did not intend to be overcritical, and she is now sorry."

"Certainly!" agreed Magnet readily. "Pray pardon me, sir. This is a ship of peace, not of silly arguments. Excuse me——"

"Why, of course. It's done already," and the mountaineer beamed good will. "I'm in favor of peace with everybody but Cragge. I told you I slept well last night, but, to be truthful, I lay awake for hours, getting into a temper where I could meet him and not kill him. At that, I never could have done it if I'd had a rifle, but I had none. His taking off must be postponed."

The sisters exchanged glances. Altho they had just had a slight difference of opinion, they were one in the desire to have peace between the kidnaped mountaineers, and they intended to work zealously to that end at all times.

Now, Jewel changed the subject by pointing to the glittering spires of water that the sea flung up off the hull of the ship, and the combined efforts of the girls made Mr. Skarlott again amiable. He liked his present company, and there was reason for it.

John King's sisters were certainly worth admiring notice from all persons. Born and bred in the mountains, they had perfect health, while the captain's wisdom in sending them to school in Charleston when their ages warranted it had given them the education and the polish of city life. The blend was most happy. They had always been regarded as beautiful, and now that they had passed the schoolgirl period and were nearing their thirtieth year, their gathering maturity made them as agreeable to the mind as their manners and looks made them to the eye. Such were the Misses King, old friends of Isaac Skarlott, and prime favorites with him.

They were still talking when Captain King approached them.

"Ahoy, Isaac!" cried the skipper jovially. "How does she head?"

"So you are firing sea terms at me already, John?" retorted Mr. Skarlott. "Adding honey to the vinegar of kidnaping me, eh? Never mind, tho. Have it your own way. I'm feeling right smart. Don't think you can down a Cumberlander with salt water."

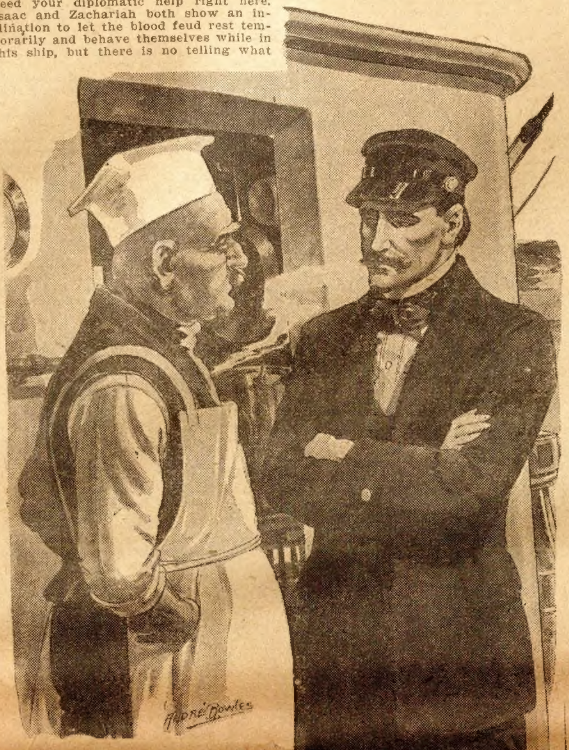
"I know it can't be done. I'm a Cumberlander, myself."

"Yes, and you two men look like twins as far as size goes," said Jewel, smiling. "Two broad-shouldered rocks of the mountains. They raise men in Tennessee, especially alongside of Josephus Knob."

"Rank flattery, that!" declared the captain. "Eh, Isaac?"

"If it had been said by anybody else, I should agree with you, John, but how can any man doubt the judgment of the ladies of the Cumberland?" returned Mr. Skarlott, with his former gallantry.

It was a period of general good will and outward ease, but the skipper's mind was not wholly composed. At the first possible moment he drew Magnet to one side.



"Both Them Men Are From the Backwoods, Sir."

"See here, my girl," he whispered, "I need your diplomatic help right here. Isaac and Zachariah both show an inclination to let the blood feud rest temporarily and behave themselves while in this ship, but there is no telling what they may do when they meet at the breakfast table below. Their hatred is so bitter that they may go mad at sight of each other, and start in to do butchery. Now, you can help me."

"How?" Magnet asked calmly.

"Zachariah is out of his berth and in pretty good condition, and he will be in the cabin in a few minutes. The critical meeting will be there. Now, if he sees all of us come down the companion with Isaac along with us, he will naturally think we are favoring Isaac over him. See?"

"Yes."

"Result is, I want you to go below ahead of us, make yourself real agreeable to Zachariah, coo over him like a dove and so on, and that will prevent his being jealous when the rest of us come down. Understand?"

"Yes."

"Remember, be right nice to Zachariah."

"I will certainly obey you, brother," Magnet replied.

"Show the cunning of the King family, for I'm not joking when I say that there will be a worrisome moment when Zachariah and Isaac meet. They may fall to killing each other right off."

"Dreadful!"

"I'll tame Isaac, with Jewel's help. It's for you to tame Zachariah."

"Have no fear, brother. I'll be nice to him."

At that moment the cook, coming for a moment to the door of his galley, was accosted by the second mate.

"See here, Seth, you often go below and so must know just whom we have aboard. How many male passengers have we?"

"Two, sir," was the ready answer. "There's Mr. Skarlott over yonder, and Mr. Cragge, who is still below, seasick."

"Sure there are no others?"

"Can't possibly be no others, Mr. Kenyon."

The mate pulled at his chin and meditated, puzzled and uncertain.

"Both them men are right from the backwoods, sir, if I may say so. It is truly amazing what powerful gentlemen they are, exactly like the captain. All three are broad-shouldered as oxen and big-armed as an elephant."

A pot suddenly sizzled in the galley and the cook hastened back to his duties. Kenyon stared at vacancy and meditated afresh.

"Both passengers are broad-shouldered, eh? Well, then, who in thunder was the tall, slender man who knocked me down, and what has become of him?"

He vainly dwelt upon the mystery until the last of the cabin party went below. He watched them indifferently, unaware that the passionate men of the feud were about to have a meeting that might end tragically.

Zachariah and Isaac meet in the next installment of this story, to be published in next week's Ledger.

How Alsatians Regard the Germans

The author of the following, an Alsatian, does not dare give his name until Prussian militarism is annihilated, as the lives of his father and sisters may be at stake. He recently enlisted with the Canadian forces.

◆ ◆ ◆

WHEN you read reports regarding the attitude of the Alsatians toward Germany, they are usually misleading and often untrue as far as the real Alsatians are concerned. Since 1871 many of our people have moved into France rather than go under Prussian rule. My father could not move on account of his business. And many Germans have been introduced into Alsace-Lorraine thru the custom of placing a Prussian sergeant, as burgomaster, in charge of every town that amounts to anything.

To show you the true feelings of the Alsatians: When I was a boy, I was sent to a boarding school. The Alsatian boys lined up on one side and the German boys on the other. If a German licked an Alsatian, he had all the Alsatians to meet. The feeling was so strong with these boys, twelve to fifteen years old, that they would get together with knives and plan to fight the Prussians. One of the rules was that if an Alsatian boy forgot and expressed himself in his own language he was punished by forfeiting a whole week's pocket money.

After a boy of Alsace-Lorraine is 17 he cannot leave the country without a passport from the German authorities. He has to agree to come back at the age of 20 to serve a year in the army. Neglecting to do so he forfeits citizenship and all property there. Six months later he has to go back and serve fifty-six days. A year or so later he is called back for another fifty-six days. Some eight to ten years later he is called back to the army for three weeks' service.

THE LIGHT OF HER COUNTENANCE

"SOME day," said the girl who likes to talk, as she stumbled into the house exhausted from a strenuous day of Red Crossing, "I am going to burst forth, out and up—and the occasion for my spectacular end will be nothing less than one woman who persists in dropping in at our workroom under the impression that she is giving us a helping hand!

"She has one of these made-to-order, bright, cheery faces that rouse one to instant fury. I love beyond measure a cheerful face, but if I'm ever indicted for homicide the victim will go down on the coroner's record as having had a 'cheery' countenance! You know immediately that the expression is the kind that is donned with the hairpins and hair net and laid off at night or when its owner shakes the multitude!

"Just when everybody gets in good running order and the work is fairly rolling out and our foreheads are creased with our intentness and our lips grim with our haste, in floats Mrs. Brighteyes.

"'Good morning!' she cries in a mellow, sweet voice from the doorway where she has paused in a witching attitude, beaming at us. We don't want to be beamed at—we're far too busy even to look up. Those nearest her glance up hastily and respond absently. She steps in. 'My! My!' she gurgles, 'such a lot of busy bees! Such a lot of willing workers!'

"Low growlings are now to be heard among those farthest away.

"We don't wish to be told we are commendable persons and have to blush irritatedly. Mrs. Brighteyes' soft, beaming glance rests on each of us in turn as she walks slowly about the room. 'I just love to see all of you so devoted and heroic!' she cries enthusiastically. She does not stop to explain just what brand of heroism is required to cut gauze and roll perfectly harmless bandages. 'Dear, dear! Isn't this war just awful?'

"Nobody says anything to this. Those who can control their expressions raise their eyes to gaze on this unbelievable, bromidic person.

"'What a lot of work you have done!' she trills on, surveying the completed piles. 'How proud you should be of yourselves! Now, what are you doing, my dear?'"

At this point the girl who likes to talk coughed.

"'My dear,'" she went on at last, "chanced in this case to be myself. I counted ten as her perfectly gloved hand rested lightly on my shoulder and the beams from her eyes showered upon me, I considered. What I was doing was entirely and unmistakably plain, clear and visible. I was rolling up long strips of gauze. Nobody on earth, not even excepting the feeble-minded and the infant, could possibly have thought I was doing anything else.

"She was somewhat older than I am and entitled to politeness, but I was very, very tired. Should I reply in the time-honored classic of childhood that I was up in a tree picking cherries? Or should I casually mention that I was down cellar shoveling coal? I controlled myself as every one around me waited breathlessly. 'I am rolling strips of gauze, Mrs. Brighteyes,' I said finally, and she exclaimed instantly, 'Oh, are you? How nice! And you are doing it beautifully, I am sure! Now what is this young lady about?'

"She warbled on, passing to the girl at my left, who was doing precisely the same thing I was. I saw her also close her eyes and count ten also. By the time that sweet, cheery creature had made the rounds of that room every one was glaring, growling, slamming things and making mistakes because of the tension. Did she take off her wraps and slip into an apron and get busy? I should say not!

"She never does! She considers that she has done her bit by shedding the light of her presence and speaking to us cheerily. It's the same tone the teacher uses when she says: 'Now, children, what do you suppose we are going to do today? Can't you guess? Why, we are going to have the loveliest examination in compound fractions you can imagine! Isn't that nice?' Or the dentist when he straightens up and tells you jovially that you had better have those three teeth out and a plate in!

"You love her in just the same way. She wouldn't get fuzz all over her velvet suit for anything and, besides, she has a luncheon engagement. But somehow I feel that I can't stand her very much longer. Something is due to happen some fine morning and I fear she is going to be the happen-ee!"

"Thank your stars," said the patient listener, "that she doesn't do any work! If she did you'd have it to do all over again! That kind can't take time from being cheery to concentrate on mere labor!"

"Happy thought!" sighed the girl who likes to talk. "Maybe I'd better let her beam on and endure it!"

* * *

Where They May.

"Flubdub says he hews to the line."

"Yes, I fancy I hear him at it of nights. At least I hear the chips falling."

The Man of Mystery

By Vesta Stevens

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"HELEN," the man laid his hand lightly on the girl's arm, "do you realize it is six months since we met? Six months since fate, or whatever it was, brought us together on that Albany boat? I've been very happy, dear. I can't tell you what it has meant to me, my knowing you, and having been allowed to come here night after night."

He looked around the tiny room with tender eyes and a fleeting, melancholy smile.

The girl laughed. "Having been allowed. Well, John Morris, you talk as if you never intended to come again. Why so serious?"

"I'm—not coming again. I can't. It isn't fair to you."

"John!"

"I mean it, dear. You must have known from the beginning I have loved you. Why, from that very first night we stood side by side at the railing of the boat, long before I dared to speak to you, I knew—think of it—before I heard your voice, I loved you, and when you let me talk to you, when you gave me your sympathy in my terrible loneliness, God! how I worshiped you. But you have known—haven't you?"

"Perhaps I have. Anyway, I have always hoped—you would love me, John."

She raised brimming eyes to his, and for the first time he took her in his arms and kissed her lips.

"I love you—I love you," he whispered brokenly.

The girl clung to him a moment, then—

"John, you told me, the night we met, you had been to see a friend, a—a woman, who was very ill in the Adirondacks. Tell me, who was it, dear? I have never questioned you before, but now—I want to know."

The man gripped her shoulders with strong, nervous fingers.

"Better leave things as they are."

"No, you must tell me."

She drew him to a big chair and pushed him gently into it, slipping to the floor beside him, her head against his knee.

"John," she whispered.

He leaned back with closed eyes.

"It's just the same old story, dear, I—I can't ask you to marry me. I have a wife already. Now you see what a selfish brute I've been."

The faint ticking of the clock was the only sound for several minutes. Then the girl raised her head.

"I guessed that long ago—then she is the woman in the Adirondacks?"

"Yes, she has been insane, hopelessly insane for nearly four years. She doesn't even know me when I go to see her now, but—I've got to stick. She did when I was in great trouble years ago. Oh, I've thought of divorce since I've known you, but I can't do it. I owe a lot to her, my position, for instance. She got it for me when I was down and out."

"Do you still—care for her?"

"N-o, I never cared much, I'm afraid. I was very young, only 20, when I married her. She was a dancer in a burlesque show, years older than I, and I was infatuated, I suppose. Flattered, maybe, is a better word. Well, it didn't take me very long to wake up, and fate"—with a bitter smile—"took the matter out of my hands.

"I didn't see much of her after that, but, by George, she stuck thru everything, and I'll never forget it."

"Is that all?"

"Y-e-s, that's all, isn't it enough?"

The girl stood up and walked to the window, peering down at the dimly lighted street below. She could almost hear the beating of her heart as she asked:

"And what is to become of me, John?"

She felt his arms about her again, and his kiss on her cheek.

"That must be for you to decide, my girl. I'll love you all my life. After all, we have years before us, why shouldn't we fill them with happiness—together? Do you care for me enough?"

"I care, but——"

"You're right, I'm not worth that from any woman, least of all you."

He took her hand and pressed his lips to it again and again, then turned once more to the door.

"Wait," a small, trembling voice called. "I can't let you go. I love you, take me—love me, that's all I ask."

The man's eyes met hers; there was worship and more in his.

"Most Wonderful—until tomorrow," he said, and went out, closing the door quickly behind him.

* * * * * * *

Their plans were easily made. A bungalow in some quiet suburban place. And then, a new life—together.

"Shall we have roses in the spring?" Helen asked wistfully one evening as they sat, he in the big chair and she in her favorite place on the floor beside him, her head against his knee.

"Tons of them, girl, and we must have a cat, too, a big black chap. It's good luck, you know."

He laughed, then went on more seriously: "Only two days more and the past will be put forever behind us. Oh, Helen, my girl, I'm going to do my best to make you happy."

"You've made me very happy already, and when we are settled in our little house, dear——" She stopped suddenly, the soft color flooding her cheeks.

The man put his hand under her chin, and raising her face, gazed into the clear brown eyes, and gazing made up his mind.

"My dear," he said quietly, "I'm not going thru with this thing. It's for you. I'm not worth it. Believe me, I know best. I haven't been on the level with you from the beginning; even the name I gave you isn't my own."

The brown eyes looked straight into his.

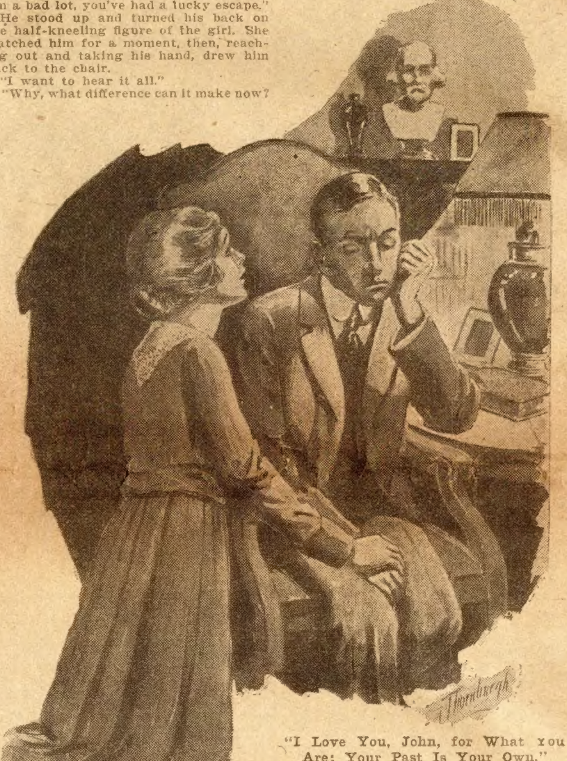
"Who are you? What are you?"

"I'm—I'm a—jail bird," he said harshly. "Now you know. I served five years in the penitentiary for safe-breaking. I'm a bad lot, you've had a lucky escape."

He stood up and turned his back on the half-kneeling figure of the girl. She watched him for a moment, then, reaching out and taking his hand, drew him back to the chair.

"I want to hear it all."

"Why, what difference can it make now? You know what I am and that finishes it."



"I Love You, John, for What You Are; Your Past Is Your Own."

"No, it doesn't finish it—for me."

"You don't seem to understand, girl. I'm a—thief, I tell you."

She put her hand over his mouth.

"I love you, John, for what you are. Your past is your own. You needn't have told me—I wish you hadn't."

She commenced to cry, her face buried against his arm.

"Oh! my dear, my dear, how did it happen?"

"It's not a pretty story. It began about the time I married—not that she, my wife, was to blame. There was always a yellow streak in me, I guess.

"My people were fairly well to do for a small town, and by the time I was 18 I had the usual small town education, a little money and the desire to spread my wings. So I decided to try my luck in Chicago, and I was only there a few weeks when I found a position—a small salary, of course, but I was proud. I worked like the dickens and after the first year they raised me to the munificent sum of fourteen a week. Well, on that a fellow couldn't be very extravagant and I had got in with a sort of a sporty crowd of fellows, older than I in every way. I started drinking about that time, too, and it was during one of those spells that I met Ruby.

"I had seen her at the Liberty—that was the name of the burlesque house there—and her blond prettiness did attract me. Then, too, all the fellows were crazy about her, and I was kid enough to want to cut them out if I could. Well, I cut them out all right. We all went to a dance one night after the show. Ruby was there and we were introduced, and—well, we got married the next morning, she with her make-up still on from the night before, and my head muddled and aching from the cheap drinks and the smoke and the noise of that dance hall.

"I didn't mind for a few weeks. Ruby left the show and we rented a couple of rooms. She had a little money saved and I had about fifty dollars and my fourteen per. But after a month or so things got pretty bad. I didn't want to be married. I sure was a kid in some ways, and she—well, she naturally got tired too, when the novelty had worn off. Our money didn't last long, and I couldn't take care of her on what I made, so she decided to go back on the stage. She had had a good offer and I encouraged her to take it. I made up my mind to get out of Chicago as soon as she left. I hadn't told my people I was married. I was ashamed to let my mother know I had married the—way I had.

"One night just after Ruby had gone, a fellow came to me and said he had a chance to go farther West, that there was a big opportunity for a young fellow out there, and he asked me to go along. A couple of hundred dollars was all that I needed. Well, I hadn't a red cent, and I knew that it would take a long time to save that out of my salary. I got pretty desperate about then, so I began to look around for a quick way to make money, and believe me, when you go looking for trouble, it doesn't take long to find it; it meets you more than half way. I went to a saloon one night, and there I met three men. I knew one of them; he worked in the same place I did. We had a few drinks together and I opened up and told them about the plan I had in mind if I could only land the money. We talked half the night over it, and the next night we met again, to talk things over. Well, the long and short of it was they got me to promise at last I would let them in the office the next time I worked late, which I did pretty often then.

"They made it sound so simple, and I swore to myself that I would only take the two hundred I needed, and go straight from then on, in some new place. The safe stood in a room next to the one in which I worked, and every Wednesday night it was generally pretty well stocked, for Thursday was our pay-day, and the manager paid off in cash first thing in the morning. I had been working there over two years and I knew a lot about things like that. This fellow who worked with me knew it too, he had been there seven years, so it was easy for us both.

"I unlocked one of the basement windows and they came in that way. Neither of us knew the combination of the safe, so—we blew it open, it——"

"Oh! John, not you—did you really help to do that?"

The man smiled grimly.

"Well I didn't actually blow it open, nor did I put my hand in and take out the money, but I stood by while it was done, and I took my two hundred like a shot. We all separated.

"I left for Denver on the midnight train. I was sure I had covered my tracks, but they got me within a week. The others? Oh, they got two of them, the fellow I worked with shot himself before they could take him. It was my first offense; I got five years. The others had been up before—fifteen apiece for them.

"Some day I'll meet them, I suppose, that's what I've thought of day and night, since you told me you cared, dear—I was afraid I would run into them some time when I was with you. Maybe if it hadn't been for that I would never have had the nerve to tell you. The fear of losing you would have kept me quiet, but tonight when you told me how happy you were, I just couldn't let you walk into a thing like this with your eyes shut. If I could marry you, it would be different—perhaps. To be the wife of a—jail bird would be bad enough, but the——"

A low cry came from the girl's trembling lips.

"Don't say it, John, I want to feel that I am your wife. I am glad you told it all to me. It won't make any difference; we'll try to forget the past—if you still want me."

Morris rose slowly to his feet, drawing the girl to him, his strong, nervous fingers smoothing the soft, dark hair.

"You make it very hard for me, Most Wonderful, but in this, at least, I'm going to be a man. The little house is yours. Take it, live in it—you can find some one who will share it with you, and—have your roses in the spring, dear."

He drew a key from his pocket and laid it on the table.

"There, there, my girl, don't cry. This is the decentest thing I have ever done. Don't try to stop me."

He put her away from him, almost roughly, and opening the door, went out, closing it softly behind him. He went down the stairs and into the quiet street, standing half dazed by the sudden death of all his plans.

"What's the use?" he said aloud.

Then a pair of clear brown eyes rose before him and that fleeting, melancholy smile swept over his face, as he strode down the street.

And the girl? Who can describe the hours of silent, lonely suffering.

* * * * * * *

The long winter drew to an end at last. Twice she had gone to the little house, roaming thru the rooms filled with such sad, sweet memories. With loving care she had covered the dainty furniture and packed away the fluffy white curtains.

"Some day I'll come here to live," she thought.

And with the first days of early spring, she went. The roses she had longed for soon crept over the little porch, filling the air with their fragrance. She was happy, for stronger than even her great love was her greater pride in this man of mystery.

It was a still, close July evening, scarcely a year since that fateful meeting on the Albany boat. The little porch was cool and quiet and as she leaned back in her comfortable rocker she closed her eyes.

"Oh! John," she murmured, "if only you could be here too."

As if in answer to her thoughts, the postman's shrill whistle startled her from her reverie. She sprang up and hurried down the path.

It was his writing on the large, square envelope. Inside was just one line.

"My wife passed away a week ago."

She went into the house, sat down at the desk, and drew a sheet of paper towards her. She held the pen uplifted thoughtfully for a moment, then wrote:

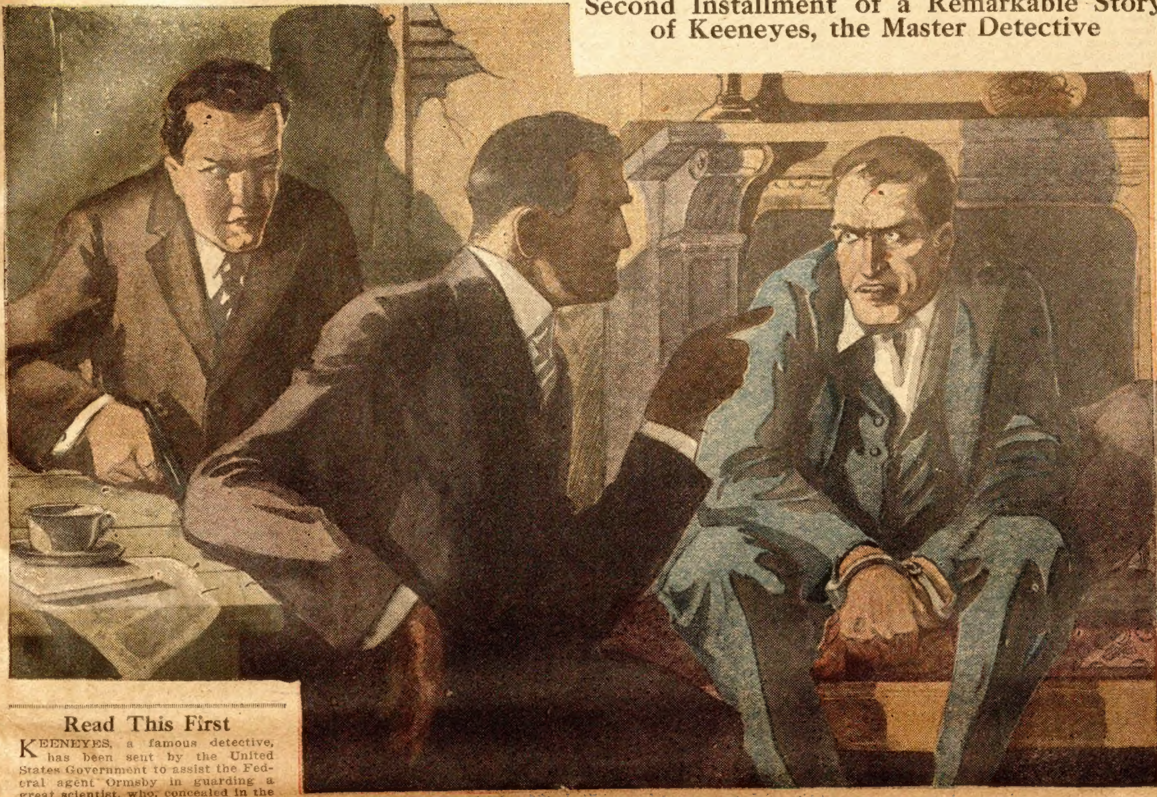
"Come when you can. I'll be waiting for you in the little house."

She walked out to the porch once more, with Billykins close beside her, and down the shallow steps to the path. In passing she broke off a rose and slipped it into the envelope. She passed out the gate and down the deserted street, to the mail box, and standing there dropped it into the box. It was as if a solemn rite had been performed

Is She a German Spy?

By T. Breckenridge Ellis

Second Installment of a Remarkable Story of Keeneyes, the Master Detective



“Come!” Said the Detective Sharply, “Will You Make a Clean Breast of It?”

Read This First

KEENEYES, a famous detective, has been sent by the United States Government to assist the Federal agent Ormsby in guarding a great scientist, who, concealed in the little town of X——, is working on an invention—the "Government Secret." Ormsby at once orders Keeneyes to shadow a beautiful girl, named Margaret Barley, who Ormsby asserts is a German spy. Keeneyes trails the girl out into the country to a rendezvous with a couple of movers—Jack Daws and a girl they call Lucile. These "movers" imprison him in a subterranean chamber under a deserted barn. He escapes and makes his way back to X——, to the house in which Ormsby and the Inventor are quartered. Under a window of the house Keeneyes discovers a lighted bomb. He extinguishes it and reports the matter to Ormsby. The latter is agitated, and on learning that Keeneyes has allowed Margaret Barley to escape angrily denounces the detective and dismisses him. Keeneyes returns to his hotel.

If you wish to read the story in full you may obtain back copies of the Ledger from our agents, news dealers or by mail from the office of publication. The story began in No. 14, dated April 6.

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CHAPTER V.

A DANGEROUS MAN.

KEENEYES had hardly closed his bedroom door behind him, when he heard, just as he had expected, footsteps upon the stairs. Then a knock came at his door.

"Well?" inquired the detective.

It was the night clerk, who sleepily informed him that a man was below, asking for "Mr. Appleday."

"Tell him I'll be down at once—no, better still, I'll go down with you."

They returned to the lobby together. There a young man was waiting for them, a tall, strikingly handsome man, whose air and everything about him indicated that he was a personage of considerable importance.

"This is Mr. Appleday?" inquired the stranger. On receiving an answer in the affirmative, he added, "My name is Lindenwait. I recognize the unseasonableness of the hour, Mr. Appleday, but my business is very pressing. Where can I have a few moments with you alone?"

"May I invite you to my room?" the detective proffered affably.

They went upstairs, without the detective's showing the slightest curiosity at being called upon after midnight. He closed the door, invited his guest to be seated, and opened the windows wider to admit the pleasing breeze.

"Mr. Lindenwait," he began, casually, "you followed me to the hotel."

The other nodded, without confusion.

"You followed me," pursued the detective, all the way from the big, mysterious 'Judge Thompson Place.'"

The other nodded again, with a slight smile, and remarked, "That you should know this renews my confidence in you as a detective."

Keeneyes sat down and stretched out his long, thin legs before him.

"It gives me great pleasure," he said. "I rarely have the joy of being tracked, as my business usually obliges me to be the one in pursuit. But you did it well. I think a less observant man than I might never have known of it. Your real name, by the way, is not Lindenwait?"

"Certainly not."

"You are the gentleman to whom my ex-employer always referred as 'The Inventor.'"

"Yes," said the visitor gravely. "You will appreciate the importance of my real name's not being uttered in this neighborhood, for Government reasons."

"Of course. But if we are to have dealings together—and I take it, you would not shadow me at such an hour without that purpose—I should prefer a shorter name. Lindenwait takes too long to pronounce."

"Nevertheless, Mr. Zellers, Lindenwait is the name I have given out, and to change it might be awkward."

"Very well, for the present. Just now, let it be Lindenwait. May I ask why 'The Inventor' has left his secret retreat to chat with me?"

"This is no idle chat, sir." The visitor remained gravely silent for a few moments, then added, "Ormsby has dismissed you as our secret service agent."

"Yes. He told me to keep a certain lady constantly under surveillance and unluckily she has given me the slip. The fact that I discovered a bomb that was about to blow you to atoms did not mollify my offense in his eyes."

"It is exactly about that that I have come to speak to you. I overheard enough of what was going on in the hall to gather that you had extinguished the fuse in time to save us. Then I heard you dismissed. Now, Mr. Zellers, I have such confidence in you, I am so well acquainted with your reputation as 'Keeneyes' that I am not willing to lose your services."

Keeneyes was pleased, for he had a rather high opinion of himself.

He said, "It would be a great calamity for you to lose my services. But I never had a thought of deserting you."

"However, you have been dismissed."

"Very true. But it was my intention to remain here under a disguise and protect you and your secret."

"That is strange—after Ormsby's brutal treatment of you."

Keeneyes shrugged his shoulders. "I was never here to help Ormsby," he said, "but to do my part for the Government."

After another thoughtful pause, the young man, locking his finely shaped hands behind his head, said, with a penetrating look at Keeneyes, "It seems preposterous that Ormsby, just after you had saved his life, both of our lives, should send you about your busines."

Keeneyes smiled. "But I did not save his life."

"How can you say that? Was not the bomb really dangerous?"

"It would certainly have blown you and the house to bits."

"And Ormsby."

Keeneyes grew impatient. "Nonsense! He would not have been in the house."

"But he was in the house," the visitor persisted. He had been asleep on his couch—not taking off his clothes. You woke him up when you tapped on the door. I saw his bed clothing out of which he had crept when you roused him. And he told me he had been sleeping soundly."

"Nonsense! He was no more asleep than you are at this moment."

The young man frowned. "Be frank, Mr. Zellers. Do you think he lighted that fuse, then came into the house to wait for the explosion, meaning to dash out in the nick of time to save himself?"

"I am quite sure that is the case. You are aware that such bombs are exploded by time-fuses. He knew exactly when the fuse would be burnt to the danger-point. He was lying on the couch so if you came for him, or if I should unluckily come, he would be where he ought to be. He lay there holding his watch in his hand. He was waiting for the critical moment to spring up and away and leave you to your fate."

The young man frowned more heavily, but he did not interrupt.

Keeneyes resumed:

"Then I knocked. I knocked very lightly. My taps could not have aroused a man from sound slumber. Almost as soon as my last tap was given upon the door, it opened. He conducted me by means of a guiding handkerchief to the little closet under the stairs, where I could turn on my light without danger of attracting attention. Why did he take me into such a stuffy, unpleasant compartment, when he might have taken me into his bedroom where he had his light safely shielded? Evidently, because in his hurry to open the door he had tossed down the watch he had been holding in his hand. At the first tap, which he must have recognized as my rapping, his conscience or prudence cried out to him that I had discovered the bomb. If I saw the watch, I would connect it with the time-fuse. He was too agitated to thrust it into his pocket; he was panic-stricken. And after letting me in, he was trying to cover up his false move. When he first opened the door, he asked me, 'What do you want?' They were the words of an enemy. He knew me. He must have known I had gone on the business I was hired to do."

"But why did he take you to the cubby-hole under the staircase?"

"He feared I might have guessed the truth of his guilt. In that case, he meant to kill me, and kill me where you would not find the evidences of the deed."

The Inventor uttered an exclamation of horror. "You make out Mr. Ormsby a fiend in human form."

"Not at all. He is simply a spy—one of the craftiest of his race. How he obtained his position as Government agent to protect you in your work for the Government, I do not know, but the fact that he succeeded in being appointed your special protector will show you how dangerous he is. Of course, at first you never suspected his fidelity?"

"Of course not."

"I should like to know—indeed, it will be important for me to know—" said Keeneyes, "just when and why you did begin to suspect him of playing a double part."

"Why do you take for granted," returned the Inventor, "that I began to suspect him, until you just now expressed your own suspicions?"

"If you had not felt your faith in him waver, you would not have followed me here to engage me as your special agent after he had dismissed me."

The answer came slowly, but with

manifest simplicity. "Mr. Zellers, the truth is that I can hardly say I doubted Ormsby's good faith until you made it plain to me that he is a terribly dangerous spy. And yet, I have had a feeling toward him of something like aversion. I followed you from some sort of instinct. I felt that you were my friend and that he—I cannot say I believed him my enemy. But I did not understand him; and because I could not understand his conduct, he made me afraid. A man in his position should have my fullest confidence. Yet he inspired me with fear. He never did anything or said anything to make me doubt him, so I have nothing to tell you that might serve you in any way as a clew."

The detective sighed. Presently he said: "This proves him all the more dangerous. Allow me to ask: While you are absent from the old Judge Thompson place, is your secret perfectly safe?"

"I think it is. I have not brought my formulae with me because I never thought Ormsby might pry into them. In my haste, I fear I've neglected natural prudence. For there are things there in the house I should be very sorry for him to examine, after what you have told me."

Keeneyes rose briskly. "Come, then, let us hurry back to your secret."

At the suggestion of Keeneyes that he accompany the Inventor to the old Judge Thompson place, the Inventor hesitated. Keeneyes looked at him with a quizzical smile.

"In plain words," said the visitor, "I dread taking you home with me. You have been dismissed by Ormsby. If he sees you with me in confidential relations, he will guess at once that you have set me against him, or that you are trying to do so. Even if you do not tear the mask from his face, he will realize that he must act quickly. And I am afraid of him; I know such a powerful spy is not working alone. Even if we were able to seize and bind him, I suspect powers unknown to us would intervene before we could turn him over to the Federal authorities."

"You are not only right, but what is equally important, you are discreet," returned the detective approvingly. "But wait a few moments."

He unlocked his suitcase and drew forth various articles of dress designed as disguises. It was not long before he stood before the Inventor fully changed from his normal appearance—older, sterner, with the manner of a brusque man of business.

Greatly pleased, the Inventor nodded approval, and they left the hotel in silence. Nor did they exchange another word until they had reached the extensive yard that surrounded the house of mystery.

At the gate, Keeneyes whispered, "Leave everything to me."

They went up the walk. Keeneyes whispered, "We'd better have the interview with Ormsby over as soon as possible. Follow your customary course in getting his attention."

At the door, the Inventor, whose real name had never been communicated to the detective, rapped upon the portal with the same number of taps and pauses that the detective had used earlier in the night. Soon footsteps were heard. Then the door opened, and the voice of Ormsby asked anxiously, "Is that you, Lindenwait?"

"Yes," said the Inventor, responding to the name he had assumed on coming to the obscure village.

Out of the darkness of the hallway, Ormsby strained his eyes.

"But you are not alone," he said, hesitatingly.

"No," interposed Keeneyes, speaking in a tone of voice Ormsby had never before heard from him, "I am here—my name's Japes. Did you get it, sir?—Japes. I'm a Chicago detective, come down to watch over Mr. Lindenwait, and luckily I met him, or perhaps I should say he met me, at my hotel."

"It is exceedingly strange," murmured Ormsby, as Lindenwait and the detective entered the house, pushing him aside somewhat unceremoniously.

"Never you mind about that," returned Keeneyes nonchalantly. "The Government has put me on this job, and I mean to stay right here. You'll be officially notified shortly, Mr. Ormsby, that I am to have an especial watch-care over Mr. Lindenwait, while he prosecutes his investigations. I think you'd better show me a bedroom—all of us should get some rest, for it must be at least 2 in the morning."

The Inventor turned on the light in the hall and stood looking from one to the other.

Ormsby turned to him. "Lindenwait, are you going to let this stranger take possession?"

"The Government is behind him," the Inventor said. "It's all right."

"But I have the responsibility of this secret and of your safety," Ormsby persisted, "and I can't accept a perfect stranger so recklessly."

"My dear fellow," interposed Keeneyes blandly, "banish your qualms; let this reassure you."

He drew from his pocket a document which he handed to Ormsby. It was an indorsement of his position with an accurate description of his person, assigning him to the duty of standing between Lindenwait ("The Inventor") and all outside curiosity. The paper was signed by the Secretary of State.

Ormsby read it several times. "Japes," he mused aloud. "The name is quite unknown to me." Then to Keeneyes: "Very well, Mr. Japes, I have no more objection to make, of course, since you and I have been assigned to the same duty by our Government."

"Good. In that case perhaps you'd like to share your room with me."

"No," said Ormsby hastily, "I cannot sleep except alone."

"Sleep? Ah, yes, perhaps you do want an occasional nap."

"Good night," said the Inventor abruptly, and he went upstairs.

"Before we go to bed," Ormsby said to Keeneyes, "perhaps I had better explain affairs up to the present moment."

"No, no, we had much better have some rest."

"But not long since a bomb was found lighted under one of the windows, and it is not yet known how it came there."

"Shall I sleep upstairs, Mr. Ormsby?"

"And not long since I discharged the detective Zellers for allowing one of our most dangerous enemies to slip thru his fingers."

"Yes," said Keeneyes, consulting his watch, "just as I thought—a few minutes after 2."

"We have already made several discoveries," Ormsby persevered, frowningly.

"Naturally. I dare say I shall make as many, and to more purpose. I should like for any one to attempt to place a lighted bomb under my window! And instead of tracing down the criminal, you turned off your detective! Very interesting. Now, let us retire."

A brief silence followed. Evidently Ormsby was trying to form some plan. Suddenly he spoke:

"Mr.—what did you call yourself?"

"I called myself 'Japes.'"

"Ah, yes. Well, Mr. Japes, the fact is, there has been no provision made for an additional inmate of this house. You can readily understand this. When the Inventor rented it for his experimental purposes, it was entirely empty. We have brought in such poor and meager pieces of furniture as you see. But as to a spare bed—impossible! Why, I myself have nothing but a couch to sleep upon, and the Inventor is no better provided for."

"That's all right—just give me a room and I'll attend to the rest."

"But——"

"That's all right, if I don't worry, why should you?"

Ormsby made further protests, but the detective was unyielding. At last it ended by his being shown into a room on the second floor, a room without a carpet or any other sign of occupation except window shades. However, Ormsby brought up one of his chairs—two chairs and his couch constituted the larger part of his furnishings—and while he was doing so, Keeneyes stood just inside his door whistling gayly.

As Ormsby handed him the chair, he said: "Had we not better be quieter? Poor Lindenwait gets very little sleep under the best of conditions."

"All right, I'll soon be as quiet as yourself," returned the detective.

In the hall Ormsby paused to say in a friendly tone, "Good luck to you, old man; I'm glad to have you with me in this desperate game, but I hate to think of your sitting out the night in that chair."

"Thank you for your friendly interest," smiled Keeneyes, and he closed the door with a loud bang. There was no key. He felt at the lock and found it destitute of any sort of bolt. Lighting his electric torch, he seated himself on his chair beside one of the windows, after first pushing up the shade.

He had remained thus but a few minutes when he heard a very light tap upon the door. Rising noiselessly, he crossed to the door and opened it, at the same time shutting off the torch.

"This is very imprudent," he whispered. "Ormsby says you need sleep, and here you are coming to keep me awake." And he chuckled.

When the door was closed, Lindenwait said, "Really, I believe you knew I was coming to make this call upon you!"

"Of course I knew it. When you told us good night and came upstairs, leaving us in the hall, you gave me a significant look, and this is the significance of it."

"You read my look rightly, for you are Keeneyes," said the Inventor. "Only one as shrewd and profound of mind as yourself can realize what infinite relief I experience at finding you near me. From the moment I began to suspect that Ormsby is untrue, that moment I remembered different things that involve fearful danger not only to me, but to the interests of the United States."

"So I suspected. But we dare not stay here longer," Keeneyes interposed. "Ormsby designs mischief against me. He will surely come to this room when he imagines me asleep or off my guard. Do you know a means of escape from the house that we can follow without his discovering our flight?"

"I am afraid not. I've trusted him so implicitly that he knows all that I know so far as the arrangement of the house is concerned."

"Then have the goodness to occupy this chair while I go on a tour of inspection. Should Ormsby come—I hardly think his design is to do so this soon—but should he come here, let him know immediately that you are Lindenwait, else he might do you a damage, thinking you myself. So long as he knows you to be the Inventor, and that I am not here, he'll not dare molest you. You're not afraid?"

The Inventor smiled. "If I were, I should not have opposed myself to the entire German government," he replied simply, and seated himself in the chair beside the open window.

CHAPTER VI.

THE STOLEN INTERVIEW.

THE detective went to the window and thrust out his head—all was intensely dark. Pressing the button of his electric torch, he flashed it rapidly about the outer casement, then shut off the light and restored the torch to his pocket. Drawing off his shoes, he fastened them by a cord about his waist, then thrust his feet thru the window, and paused upon the sill, facing the outdoors. Edging his way toward the right, he felt cautiously along the brick wall till he touched the water-pipe which his light had revealed. He tested it, and then began easing himself from the ledge, feeling with his feet for any projection that might relieve the pipe of his full weight. His feet found nothing to rest upon, nor any hole in the wall for support. He was obliged, therefore, to trust himself fully to the water-pipe. It gave a rusty creak as he swung himself upon it, yet it held firm, and soon he had reached the ground.

Slipping forward with infinite caution, he circled about to the front of the big house. Near the front porch voices were barely audible. Two men were conversing in soft undertones. Thanks to the clouded sky and the absence of a moon, the detective was enabled to come very close to these two men. Only a syringa bush separated him from them, at the side of the porch.

Evidently the two men had met only a moment before, for the words of greeting were still being exchanged. Keeneyes heard Ormsby say——

"But what did you come here for? It's too great a risk."

When the man answered, Keeneyes felt a thrill of genuine surprise. The speaker was Bliggs, the night clerk of the X—— Hotel.

"Because," Bliggs said, "I've got something you ought to know."

Ormsby's voice still sounded angry and irritated:

"I tell you, Bliggs, this is too great a risk. It's absolutely essential that it should never be suspected that you and I are on confidential terms. And what have you to tell me? I know already your big news. Keeneyes has left your hotel, or has told you he is going in the morning—which is it?"

"He said he was leaving us early in the morning."

"Just as I supposed. Well, you'd better slip back to town——"

"But that isn't all."

"Well?"

"He left the hotel not long ago, but didn't carry his baggage with him."

"Perhaps he's hanging about here," Ormsby muttered.

Keeneyes smiled to himself in the darkness.

"I haven't told you the really important thing," said the night clerk, whose voice, when addressed to Ormsby, was by no means the sleepy, indifferent voice it had been when addressed to Keeneyes.

"Then tell it, and be quick. If Keeneyes is hanging about, I don't want him to know that you've been here."

"Listen, Mr. Ormsby—the Inventor came to the hotel about an hour ago."

"Yes, I know that, too; what about it?" asked Ormsby with more eagerness.

"He came to the hotel, and asked for Keeneyes—I mean, Mr. Zellers."

Ormsby muttered a savage oath and said, "Did they meet?"

"Yes, they were shut up in the detective's room nearly half an hour. Then they came out and went away together."

"You saw them leave the X—— Hotel together?"

"I saw two men creep away in the darkness—it must have been them, tho I couldn't see their faces. I examined the room, and it was empty."

Ormsby hissed, "Then the Inventor must suspect me!"

"I thought you ought to know this. I don't know which direction they took."

Ormsby gave a vindictive chuckle and said, "Since Lindenwait is in the house, evidently he came in this direction; and since Keeneyes left your hotel with him and a stranger came here with him, evidently this stranger who calls himself 'Japes' is Keeneyes in disguise—fool that I am to let myself be deceived!"

"What shall we do?" the hotel clerk whispered.

"We still have several cards to play," muttered Ormsby. "For instance, this demon of a Keeneyes cannot suspect that you and I are in league with each other. Get back to the hotel as secretly as you can, and never be seen in my presence."

"And what shall you do?"

"You'd better not try to know," observed Ormsby grimly. "In that case, you'll have nothing on your conscience if—but never mind. Go, now."

Keeneyes heard the footsteps of the night clerk depart thru the darkness. After he had gone, Ormsby stood for five or six minutes, motionless, breathless, as if turned to stone.

Had he detected the presence of the detective, almost at his elbow? Or was he scheming some dark plot against the Inventor? Evidently it had been Ormsby's intention to blow up the house with the Inventor and the Inventor's secret by means of the dynamite bomb, not long ago. Did he still retain that resolution? And, if so, was not the Inventor in as great peril as he was before Keeneyes discovered the lighted fuse? How could he be assured of anything, so long as Ormsby was free to act?

Keeneyes concluded that the liberty of Ormsby was the deadly peril of the Inventor. It went much against his nature to strike down a defenseless and unwarned man in the darkness, even tho that man had tried to destroy a Government secret and human life with dynamite. But he felt that the thing must be done.

As Keeneyes made his leap thru the bush, Ormsby uttered a snarl and tried to whirl himself about with his hand upon his hip pocket. But he was not quick enough. A blow crashed against his ear and he fell with a groan to the ground. The detective secured his wrists in handcuffs, then examined him as well as he could in the darkness. He was not dead. Assured of this, Keeneyes darted around the house to stand under the water-pipe.

"Mr. Lindenwait!" he called cautiously.

The Inventor was amazed at the indiscretion of this call, and delicately cleared his throat by way of a reminder.

"Come down immediately," Keeneyes called, not loudly, but distinctly. "Select the quickest way to the front porch. Nobody will try to stop you, and you're needed without a moment's delay."

Almost as soon as Keeneyes had returned to the prostrate body of his enemy, Lindenwait the Inventor stood upon the porch.

"This way," Keeneyes called softly, and when Lindenwait had come across the grassy space that separated them, he added: "Here is our man Ormsby, with manacles on his wrists. You must help me carry him into the house, for I don't want it known that he has been overpowered."

"But how——"

Keeneyes explained in a few words.

They lifted up the still unconscious form, and carried it into the room that Ormsby had set aside as his own. He was deposited upon his couch, and the detective lighted a lantern that served as the only means of illumination. It revealed a very sparsely furnished room with a bare floor. Ormsby was breathing heavily. Suddenly he opened his eyes. The blow which had deprived him of consciousness was not one to give him much greater inconvenience now, than a headache.

"Here we are," Keeneyes said to him lightly, "safe and sound."

Ormsby gave him a vindictive look and pressed his lips tightly shut. The Inventor looked on with a deep frown, aghast at the turn affairs had taken. He wondered how much of his secret this traitor had been able to discover.

"Come!" said Keeneyes, seating himself on the foot of the couch. "I have left you ungagged, which is kinder than I have been treated in my time. Tell us all about it while we are quite alone and in a sort of family group."

The lips were pressed to a thin line.

The Inventor asked impatiently of the detective, "What shall we do with the beast?"

Keeneyes shook his head with exaggerated solemnity. Suddenly Ormsby shifted his position and spoke with a snarl.

"What's your game, you fellows? You've got me. Anybody can see that. What's your next move?"

"It's hardly fair," Keeneyes answered, "for you to ask us questions when you refuse to answer ours. But we'll be generous. I'll tell you. I'm going to telephone to the sheriff, and have you placed in jail. You'll be turned over to the Federal authorities as a German spy, and you can ask them the rest."

"A German spy!" Ormsby protested vehemently. "I despise the Germans. Was there ever a charge so ridiculous!"

"Dear me," retorted Keeneyes. "To think that you would indulge in such child's play as this! We know you for what you are, and you are perfectly aware of it."

"Very well—then, why do you delay to call the sheriff?"

"That's what I'd like to know, also," muttered the Inventor.

"That's easy," said Keeneyes. "Mr. Ormsby, you are by no means alone in your diabolical machinations. You can do yourself great good by confessing the whole truth at this moment, while there is yet time to put your confession to practical account."

"You want me to betray my friends?"

"Friends!" Keeneyes scoffed. "What does a man like you know of friendship?"

Ormsby was silent.

"Come!" said the detective, sharply. "Will you make a clean breast of it?"

After a pause, Ormsby asked, "What

will you do for me if I turn State's evidence?"

"Mr. Lindenwait and I will both vouch for it that your punishment will be greatly less than it will be if you refuse to help us."

"If I tell you valuable facts, will you set me at liberty?"

"We cannot do that."

Ormsby sneered. "Upon my word, you offer me flimsy inducements to incriminate myself."

Keeneyes rose. He answered sternly: "They are the only inducements we can offer you. If you refuse, judge of what you may expect—you who attempted to destroy this place and the Government's secrets and the life of Mr. Lindenwait by dynamite."

"I knew nothing of that bomb," cried Ormsby, violently.

Keeneyes smiled. "Persuade the Government of that," he said with a shrug. "Mr. Lindenwait, where is the telephone?"

Ormsby swore savagely. "Hold on," he exclaimed, "I'll make a statement."

"That's sensible!" Keeneyes resumed his seat at the foot of the couch and drew forth his notebook.

"In the first place," growled Ormsby, "I am a mere subordinate in the whole thing. I have not been confided in to any great extent. I am not guilty of treachery, for I am working at somebody else's game—a game I do not understand."

"Isn't it true," the Inventor interrupted, "that you have induced the Government to accept you as its agent while in reality already bound to work against the interests of the Government? You can't deny it. Well, we call that treachery."

"What is treachery to one man is not treachery to another," returned Ormsby. "Different minds view such things differently. What is wrong to you may be right to me. Then who is to judge? Who has a right to judge? No, [illegible] man must judge for himself."

"And do you judge," cried the young Inventor indignantly, "that you have been doing right?"

"It is right," said Ormsby, "for every man to earn his own living, and that is what I have been doing."

"All right," interposed Keeneyes, "and now, as a detective, I want to make my living. So answer me: If you are not the leading man in this plot, who is?"

"The main one—at least the one from whom I take all my orders," answered Ormsby, "is a woman."

"A young woman?"

"Yes, a young woman, and a very pretty one."

"By George!" cried the young Inventor, more interested than he had hitherto been. "Can the fellow be telling the truth, Mr. Detective?"

"He could if he wanted to."

"It is the absolute truth," Ormsby solemnly declared.

"You are going to tell me," remarked Keeneyes, "that her name is Miss Margaret Barley?"

"It is the truth, tho you are mocking me," retorted the prisoner.

"And that she lodges at the same hotel as myself? The X—— Hotel?"

"It is the truth."

"Then, when you hired me to keep a watch upon her for the next twenty-four hours, you were engaging me to track down your own superior?"

"It is all true."

"Have you a theory," Keeneyes inquired mildly, "to account for your hiring me to shadow your own employer, whose secret movements it must have been to your interest for me not to discover?"

"I will explain it. I mean to be perfectly frank, and after that, you fellows can do with me what you please. I hired you because the Government demanded that I should get a skilled detective to help me guard this place."

"And, of course, you wanted no detective to spoil your pie?"

"Of course, I wanted no detective hanging about here. So I insisted that you keep Miss Margaret Barley in sight because I knew you couldn't possibly do it; and that would give me an excuse to discharge you on the same night you arrived."

"And why did you think I couldn't keep her in sight?"

"Well—you haven't, have you?"

"No, but how did you know I couldn't?"

"Because I know Miss Margaret Barley to be the most astute, the deepest, the most cunning, the shrewdest, the most unaccountable young woman in the world."

"By George!" murmured the young Inventor. "I want to meet this young woman."

"I dare say," remarked Ormsby, "you'll meet her only too soon."

The Inventor does meet Margaret Barley before the night is past, just as Keeneyes predicts. Read the next installment of this swiftly moving tale, to be published in next week's Ledger.

* * *

Strictly Informal.

"WHERE are you going?"

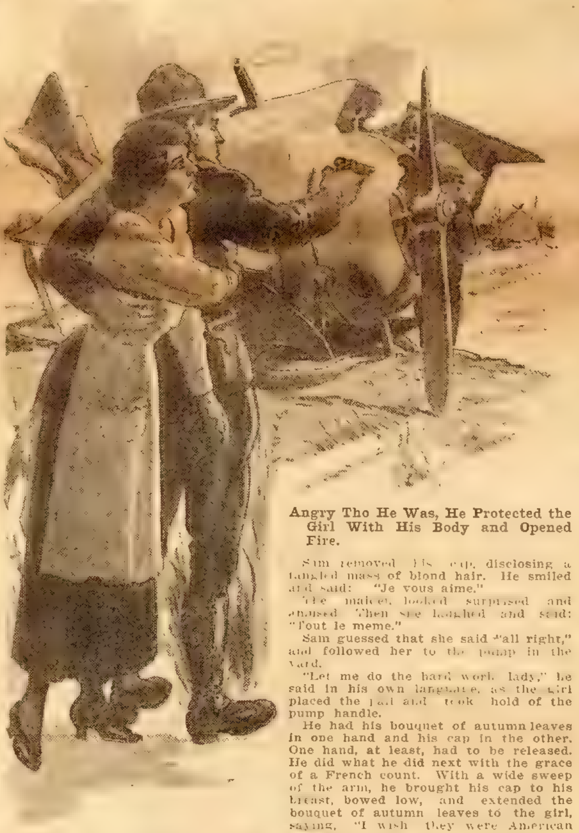
"Callin'."

"Where's the stiff collar?"

"I'm not going to marry the girl today."

"Water Please," in French

By Will Adams



Angry Tho He Was, He Protected the Girl With His Body and Opened Fire.

(Copyright 1918, by W. D. Boyce Co.)

EVERYBODY in the camp wanted to go for a pail of water to the [illegible] cottage with the hedge around the front yard, and the ivy [illegible] on the lattice work on the porch.

It was located Somewhere in France where the first American contingent was billeted. Almost everybody in Sam Sloan's company had been to the cottage with the water pail, except Sam himself. He wanted to go, but some one always got ahead of him.

He had heard about the dark-haired [illegible] with the perfect white teeth, and a smile that [illegible] the [illegible] of [illegible] [illegible] she [illegible] for [illegible]. They all told the same story [illegible] and the lattice work [illegible] the [illegible] and then [illegible] view, smiling, and walk down to the [illegible].

Sam [illegible] full water pail and said [illegible] for a pail of water."

[illegible] to empty a fresh [illegible] [illegible] practice, trench-digging and [illegible] until late afternoon, [illegible] at noon he had to go, as he said, when he had time.

Sergeant Garrity saw it and the others saw it.

"What are you going to say to that girl?" called Sergeant Garrity for a joke. The idea of asking a man what he was going to say to a pretty girl!

Sam, however, replied quite simply—"I'll say 'water,' and hold out the pail."

"She would never understand that," replied the sergeant, soberly. "She understands only French."

"Well, what do the other fellows say?" asked Sam. "They all get the water, somehow."

"They say, 'Je vous aime,' when they hold out the pail," said the sergeant.

"Ge vouze amee?" repeated Sam. "What does that mean?"

"That means, 'some water, please,'" replied the sergeant.

"Ge vouze amee?" repeated Sam. "That right?"

"No, nothing like that," said the sergeant, severely. "Not g-e. Say j-e. J for John. Je. V-o-u-s. Not v-o-u-z-e. A-i-m-e. Not A-m-e-e. Say it now."

"Je vous aime," repeated Sam, with deliberation.

"That's all right," and the sergeant turned his back, as if to say that it was a thankless job to spend his time teaching a dull pupil.

Sam started across the field, repeating, 'J-e v-o-u-s a-i-m-e.' He was a blue-eyed, blond-haired boy of 22 who, when America got into the war, had quit the farm without a moment's delay. Now he was in France, and he was there because he wanted to be. Things were different from what he had expected, but as he crossed the field swinging the water pail, his simple, happy nature was undisturbed by discontent.

The tinted autumn leaves were falling, their colors so beautiful that he picked some, as he went along, and examined their shape. Falling autumn leaves made him think of chestnut time back home, and so thinking he presently came out upon the road where the little white cottage stood.

Not a sign of life appeared around it as he approached. The sun was setting, just over the western hill, and the chill of the autumn evening was noticeable. As he neared the gate, however, he heard a rustle behind the ivy, and then a dark, slender French girl, with beautiful eyes and a clear complexion, came down the steps toward him.

"Encore?" she said, in a sweet, musical voice, as she reached for the pail.

Sam removed his cap, disclosing a tangled mass of blond hair. He smiled and said: "Je vous aime."

The maiden looked surprised and amused. Then she laughed and said: "Tout le meme."

Sam guessed that she said "all right," and followed her to the pump in the yard.

"Let me do the hard work, lady," he said in his own language, as the girl placed the pail and took hold of the pump handle.

He had his bouquet of autumn leaves in one hand and his cap in the other. One hand, at least, had to be released. He did what he did next with the grace of a French count. With a wide sweep of the arm, he brought his cap to his breast, bowed low, and extended the bouquet of autumn leaves to the girl, saying, "I wish they were American beauties."

"Pour moi?" exclaimed Lucille, with enthusiasm. Then, bowing gracefully, she said: "Je vous remercie."

The water pail was quickly filled. The next move, naturally, was for Sam to go. But he did not.

"This is a beautiful country," he said, looking toward the hills.

Lucille made no reply. She did not understand. She simply smiled.

"Je suis heureuse d'avoir les Americains ici," said Lucille.

Sam made no reply. He did not understand. He simply smiled.

"Do you raise much corn around here?" asked Sam. No reply.

"Restez vous ici longtemps?" asked Lucille. No reply.

"We need an interpreter," said Sam.

"Venez encore," said Lucille, moving backward toward the house, and glancing at the autumn leaves admiringly, as if they were roses.

Nothing could be done under the circumstances, without an interpreter. Sam took the pail, and with another sweeping salute and a low bow, he departed for the camp.

"Au revoir," said Lucille, sweetly.

Sam had heard that before. "Au revoir," he replied.

"Here comes Sloan with the je-vous-aime," said Sergeant Garrity, as Sam crossed the field.

"Bring me a drink of je-vous-aime, Sloan," said the sergeant, and Sam placed the pail in the usual place.

Sam filled the dipper innocently, and handed it to the sergeant.

"What did she say when you asked for water?" asked the sergeant.

"Nothing. She took the pail and started for the pump, that's all."

"How did you get along? Didn't you say anything else?"

"I talked about the scenery a little," replied Sam, "but she always answered in French. We didn't get along very well. I must get one of them French books and learn the language."

"You don't have to do that," replied Sergeant Garrity. "That would take too long. I'll go with you the next time. I speak French a little."

Next morning when the boys turned out for roll call, the water pail bore the letters, "Je vous aime," painted in black on the side, and often during the day some one said, "Je vous aime," which Sam interpreted, "some water, please."

For several days afterward no one seemed interested in going for a fresh pail of water. Those letters on the pail made everybody suspicious except Sam. Once or twice Sergeant Garrity asked Sam to go. He considered it a compliment to be permitted that duty. He went, said "Je vous aime," and returned quickly with the water. Lucille was always the same, and so was Sam; unintelligible.

One afternoon Sergeant Garrity offered to go along, when Sam started for some water. As they walked across the field the sergeant asked:

"What do you say to that girl every time she lets us have a pail of drinking water?"

"Nothing," replied Sam. "She can't understand."

"Don't you even say 'Thank you?'"

"How do you say that in French? If I know how to ask for it, I ought to know how to thank her for it."

"Sure you ought. Say 'Je vous epouserai quelquefois.'"

"What does that mean?" asked Sam.

"'Thank you very much,'" replied the sergeant, soberly.

"That's harder than 'Je vous aime,'" said Sam. Then he thought a minute.

"Say, sergeant, how does it happen that j-e in one case means 'some,' and in the other case that word, j-e, means 'thank?'"

"Oh, that's nothing. This j-e- is pronounced g-e. The spelling in French doesn't mean anything, it's the pronunciation that counts."

"Oh," said Sam, satisfied. "What was that? 'Je vous'—what was that next word? Say, how is that, sergeant, the 'v-o-u-s?' In one case it means 'water.' 'Je vous aime,' 'some water, please,' and in this case it means 'you,' 'thank you very much.'"

"Say, Sloan, if you don't think I know what I'm telling you," angrily, "I'll not spend any more of my time teaching you French."

"Oh, don't take it that way, sergeant," said Sam, hastily. "I want to learn. What was the third word? I've got the 'g-e' and the 'v-o-u-s.'"

"I don't think you can ever learn French," replied the sergeant. "It's no use. You're too critical. Instead of remembering what you're told, you just question. You'll never get anywhere."

"Let's for get that, sergeant," replied Sam. "What was the third word that stands for 'very?'"

"Well, if you really want to learn, I'll help you. 'Epouserai,' is the word."

"'Eppousarie?'" repeated Sam.

"Oh no, nothing like that. E has the sound of A. Then take the 'pous.' Instead of 'vous' say 'pous,' and that makes 'epous.' Then add the ER and AI. Put them together and you have 'epouserai.'"

"'Je vous epouserai,'" repeated Sam. "What was that last word?"

"Quelquefois. There are three parts to that word. Quel-que-fois."

"Kel-ker-fois," said Sam. "That is a long word for our own word 'much.' Of course, you know, I'm not questioning it."

"A man who's studied French as long as I have, ought to know," said Sergeant Garrity, with pride. "I have always paid great attention to the accent. I was told once that I had the true Parisian accent."

"'Je vous epouserai quelquefois,'" said Sam, with difficulty. "Thank you very much."

"Well, that's not very good," criticised

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the sergeant. "but she will be able to make out what you mean

They had reached the road. Sam crossed with the pail. Lucille appeared smiling as usual. Sam raised the pail, exhibiting it, and said, "Je vous aime."

Lucille made no response, but led the way to the pump. Sam placed the pail and quickly filled it. Sergeant Garrity engaged Lucille in conversation. Sam waited for a chance to speak his piece When Lucille looked toward him, smiling, he raised his hat and said:

"Je vous epouserai quelquefois."

Instantly the smile disappeared from the girl's face. Her form straightened, and her eyes flashed. A slender girl without speaking a word, stood before two soldiers, superior to both, and the master of both

"Au revoir," said Sergeant Garrity, hastily raising his hat

"Au revoir, Monsieur," said Lucille with reserve

Sam also joined with "Au revoir," but the girl made no reply

"Did I say it all right?" asked Sam, as they crossed the road

"About right," replied the sergeant. "I guess she did not understand your accent. Accent is very important in French. You better not try that expression again Not until you have practiced more."

"All right," said Sam, "I'll just say 'some water, please, je vous aime,' and omit the 'thank you very much.'"

Something about the occurrence had sobered Sergeant Garrity. He said little about it when he got back to camp. He regarded it as a disposed-of incident Drill proceeded from day to day with increased activity. Some of the men were assigned to the front trench. Incidents were forgotten

Sam went daily with the water pail to the cottage. But Lucille never again met him at the gate He filled the pail and returned to camp day after day, without seeing her.

One day, as he stood alone at the pump he heard a sound from overhead that he recognized, the chug, chug chug of aeroplanes, rapidly increasing in clearness

Then came the loud reports of explosions. It had happened before. They were dropping bombs on the American camp. Once a bomb had exploded so close to the quartermaster's station that everybody was splashed with the mud and earth thrown up

Bang, bang-bang, bang, bang-bang sounded the exploding bombs over toward the camp, as the squadron of planes swept past with a loud clatter.

Sam's eyes were fixed on one plane flying lower than the others. It zigzagged, glided, trembled in the air, then glided again, always coming lower. The helmeted aviator could be seen struggling to gain control. The plane moved in half circles, glided, twisted and seemed about to crash to the earth. It settled like a descending kite, then glided at a sharp angle downward.

Sam moved toward the open field beyond the barn. He did not see Lucille, who had come toward him. She saw in his face an expression of energy, courage, desire, hope, determination, all combined. He drew his revolver as he ran toward the descending plane.

"Resto-vous ici," cried Lucille.

Sam, hastening across the field, saw the aviator step out from the wrecked plane, limping.

"Reste-vous ici," Lucille said, following.

"Go back," shouted Sam, waving his hand. "He might shoot." Then he rushed forward again

"Reste-vous ici," continued Lucille, still following.

Sam ran back to her, turned her around gently, so she would understand, and gave her a gentle push Then he dashed toward the plane

He thought of a prisoner captured, a citation for bravery, a promotion, perhaps a commission, as he ran forward. He knew that others at the camp would see the falling plane; a detail would be sent out, but he wanted to make the capture alone.

The limping aviator had drawn his pistol when he saw Sam. From behind the wrecked plane he fired. Sam felt a sharp pain as a bullet grazed his forehead. He halted a minute only, then rushed on

Looking back, he saw Lucille following. He went back to her, angry that she was thus exposing herself. He could not understand her. He spoke roughly, pushed her back, and said "Go home."

He sought to protect her with his body from the flying bullets. She held his arm, and pulled him, terrified at sight of his bleeding forehead. Another bullet grazed his head. Angry that he was thus being hindered, he protected the girl with his body and opened fire He saw a detail from the camp advancing from the woods at his left, on the run He fired his last three shots in rapid succession He heard the sharp crack of rifles, as the detail advanced from the woods Then he felt a sharp pain in his chest, and he sank backward to the ground.

When he awoke he was in a bed, with nurses moving around He heard Sergeant Garrity say, "He meant well, but he's only a boy."

Turning his eyes he saw Lucille, and said to her: "Je vous aime."

"He's asking for some water," said Sergeant Garrity.

"Je vous aime, aussi," whispered Lucille, as the sergeant turned for a glass of water.

Sam took the glass, and handed the water to Lucille. She, however, placed it to his lips.

"Je vous epouserai quelquefois," said Sam, returning the glass and sinking back on his pillow

"He says, 'thank you very much,'" explained Sergeant Garrity

"Je vous epouserai quelquefois," whispered Lucille, bending over him and smoothing his pillow

Some weeks later when Sam was sitting up and being wheeled around, Sergeant Garrity came. He seemed embarrassed

"Say, Sloan," he began, roughly, "there was a little mistake about that 'Je vous aime.' I thought I would come over and tell you about it."

"That so?" said Sam. "What is it?"

"Well, it don't mean exactly what I said. I was mistaken. You had better drop that."

"What does it mean?" asked Sam

"They tell me it means 'I love you.'"

"That so?" said Sam, blushing. Then he asked: "What does that word 'aussi' mean?"

"Oh, that word means, 'also.'"

Sam became very thoughtful.

"Another thing I want to tell you," said Sergeant Garrity. "They say those words 'Je vous epouserai quelquefois' mean something a little different than I said. I thought they were what I told you."

"What do they mean?" asked Sam.

"Well," said the sergeant, hesitating, "I understand now that means: 'I'll marry you sometime.'"

"Oh," said Sam, blushing again. "Is that so"

"That's what I understand about it," replied the sergeant. "You had better drop that till we find out."

"And that word 'aussi,' you're sure it means 'also?'" asked Sam.

"Oh, yes, that's right, I'm sure of that."

Just then Lucille appeared, smiling, with some flowers

"Je vous aime," said Sam, extending his hand.

"Je vous aime, aussi," replied Lucille.

"Je vous epouserai quelquefois," said Sam.

"Je vous epouserai quelquefois, aussi," replied Lucille.

Sergeant Garrity grinned astonishment and then ran all the way back to camp with the news.

* * *

The Fly and the Jackass.

A COMMONPLACE fellow and his wife drifted thru the long halls of the French building at the Panama-Pacific Exposition one afternoon, and the woman paused to inspect each Parisian garment carefully. The man declared that they all looked alike to him and he could only tell when he passed from one firm's display to that of another by reading the shop names on the windows.

Finally the couple arrived at Paquin's display of gowns. It was decidedly attractive, and a large crowd of people flocked around it. The man and woman scanned each gown with delighted optics, and the wife explained that Paquin was a great designer. The man noticed that one of the models was holding out one hand as tho gesticulating.

"Paquin," exclaimed the man, watching the hand closely, "is more than a famous designer. He is a great advertiser."

"What do you mean?" inquired the woman. "What makes you think that he is a great advertising man?"

"Look at that model's hand," continued the man. "Notice its fingers and you will observe a big black fly on the index finger. The fly is outlined against a field of white, so everybody can see it. The fact that a fly is roosting upon a dainty model's finger will attract everybody's attention to the exhibit, and people will talk about it and remember it. Personally I don't care a hang about anybody's exhibit, but I'll remember this one all my life, because of that fly."

"You don't suppose that the owner of the exhibit placed the fly on the model's finger, do you?" inquired the woman.

"I certainly do," continued the man. "I know blamed well he did. That fellow is an advertiser, believe me!"

By that time scores of people were crowding around the window and looking at the fly.

"Some stunt!" spouted the man, explosively, so everybody could hear him. "Best sort of advertising a man could do Best I ever saw——"

Just at that moment the fly flapped its wings and flitted into a dark corner of the building. And the crowd laughed, which it had a perfect right to do.

Moral—The woman who leads a jackass to an exposition where intelligent people congregate should check him at a feed shed outside the grounds!

* * *

Going One Better.

"HOW do you like Chicago?"

"The street cars are too crowded to suit me. They pack 'em like sardines in a box."

"Your comparison is poor. When a box of sardines is full it is full. They don't constantly keep opening the box to pack in a few more"

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The Doctor Who Was Cured

By Susanne Glenn

DR. RODERICK opened his eyes in sudden consternation. Had he overslept? His head seemed weighted to his pillow. His arms, the left one in particular, felt strangely useless, as if they might not belong to his body.

What was this? Where his eyes fell on the floor he found himself looking at tree shadows across a striped rag carpet.

One by one memories returned to him—his hurried drive along unfamiliar country roads, the unexpected downward curve, the slipping car.

"I cannot be wasting my time here," he muttered, making an effort to rise.

"Oh, you must lie still," came an authoritative voice, and a girl in a pink cotton frock came forward hastily.

"Did it break the car?" demanded Dr. Roderick, sinking back because of weakness, not of obedience.

"The car is all right, I believe," she smiled.

"Then it is important that I be going. Isn't there a man somewhere who could go with me? I can drive all right with a little assistance, I am sure."

"You can do nothing of the sort," contradicted the girl in that annoyingly cheerful tone people use in addressing sick people. "Dr. Green says you must keep perfectly quiet."

"Who is Dr. Green?" inquired the prostrate man with unconcealed sarcasm.

"He is the young doctor at the Corners."

"Hum—well, it happens I must get back to the city this afternoon—an important appointment."

"That is the usual thing with a doctor, isn't it? But you see, it will be impossible today. Different arrangements can be made, no doubt are made by this time, for I sent a message that you need not be expected for several days, at the least."

"You sent a message? How, pray, did you know where to send?" he inquired sharply.

"I—found your card. You remained unconscious for so long that I felt justified in making search for some identification."

"Of course—pardon my impatience, but I am bitterly disappointed. Now you may send another message that I will be there in two hours. And—will you attend to getting a man for me, please?"

"I am truly sorry to refuse you, Dr. Roderick, but indeed I can do neither. Dr. Green has particularly enjoined absolute quiet for three days."

"Green be hanged—I'm going to get up."

The girl came to the bedside and skillfully adjusted a bandage which had hitherto escaped his notice.

"Can you imagine what you would say to a patient who acted like this, Dr. Roderick?" she inquired, a gleam of merriment in her fresh face.

"This left arm is out of commission, and there is a cut up here at the back of the head where Dr. Green has shaved the hair away, and altogether you are a most promising proposition to the profession. So now you must lie here patiently and take what you are in the habit of giving other people."

"I am going to get up."

"Very well, you will find your clothes in the closet." And she went out and closed the door.

Of course he could not get up unassisted. He knew that before he tried. Still, he did try.

"I guess she is right," he muttered at last. "If I saw a fellow acting like this I'd say he was a natural fool. This has been a terrible disappointment, but I'll have to make the best of it. That is quite a girl to be living in this forsaken place. There is something familiar about her face or her voice—what is it?"

He drifted into refreshing slumber and woke to find the soft autumn twilight darkening the room. A middle-aged woman in a plain print gown was bringing in his supper.

"I fear I offended your daughter this afternoon," he said. "I expect I was unreasonable."

"Mildred? Oh, she'll soon get over it. She said you were the most unreasonable man she ever saw," agreed the woman, cheerfully.

"So you think I'm unreasonable, Miss Mildred?" the doctor demanded next morning, when the girl again appeared.

"I am quite positive you are," she replied, calmly. "Undoubtedly an evening paper seems useless to you when it is 12 hours old, but we have to be content with it that way, here. Shall I read to you?"

"Do anything rather than leave me here alone hours at a stretch," he pleaded.

"Haven't you always insisted it does a patient good to remain a greater part of the time unattended?"

"How do you know that?" he inquired quickly.

"Most doctors do hold such views, I find; until they are ill themselves," she explained, demurely.

"Hum!" grunted the doctor.

On the third morning, when he was still refused action, Dr. Roderick felt that patience had ceased to be a virtue. "What's the matter with that Green fellow, anyway?" he blustered. "See here, Miss Mildred, you have simply got to send a message for me today."

"Dr. Green said expressly this morning that you were to be kept quiet at least one day longer, so you must forgive me if I listen to the attending physician rather than to the imperative patient, Dr. Roderick."

"What in thunder does Green know about my business?" he roared angrily. "I'll beg your pardon for this, after a while, but I declare to you it is more than any man could endure decently to have an important little bantam of a country doctor interfering with his affairs in this fashion."

"Dr. Roderick," the girl stood up, her eyes flashing, "Dr. Green has done his best for you—and a very good 'best,' if I am the judge. He may be lacking in renown, but he is not lacking in skill. You have been a bad patient all the way thru, and I strongly suspect you are a domineering physician. I suppose you never had to struggle like other young men in your profession—were never thankful for a liberal fee or an obedient patient."

She turned toward the door with an angry little sob. "I shall send the message. You can hardly go too soon to please me," she flung back, as a parting shot.

"So," said Dr. Roderick after an astonished and thoughtful five minutes of silence, "so that is the way the land lies! That girl has an amazing way of telling the truth—and I'm blamed if she didn't set me out pretty near right, too. I must make my peace with her before I leave."

But Dr. Roderick had no opportunity for making a peace-offering. The car which carried him back to the city came immediately in answer to the girl's urgent call, and the man was uncomfortably conscious that he was repaying them all illy enough for their care and kindness.

The succeeding fortnight proved the wisdom of the unrenowned Dr. Green's advice, for he suffered doubly from the unnecessary journey and exposure. To the amazement of his physician and nurse, the doctor proved an exemplary patient.

"That is the way it is," they confided, "sometimes the most impatient of people are fine when they're really sick."

They did not know about that plain-spoken girl in the pink frock. But the sick man could not forget her. "I must be crazy," he confessed when he found himself on his way back to that lonely farmhouse, after his recovery.

"Dear me, no, she wasn't my daughter," said the good woman of the house. "No, and I can't tell you where she is. Yes, Dr. Green knows, but he will not tell, either. She made us promise."

"Confound you, Green," growled the great doctor. "I wouldn't be a dog in the manger!" But in the end he had to go back to the city unsatisfied.

He plunged into work again, but his patients found a difference in him. "He's all down in the mouth," they said.

He was, in truth, particularly despondent the day he got the call from Ferrars. On the way out he remembered his joy when he was first called to the great house—a struggling, unknown doctor. "I helped that girl of theirs, too," he thought. "But they babied her too much—and possibly I was a little severe."

When he entered the room he saw only a girl in a pink gown before the fire. "Mildred," he cried when she came toward him, "what does this mean? I've looked for you everywhere."

"Yes, I know," she said gently.

"There was something—but quite naturally I did not think of you. Girl, do you know what you have done for me—and to me? I love you. I've got to tell you, no matter who you are. I love you."

"You make love," she smiled, "very much as you do everything else."

"Oh, I know it is no use, after the way I bullied you in the beginning and 'showed off' out there in the country. But, Mildred, I love you! And—don't you believe you could improve me?"

"I imagine it would be interesting to try," she agreed.

* * *

Training for "Punch."

An English youngster was asked to give a definition of a lie.

"It's a Hun truth, sir," he answered.

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THE TEST OF THE HOUR

By Lilian Stair Schreiner

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SHE felt the attraction of the man immediately upon entering the room. As she looked thru the crowd and saw him at the farther end sitting so tranquilly among the others, his strong, quiet face in such contrast with the vapid, silly ones around him, she felt that if he should look toward her she would be compelled to go to him. She could not take her eyes from his face. She feared to have him look up lest she should do this thing—go to him and offer herself to him, not in so many words, perhaps, but he would understand. It was unbelievable that he should not feel this attraction, too. And now a strange exultation seized her as she felt that her fate was in his hands. She knew that he might [illegible] what he would and she would grant [illegible] this man whom she had never [illegible] fore in her life! That was th[illegible] of it! And she was not [illegible]. All her life long she had waited for [illegible]. And now she longed with all her being for him to look up, this man whose name she did not even know! Impressions, vague and indistinct, floated thru her brain of some famous author and traveler who was to be there this evening, but they meant nothing to her now. Every thought and impulse was dominated by the personality of the man himself. Would he never lift his gaze? Now he was becoming restless underneath his calm. Would he look? Slowly he turned his head. Men called her beautiful, with her iris eyes and ropes of tawny hair, and now she stood like a tall, white lily beneath a ball of golden light, her burning eyes upon his face. He gave a sudden start, then rose and came toward her.

"What is it?" he said. "You spoke to me."

"No," she whispered, "my soul did and you heard. Is it not wonderful? I almost came to you and—— Oh, what am I saying!" she broke off suddenly—"or can you understand?"

She looked at him earnestly.

"I understand one thing," he said in a low, even tone of voice, which made its import all the more astonishing, "that I have been looking for you all my life! But," he said desperately, "isn't there some place we can go where we can talk undisturbed?"

Regardless of the curious looks cast after them, she led him from the room and into the conservatory—there where a pool and a tiny fountain made joy [illegible] palms and ferns.

As in a dream she said, "And I have been waiting for you or some one like you all my life."

She stood before him, sweet, alluring, with the frond-like branches of a great palm arching above her head. As he looked at her, every vestige of color dropped away from his face.

"Ah, God," he whispered, "it [illegible] come! The fulfillment of my dream! Come to me"—holding out his arms—"my heart's mate, come."

Trembling, she bent toward him. "Are you—are you the man?"

"I—I don't know, but I think I [illegible]" he answered, his voice shaking.

"But I—I don't know one thing about you, hardly even your name." She drew back, while her eyes searched his face.

"Is it necessary?"

"But—maybe you are married," she whispered.

"Maybe I am."

"Anyhow, you have not asked me to marry you."

"Maybe I won't."

"Won't what?" with a start.

"Won't ask you to marry me. Didn't you ever hear of the saying that if two people did not love each other enough to dispense with the marriage ceremony they did not love each other enough to abide by it?"

"Yes, yes," she said in a choked voice, "for the woman—yes."

"For her, it is indeed the greater proof—" he murmured in a voice that was penitent. "What if I should ask you to make this tremendous sacrifice, to—dispense with the marriage ceremony?"

Her hands went up over her face.

"Can you do it?" he went on in a tense voice. "I am the man. Are you the woman? Can you stand the test? The test of this, the most vital hour in your life and mine? Can you?"

He did not touch her, did not come one step nearer to her; only his eyes held her, those marvelous eyes that looked into her soul and drew her heart to his.

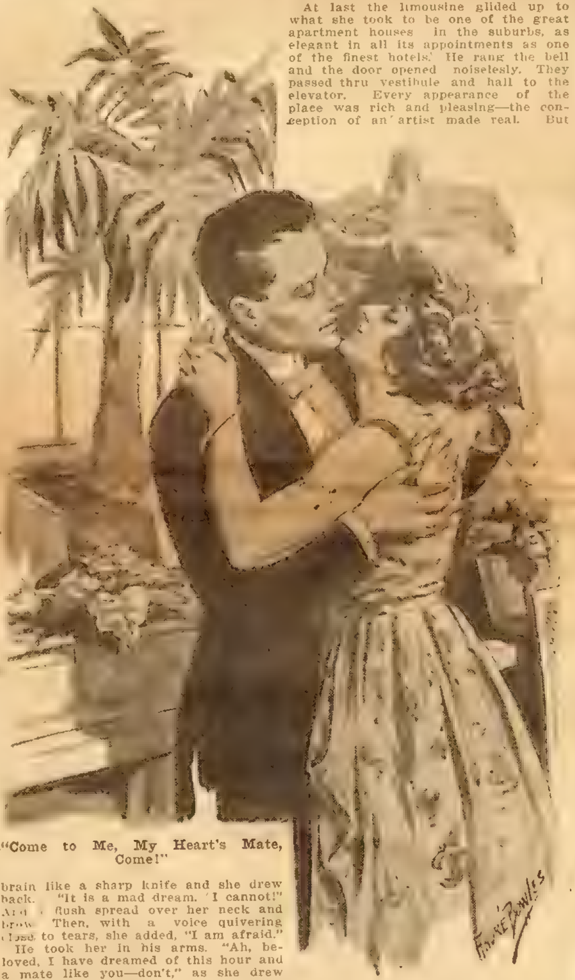
She tried to think of other things, her home, her friends, all the old, dear things in her life. These she was about to throw away! She tried to bring them near to her, but they remained dim and distant. They did not matter. Nothing mattered but this, this one hour with all the issues hanging upon it.

Yet her reason persisted with faint doubts and protests and fears. She would be disgraced in the world [illegible]. He could not in honor ask such a sacrifice. What man's conceptions, desires, purposes, incomprehensible to her girlish mind, lay hid behind those eyes that compelled her to renounce all for him? The very mystery of him subdued her.

The music, far away, rose and fell, the palms bent and swayed. She felt as if her soul had left her body and was vibrating in the pulsing space about her. With a long sigh she stretched out her arms to him and he took her into his own.

"Mine," he breathed, "all mine!" Then, holding her away from him, he said in an exultant voice: "You are magnificent! You in your health and strength and beauty; a perfect woman. With Macbeth I could say, 'Bear men children [illegible]'"

At this, alarm came cutting thru her brain like a sharp knife and she drew back. "It is a mad dream. I cannot!" And a flush spread over her neck and brow. Then, with a voice quivering close to tears, she added, "I am afraid."



"Come to Me, My Heart's Mate, Come!"

He took her in his arms. "Ah, beloved, I have dreamed of this hour and a mate like you—don't," as she drew away from him, "don't abate one jot of your love and trust! Don't you see that if you do you will spoil the sweetness of the dream?"

"Dream—yes——" she said faintly, "a dream, but——

"Now, now," and he kissed her full on the lips, "henceforth you are all mine, all mine! I have never kissed a woman before as I am kissing you now—but listen! The music is stopping. We must get away——"

"Away!" she gasped, "away—now?——"

"Yes, why not We belong to each other. Do you think I am going to let you out of my sight until you are wholly mine and there is no turning back. Oh, you don't know how I have waited for this hour and prepared for it! I have a beautiful nest for my bird—come—come——"

As in a dream she allowed him to lead her back to the house; in a dream she donned her wraps, bade her hostess farewell and went out into the soft summer night where he was waiting for her.

At the curb stood a limousine, into which he ushered her, and as they glided out into the quiet street he folded her in his arms and kissed her reverently on her forehead without a word. Then he fell into his corner of the seat and she into hers. She watched the lights go by and as they became fewer and fewer she knew that the outskirts of the city were reached. Once in a while a spasm of dread went over her, but for the greater part of the time she was enveloped in a glowing mist, from which his eyes as she had first seen them across the room called to her. Ay, she had believed in love at first sight, but not such love as this, beyond and above every barrier of restraint! Once she started out of her seat when she thought what she, Jocelyn Stannard, was giving up—the life she had pictured for herself, all lost, gone in one short hour at the glance of an eye!

At last the limousine glided up to what she took to be one of the great apartment houses in the suburbs, as elegant in all its appointments as one of the finest hotels. He rang the bell and the door opened noiselessly. They passed thru vestibule and hall to the elevator. Every appearance of the place was rich and pleasing—the conception of an artist made real. But this fact only touched the back of Jocelyn's mind. The front of her brain was one seething mass of emotion. Should she go or should she stay? Caution, which had fled, came back and was plucking at the edge of her garment. The man smiled at her with love-enfolded eyes, but still doubt assailed her. As he led her along the velvet-laid halls of his domicile, her limbs almost doubled up beneath her. There was yet time should she break away and go?

Before a door they stopped. He laid his hands on her shoulders and compelled her to look into his eyes. "You are not trusting me," he said. "No love is perfect without perfect trust. I will have no other. I have asked you to give yourself wholly unto me this night. This is the only love I want—the perfect trust of perfect love. I want you, are you coming? You have but to say the word and I will escort you safely to any address you give me, but—I hope, beloved,—oh, I hope——"

The last words were spoken so low that she could scarcely hear them, but as she looked into his eyes she knew that here was her fate, her life; that without this, tho it lasted but an hour, her life would be dead, without interest or purpose. She bowed her head to hide the surrender in her eyes and he ushered her into her home.

Beautiful it was beyond imagining. Never had she dreamed of such luxury yet in such exquisite taste! Had he studied her every lightest whim from childhood up he could not have known better what to select. The hangings of a restful green set off the rich color of the Oriental rugs and the dull sheen of the dark woodwork. There were low bookcases and a mantel above an open fire.

"Behold, dearest, your home—and mine." With gentle hands he removed her wraps, every movement fraught with reverence.

He rang the bell and a quiet servant entered the room. "Supper for two as quickly as possible," he said. Not an eyelash flickered as the servant answered, "Yes, sir," and withdrew from the room.

He placed her in a great chair in front of the fire. "How is it all, dearest", he said, "does it suit you? After supper I will show you the rest of the house. Come—why so silent? Ah, Love, Love—what is it? I must have your trust——"

"I do, oh I do trust you," and one of her hands went up to his face, "but I am dazed with the suddenness of it all. I seem still to be in a dream.

"Supper is served, sir," announced the servant, at the door.

"Come, my lady Jocelyn. You see I know your name if you do not know mine—come and see if the supper suits you."

"Oh, how can you think of eating! I cannot I am sure," she cried.

"But you must," he said, and very gently insisting, he led her to the dining-room, whose appointments were fully as beautiful as those of the rest of the house. But eat she could not, and as the moments passed her agitation increased. Do what she could she feared, in her very soul she feared, feared, except when she raised her eyes to those other eyes opposite, so full of immeasurable love and pride as they rested upon her.

"Dearest," he said at last, "this is wrong; eat a little for my sake——

But she could not. She felt her [illegible] growing cold and stiff and the spoon rattled against her teeth as tho it had entered the mouth of a corpse.

Seeing her distress he rose, picked her up bodily in his arms, carried her back into the other room and deposited her in the big armchair again in front of the fire and gently chafed her cold, little hands in his big, warm ones, talking soothingly to her, his eyes meanwhile on the clock on the mantel. The hands were slowly nearing the midnight mark when, looking up, she saw where his eyes were fixed. A long shudder shook her frame and turning to him with a sob, she flung herself on his breast, crying, "Oh, be good to me always, always—for I have given up everything on earth and even my hope of heaven for you! And—I—do—not ever want to regret it, I do not——" and her eyes shone into his from beneath tear-wet lashes with a love as deep as his own.

"Yes," he said, as he strained her to his breast, "that is what love is in its truest sense, all trust and all sacrifice. My darling, you shall never regret it, come——"

He drew her to her feet with a long, loving look. With a face the color of dead lilies, she rose, swaying from side to side, her eyes like great, burning coals in her dead-white face.

At this moment a knock at the door was heard. With his arm around her he called, "Come in," in a loud, clear voice. The door opened and a young man in black garments entered the room. She tried to draw away, but he still held her close.

"Hello, Marvin, you are on time, but we are ready for you. Not the conventional attitude, you say? Well, is this better?" and taking his arm from her waist but still holding her hand, he took from his pocket a slender, worn, gold ring. "Get the business over as quickly as you can, Marvie, the future Mrs. Henry Randolph is very tired. Get Mason and Mrs. Mason as witnesses."

As Marvin disappeared thru the dining-room door, she looked at him in mute surprise, then, with a gasp, she said: "But—but you said 'without benefit of clergy,' you know," and a little, broken smile flitted across her face.

"Yes, I know," he laughed as he drew her to him. "I only wanted to put you to the test to see how much you loved me. The ceremony means nothing to me. When I saw you tonight I knew that I could be happy with you on a desert island beyond reach of all social forms. But we cannot live on a desert island forever and—well, there are other reasons. While we are in a world of convention, we must bow to its rules. After I had once seen you, tho, no power on earth could have made me relinquish you, even for a moment, so a message thru Mason to my friend Marvin, who is a minister, and my dear mother's wedding ring, which I have always kept with me since she died, made matters easy for us. But oh, my darling, my own," he said in a voice deep with feeling as he drew her yet more closely into the shelter of his arms, "you were magnificent in your love and faith, fighting the conventions that had hemmed you about all your life, all the traditions of your race. Ah, blood tells after all! I knew it," he said exultingly. "I knew from the first that you were a thorobred! And you'll never regret it! I'll never forget the sacrifice you would have made for me. As God lives I'll make you the happiest woman the sun ever shone upon!" And he kissed her reverently just as Marvin re-entered the room followed by the two servants.

Thus on the stroke of 12 were said again the fateful words that joined the mortal destinies of two immortal souls.

Your Husband and You

Two Little Stories That May Open Some Woman's Eyes

The Jealous Wife.

MANY a woman has planned the role her husband is to act long before he ever realized that he was in love with any one but his own wife. The jealous woman is the greatest weaver of broken romances and forsaken homes. Her brain constantly is working on what might happen until the real thing does happen and finds her prostrate. The woman with green eyes spreads the germ of unfaithfulness more than the painted home wrecker herself.

It is this jealous, watching wife who wrecks her own home and invites the other woman in. Every man is made up of impulse, and according to one definition of the word impulse we find "effect of an impelling force" and another "sudden motion exciting to action."

A wife may have eyes, but she must not let her tongue express what her eyes see. And a wife who is looking for her husband to step sideways from the straight and narrow path seldom is disappointed. Because a man is nice to her friends or because he pays attention to some young girl (whether society girl or stenographer) does not mean that he has the slightest desire or intention of being an untrue husband.

Can a man ever love a wife as well or let her into his confidence as much if she suspects him of paying attention to other women? Can a woman ever expect to keep the love of a man whom she tries to place in an unfaithful attitude? Man is brimful of impulse and he is easily offended if woman wounds his nature and makes him play a part he never thought of until she suggested it to him.

The jealous woman is a Pandora opening the box of evil spirits and unhappy paths for her husband to trod and for her own welfare. If, on the other hand, a wife realizes that her husband really does care for some other woman, instead of "nagging" him and spying upon him she merely closes her eyes and does not let her imagination run away with her she will be able by a woman's keen wit and tactics to make an unfaithful husband as true as her heart desires

No woman ever betters her life by placing a mirror in front of her husband. It is only when a wife displays her own nobleness and gentle woman spirit and continues to love her husband that the unfaithful husband returns to a happy home and becomes a true and devoted husband. But the woman who is falsely jealous will make an untrue husband out of an angel!

❧

Shocking Hubby.

ONCE upon a time there was a noble husband, the kind that prides himself on giving his wife everything. Emmeline had a charge account at four different stores: her furs and jewels were the envy of every woman on the block, and when her husband appeared with her in public everybody knew what a great success he was

Emmeline had everything—that is, everything except real money. Noble Husband said there was no need for her to handle cash. She would only lose it. Anyway, couldn't she run up all the bills she wanted? He paid them regularly and rarely kicked at their size.

But this poor benighted woman was dissatisfied' She said she wanted to earn money herself, so that she wouldn't have to ask or account for it. Moreover, she wanted to amount to something She didn't want to live merely as a sort of decorated sandwich-board advertising her husband's business success. She wanted to be a business success herself'

Noble Husband was scandalized. What would people say? They would think he was stingy; didn't treat her right. They would question his solvency; They quarreled about it at night, and this foolish wife went to a business school by day And after six months of this the crash came. Husband's business went to smash just like many another business in wartime.

He came home to wife trembling in anticipation of the terrible consequences when he should ask her to give up their expensive home, servants, jewels. He expected her to faint. What she did shocked him more. She took it so quietly and cheerfully that he began to suspect she was glad about it. She urged him to give her all the details. She was willing to listen to him for hours.

Finally she persuaded him to let her go in town with him, and before he knew it she was helping him straighten out his affairs. He protested at first, but gradually he had to admit that his little doll-wife had a sensible business head. He secretly wished he had initiated her into the mysteries of his business, and, perhaps her woman's instinct—who knows?

And the moral of this is for men. Tell your wife all about your business. Take her into your confidence. Let her know what is going on in that mysterious region in town. You've no more right to conceal the details of your business from her than she has to conceal the state of your children's health from you!

She may not be able to save you from bankruptcy, but the chances are that she'll be able to give you a lot of help and suggestions long before such a disaster faces you. Moreover, you don't know which side of the hemisphere you'll be on by the year after next, and it would be darn good business to train your wife to be your business understudy now

❧ ❧ ❧

More Attractive.

"TREMENDOUS crowd up at our church last night."

"New minister?"

"No, it was burned down."

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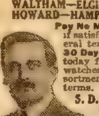

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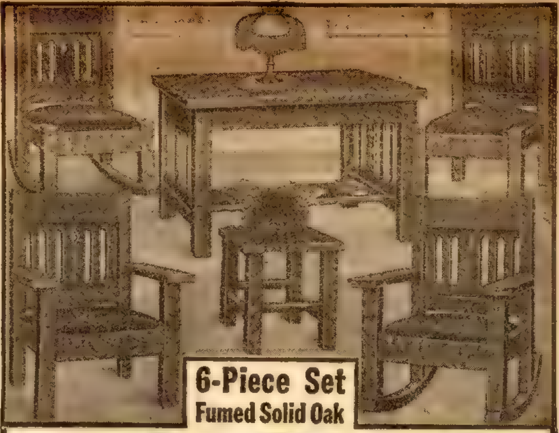

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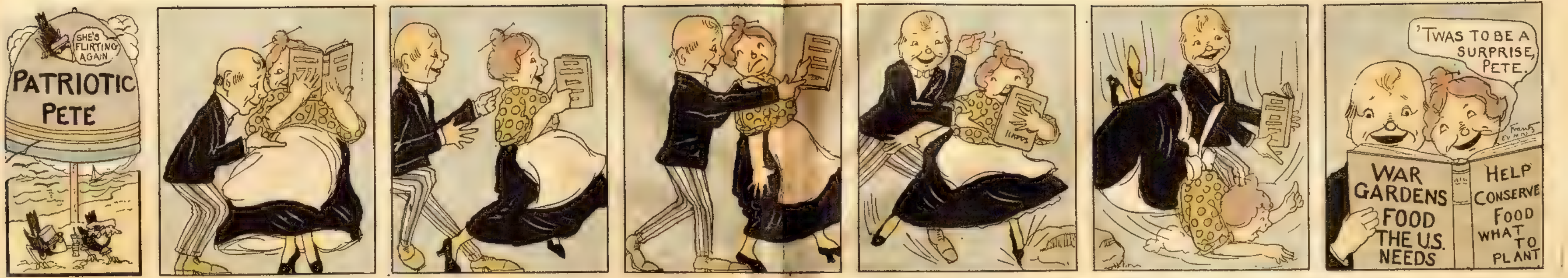
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POMPOUS POLLY---

Polly was reading a book with great interest. Peter, devoured with curiosity, asked to see it.

Polly refused to let Peter even see the title and, deciding discretion is the better part of valor, fled.

Pete persistently chased her, much to Polly's expressed disgust. He even grabbed her by the shoulder.

But Polly jerked loose and ran more swiftly. She met her Waterloo at last, tho, for she stumped her toe.

As she fell the book flew into the air and Pete caught it. Then Polly said, "I might as well 'fess up.

"I was going to surprise you with a war garden. The seeds were sent me by the Ledger when I renewed my subscription."

Robbing Himself.

"Germany's claim that she imports nothing, buys only of herself, and so is growing rich from the war, is a dreadful fallacy."

The speaker was Herbert C. Hoover, chairman of the American Food Board.

"Germany," he went on, "is like the young man who wisely thought he'd grow his own garden-stuff. This young man had been digging for about an hour when his spade turned up a quarter. Ten minutes later he found another quarter. Then he found a dime. Then he found a quarter again.

"'By gosh,' he said, 'I've struck a silver mine,' and, straightening up, he felt something cold slide down his leg. Another quarter lay at his feet. He grasped the truth: There was a hole in his pocket."

◆

On Duty Elsewhere.

An Irish soldier had lost an eye in battle, but was allowed to continue in the service on consenting to have a glass eye in its place, says an English paper. One day, however, he appeared on parade without his artificial eye.

"Nolan," said the officer, "you are not properly dressed. Why is your artificial eye not in its place?"

"Sure, sir," replied Nolan, "I left it in me box to keep an eye on me kit while I'm on parade."

A Long Shot.

Benjamin Birdie, the famous jockey, was taken suddenly ill, and the trainer advised him to visit a doctor in the town.

"He'll put you right in a jiffy," he said.

The same evening he found Benjamin lying curled up in the stables, kicking his legs about in agony

"Hello, Benny! Haven't you been to the doctor?"

"Yes."

"Well, didn't he do you any good?"

"I didn't go in. When I got to his house there was a brass plate on the door—Dr. Kurem. Ten to one and I wasn't going to monkey with a long shot like that!"

◆

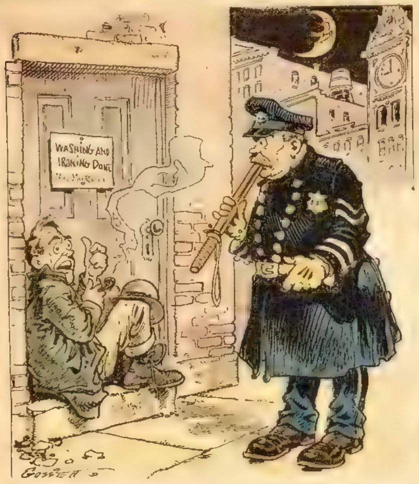
New French Town.

The geography lesson was about to begin and the subject of it was France. Accordingly the teacher started off with the question: "Now in this present terrible war who is our principal ally?"

"France," came the answer from a chorus of voices.

"Quite right," said the teacher, beaming. "Now can any of you give the name of a town in France?"

A small boy at the back of the class almost fell over in his eagerness to tell. "Somewhere," he said, breathlessly.



Cop—"You'll freeze to death sitting there."
Pat (on the front steps of his residence)—"There's worse deaths than freezing—me wife's inside and I'm late to supper."

She Had Changed.

The old gentleman had returned to the home of his boyhood for the first time in ten years or more, and on the last occasion he had written "and wife" after his name on the hotel register. Of course, the keeper of the little tavern was glad to see him and grasped him warmly by the hand.

"Ain't grown a day older than when I was here last," he said.

"No?" said the old gentleman, half inquiringly.

"Not a day," returned the tavern-keeper emphatically. "Your wife seems to have changed more'n you."

"Yes?"

"Oh, yes; leastways, she does to me. Looks thinner than when you was here last."

"Indeed!"

"Yes. She ain't near so fleshy as she was, accordin' to my recollection. Seems like she's taller, too, an' her hair don't look just the same to me an'—an'——"

"And," put in the old gentleman, "she's not the same wife, you know."

◆

Not in the Running.

The judge stopped to have a word with the colored man of all work, and asked if he went to church.

"Yessuh, Ah goes to church every Sunday," he said.

"Are you a member?"

"Yessuh."

"What church?"

"Prespeteeryn."

"Do you believe in the doctrine of election?"

"Yessuh."

"Do you believe I am elected to the saved?"

"Law, judge, Ah didn't even know you was a candidate."

◆

Either or Ayther.

Two Irishmen, Pat and Mike, stood looking at bricklayers who were working on a building that was being erected when the following conversation was overheard:

Mike—"Pat, kin yes tell me what kapes thim bricks together?"

Pat—"Sure, Mike, it's the mortar."

Mike—"Not by a dom sight; that keeps them apart."

◆

Shiftlessness.

"Your big brother is rather shiftless, isn't he?" questioned the grocer around the corner when young Walter went to the store.

"No, sir, he isn't. He does lots of shifting," returned the youth in a convincing manner.

"How is that? He hasn't been working for some time."

"No. He shifts it all onto me."

◆

Looks That Way.

"Those South American revolutions—"

"Yes."

"We used to attribute them to the climate."

"After considering things in Russia we'll have to find some other cause."

◆

Good at Passing.

Alice—"I hear that the new quarterback on your college team is quite homely."

Dolly—"Yes, but he'll pass in a crowd; that's all we care."

◆

Her Best Friend!

He—"George thinks she is an angel—dropped from the sky, y'know!"

She—"Well, if she did it must have been raining cats and dogs."

Not to Be Trusted.

Kernel—"Did you bury all the dead as I ordered this morning?"

Privit—"Yes, sir, but we had a little trouble with one of them."

Kernel—"What?"

Privit—"Why, one of them raised up on his elbow and said he wasn't dead, but then he was one of them d—d Germans, and you never can believe anything they say, so we buried him anyway."

Explained.

"Wife—"I dreamed last night, dear, that I was in a box party at the theater."

Hub—"Oh! That explains why you were talking so loud in your sleep."

His Generosity.

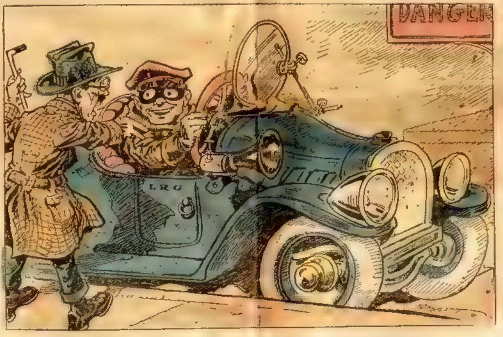
A "Tommy," lying in a hospital, had beside him a watch of curious and foreign design. The attending doctor was interested.

"Where did your watch come from?" he asked.

"A German gave it to me," he answered.

A little piqued, the doctor inquired how the foe had come to convey this token of esteem and affection.

"I had to," was the laconic reply.



Auto Agent—"If you can't meet this payment I will have to take the car away from you."
Van Speederly—"Thanks, old top; I was afraid you was going to offer me more time."

The Teuton Way.

A story illustrative of the changes in methods of warfare comes from a soldier in France who took a German officer prisoner. The soldier said to the officer: "Give up your sword!" But the officer shook his head and answered: "I have no sword to give up. But won't my vitriol spray, my oil projector or my gas cylinder do as well?"

◆

The Real Critics.

Neighbor—"How is your boy getting along in the Army?"

Veteran—"Well, he attracted the attention of the General, and made quite a hit with the Colonel, and is very popular with his Captain—but he is finding it awful hard to please the Sergeant and the Corporal."

◆

Horrors of War.

"W'ots Tommy swearin' so 'orrid about?"

"'E's orf of the bloomin' Boches an' bloody well mad, too."

"W'ot's 'is kick?"

"W'y, 'e was just smokin' up on a cigar w'ot 'e got from 'ome w'en one o' the blighters shoots it right out of 'is mouth. Hit 'ud make anybody mad, I say."

◆

ILL GOTTEN.

Physicians, do not tear your hat
And don't get angry, if you please.
You know as well as I do that
Ill gotten gains are doctor's fees

Saved.

Little Girl (to aunt who is staying in the house on a visit)—"Are you going out, auntie? You've got a hole in your veil."

Aunt—"Have I? I'm afraid I haven't time to change it now."

Little Girl—"Oh, well, it's not very big one—and, after all, I don't suppose any one will know you're my aunt."

◆

Speed Up.

Floor Walker—"What's the trouble?"

Head Waiter—"Big crowd waiting for a table, sir."

Floor Walker—"Tell the orchestra to strike up something lively. Maybe it will make those people chew faster."

All Clear Now.

Old Farmer (to soldier son just returned from the front)—"Well, Dick, what be these tanks like that there's so much talk about?"

Son—"Why, they're just wabbling thingamabobs, full o' what-you-may-call-'ems, and they blaze away like billyo!"

Old Farmer—"Aye, I heard they was wonderful things, but I never could get any details afore."

◆

Josh's Way.

"So your boy Josh is in the Army?"

"Yes," replied Mr. Corntossel, "and we're mighty proud of him."

"Suppose something happens to him?"

"Well, we haven't thought much about that. When Josh gets into a mixup he most invariably ain't the one that something happens to."

◆

One Advantage.

"This house suits me in many ways," said the prospective tenant; "but it doesn't seem to be protected from the winds."

"That's the beauty of it," replied the agent. "Whenever there [illegible] blizzard all the snow drifts over to [illegible]bors."

◆

The Truth of the Matter.

Boob—"Most things that are bought go to the buyer."

Simp—"Yeah, all except coal, and that goes to the cellar."

His Nearest Living.

A Southerner in one of the cantonments below the Mason and Dixon line when called up for examination was asked:

"What is your nearest living relative?"

"What you mean 'relative,' mister?" returned the recruit.

"Oh, I mean your nearest living kinsfolk."

"Wal, that's my aunt you're talking 'bout."

Several other questions were answered satisfactorily when there came:

"In case of death or accident, whom shall we notify?"

"My mother," immediately from the selectman.

"But you told me just a few minutes ago that your aunt was the nearest living relative that you have," objected the officer.

"You asked me who my nearest living kin was, didn't you? Wal, that's Aunt Liz—she lives jest two miles from where I been livin'; mother lives five."

◆

She Kept It.

It was the happiest moment of their lives. He had just proposed, and she had grab—er—accepted him.

Then he took a tiny leather case from his pocket and slipped a sparkling circlet on her finger, while she beamed with pride.

"I'm afraid it's rather loose, darling," he murmured. "Shall I take it back and have it made smaller?"

The damsel shook her head decidedly. "No, Rupert," she said calmly. "An engagement ring is an engagement ring, even if I have to wear it around my neck."

◆

There's a Reason.

"War," cried the liverish man, in the smoking-room, "is a curse and a disgrace, an abomination and a blot on civilization! War is enough to make a decent man go and hang himself!" He rose and left the room, his face showing signs of strong emotion.

"Gentleman feels rather strong on the subject," said a commercial traveler. "Lost some near relative?"

"He has," replied a man, grimly. "He has lost his wife's first husband."

◆

Removing Temptation.

"I suppose you want hard liquor put out of the way, so that our young men won't be tempted?"

"Tain't that so much," said Farmer Corntossel. "The young men nowadays don't seem to have much leanin' toward [illegible] What I want is for the old fellows like me and Uncle Bill Bottletop to be kept steady so's not to lose our standin' with the youngsters."

◆

Unkind Critic.

"I wonder how our friend Mr. Keen thinks of so many things to write about?"

"That question never occurred to me," replied Miss Cayenne. "I have always wondered how he could write so [illegible] without thinking about anything."

◆

Father's Specialty.

Willie Willis—"What's a 'second-story man,' mamma?"

Mamma Willis—"Your father. If I don't believe the first one he tells me he always has another one ready."—Life.

◆

Even Better.

"Be yourself, whatever happens."

"That is good advice as far as it goes, but don't hesitate to change if improvements can be made."

His Own Fault.

This is a jury room secret that has come into circulation in some mysterious way.

"Look here," said one of the jurymen, after they had retired, "if I understand aright, the plaintiff doesn't ask damages for blighted affections or anything of that sort but only wants to get back what he's spent on presents, pleasure trips and so forth."

"That is so," agreed the foreman.

"Well, then I vote we don't give him a penny," said the other hastily. "If all the fun he had with that girl didn't cover the amount he expended it must be his own fault. Gentlemen, I courted that girl once myself!"

◆

From the Teacher.

Little Mary started to school on her second year.

When she came home her mother asked:

"Well, Mary, what did the teacher say to you after the long summer vacation?"

"She said: 'Hello, Mary,'" the child replied.

"And what else?" asked the mother.

"She said: 'When you go home please tell your mamma that I sent her my regards.'"

He Soon Learned.

There was once a Scotch farmer famed for his strength who was often challenged by people from a distance who had heard of his reputation. One day there arrived from London Lord Darby, a well-known amateur athlete. He found the Scot working in the field.

"Friend," said his lordship, after first tying his horse to a tree, "I have come a long way to see which of us is the better wrestler."

Without saying a word the farmer seized him around the middle, pitched him over the hedge, and resumed his work.

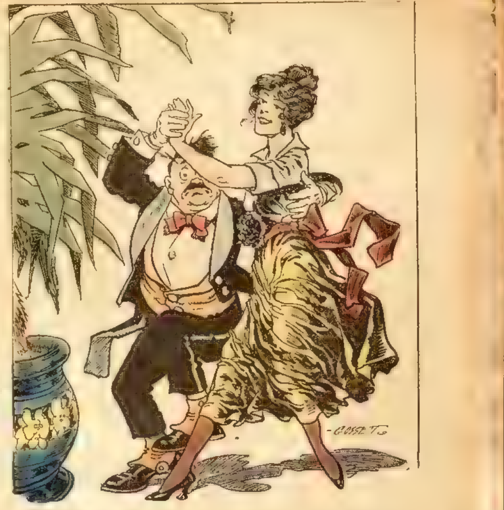
His lordship slowly gathered himself together, whereupon the farmer said: "Weel, hae ye ony thing mair tae say tae me?"

"No, but perhaps you'll be so good as to throw me my horse."

◆

A Truly Royal Gift.

Society Item—The gift of the bride's father was simply stunning in its magnificence. Immediately after the ceremony a huge wagon was backed up to the house and a ton of coal was dumped on the parlor floor. In deep chagrin the father of the groom was seen to seize a certified check he had given the happy couple and tear it into fragments.



Mrs. [illegible]—"Oh, dear! If I had a million dollars I'd dance every night."
Friend Husband—"And if I had a million dollars I'd hire some one to do it for me."

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GENTLE JABS.

We can forgive, and still be suspicious.

Many a worthless man has a good disposition.

Many a train of thought carries no freight.

Ridicule seldom kills unless the death is deserved.

All typewriters are not types of feminine beauty.

The average woman's will has too many codicils.

That man is generous to a fault who never corrects it.

No woman who carries a watch is sure that it is correct.

Songs without words are preferable to songs without sense.

Abuse is doubly painful when wit is used as a conveyance.

Laziness isn't exactly a crime, but it is the next thing to it.

It isn't every client who is able to keep his own counsel.

Any coward can get married, but it takes a hero to stay married.

Some people remain at home because they are compelled to pay as they go.

When a young man flatters a girl she decides later that he really meant it.

Most flat dwellers admire the janitor's wife for her ability to boss the janitor.

Tact may be a title given to hypocrisy when it is dressed in its Sunday clothes.

No, you are not in the manufacturing line because you make promises.

If history were written at the time it occurred, there would be more truth in it.

The man who can bite off more than he is able to chew has an ideal mouth for pie.

Anyway, half of the world knows that the other half is looking for the best of it.

Honesty is the best policy, but some people believe in moderation in all things.

Every man has his price, and it is greater than his neighbors think he is worth.

A girl's idea of masculine revenge is when her best beau elopes with her chaperon.

When a woman forgives a man she never allows him to forget that she forgave him.

It sometimes happens that the woman who is disappointed in love isn't disappointed in marriage.

In Adam's day a woman was merely a side issue, but at the present writing she poses as the whole show.

A financier is a man who collects all the money due him and stands off every bill collector that calls on him

Your Kitchen in Wartime

Desserts for Wheatless Days.

BY LORETTO C. LYNCH.

"THE dessert trade just carries along the rest of the lunch counter," the head of a low-priced cafeteria admitted the other day. "If we can display tempting desserts we can get folks to come in, but it is so hard to make salable desserts on wheatless days," she concluded.

Every housekeeper seems to feel about the same. Once she could tickle the family's palate with "deep dish green apple pie" or "old fashioned crullers," but if one is really patriotic, she will save her wheat to use in her daily bread only. She will "cast about" for attractive desserts which do not call for wheat.

But why all this talk about dessert? Just because people want desserts, and are going to have them even if they have to go around the corner to the candy or bake shops and get them.

And since dessert is, or should be, a legitimate part of the meal, the housewife of today has either got to provide dessert or to see the family squandering in the sweet shop the quarters that should be buying thrift stamps.

These are the desserts the majority prefer, even when there are "wheat" desserts around that they may have.

Chocolate pudding heads the list. This can be made with whipped cream for three cents per serving. Served with custard sauce instead of the whipped cream, it costs two cents per serving.

A quarter of a pint of cream, into which the white of an egg is whipped and the whole sweetened and flavored, will give sixteen generous teaspoons of whipped cream. A pastry bag and tube are most useful in serving whipped cream. These may be purchased in the housefurnishing department of any store for twenty-five or fifty cents for the set.

And, of course, you want a good recipe for chocolate cornstarch pudding. Here it is:

Cornstarch, 4 level tablespoons; salt, ⅛ level teaspoon; sugar, 3 level tablespoons; cocoa, 3 level tablespoons; milk, 1 pint. Mix the dry ingredients together in a smooth saucepan. Add enough of the cold milk and stir constantly until pudding boils five minutes. Turn into one large or several small moulds previously dipped in cold water. Care must be taken not to scorch the milk in cooking. An aluminum saucepan will be found very satisfactory for this pudding.

Custard sauce is made as follows. Yoke 1 egg, 1 cup milk, 2 level tablespoons sugar, ¼ teaspoon vanilla extract. Mix sugar into egg, add milk and stir over hot water until mixture coats spoon. Remove at once, chill and flavor.

Baked apples are very popular if served with a tiny "crown" of whipped cream forced thru the pastry tube.

Apples sliced and placed in a baking dish in layers with brown sugar, cinnamon, lemon juice and boiled seedless raisins also are very popular.

Then there is a long list of fancy things to be made from gelatine. It is indeed a mystery to some folks how the demonstrator gets the various things that are moulded in the gelatine to stay put.

This is accomplished by pouring a little of the gelatine into the mould and adding the fruit or nuts and allowing this to partly harden before the next "layer" of gelatine is poured on.

Every one of the gelatine companies gladly gives suggestions for the use of its particular product.

A large number of very pretty desserts may be made by whipping the prepared gelatine with a dover egg-beater as it begins to harden. There is a large variety of color pastes on the market. Small jars sell for about fifteen cents. These are harmless, and all the grocery departments sell them. A tiny speck of this paste will change a plain white dessert into a "rose pink" or "leaf green," or an attractive "yellow."

Of course, by increasing the quantity of cornstarch to five level tablespoonfuls and omitting the cocoa in the chocolate cornstarch pudding you may make a plain cornstarch to which any desired flavoring may be added just before the pudding is taken from the stove.

Maple flavor is novel and toothsome. Maple cornstarch pudding may be served with real or mock maple sirup, a spoonful of whipped cream and a sprinkling of chopped walnuts.

Rice pudding, made with or without eggs, is attractive if made from a good recipe.

Tapioca in any form may be made into a large variety of attractive, nourishing desserts.

And cornmeal offers us a host of dainty desserts, all the way from Indian pudding to cornmeal, molasses and apple pudding.

Junket, or rennet custard, made from liquid rennet, or the rennet in tablet form, offers a wide field for the ingenious.

And the baked custards, frozen custards and fruit ices all help to provide wheatless-day desserts that are attractive, appetizing and nourishing

Recipes.

BEEF STEW WITH PARSNIPS—Get one pound of beef, bottom of round, cut into inch pieces; if there is any fat on it put it into an iron kettle to try out, then add the meat and stir till all pieces are seared, then add hot water to cover meat and cook slowly. Do this about 9 o'clock. At 11 o'clock add one pound of parsnips cleaned and cut in small pieces. Cut in one-half inch slices and, if large, cut slices into halves or quarters, also one pound small potatoes pared and quartered and salt and pepper to taste. Have just enough water to cook without burning, for it is not to be like soup. The potatoes will cook to pieces and make the juice thick. Serve with johnnycake.

SALAD DRESSING—Four egg yolks, two tablespoonfuls of vinegar or lemon juice, two tablespoonfuls of butter, two tablespoonfuls of honey, one teaspoonful of mustard, one teaspoonful of salt, paprika to taste and one cupful of cream. Heat the cream in a double boiler. Beat the eggs and add to them all the other ingredients but the cream. Pour the cream slowly over the mixture, beating constantly. Pour it into the double boiler and cook until it thickens, or mix all the ingredients until the mixture thickens. As the dressing is needed, combine this mixture with whipped cream. This dressing is particularly suitable for fruit salads.

EGGLESS, BUTTERLESS CAKE—One cup of brown sugar, one cup of water, one cup of raisins, one cup of currants, one-third of a cup of lard, one-quarter of a nutmeg, two teaspoonfuls of cinnamon, one-quarter of a teaspoonful of cloves, one-quarter of a teaspoonful of ginger. Boil these ingredients three minutes, cool, then add one teaspoonful of soda, dissolved in hot water, one and one-half cupfuls of flour (sifted), to which has been added one-half a teaspoonful of baking powder. Bake in a moderate oven.

* * *

His Exact Words.

JIM WEBSTER was being tried for trying to bribe a colored witness, Sam Johnsing, to testify falsely.

"You say this defendant offered you a bribe of $10 to testify in his behalf?" said Lawyer Gouge to Johnsing.

"Yes, sah."

"Now, repeat precisely what he said, using his own words."

"He said he would give me $10 if I ——"

"He can't have used those words. He didn't speak as a third person."

"No, sah; he tuck good keer dat dar was no third pusson present. Dar was only two—us two. De defendant am too smart ter hab anybody list'nin' when he am talkin' about his own reskelity."

"I know that well enough, but he spoke to you in the first person, didn't he?"

"I was de fust pusson myself."

"You don't understand me. When he was talking to you did he use the words, 'I will pay you $10?' "

"No, boss; he didn't say nuffin about you payin' me $10. Yore name wasn't mentioned, 'ceptin' dat he tole me ef eber I got inter a scrape dat you was de best lawyer in San Antone to fool de judge and jury—in fac', you was the best lawyer in de town for coverin' up any kind of reskelity."

"You can step down."

* * *

He Could Have Her.

"SIR," said the young man entering the office, "I sent you a communication yesterday."

"Indeed!" said the grim-faced man.

"Well, Mr. Prater, I thought perhaps you might give me a reply to my request, and——"

"Wait a minute," said Mr. Prater. "Are you the man that sent this account for $100 for hats for my daughter?"

"No, sir, I——"

"Then you are the one that left this bill for $500 for her dresses?"

"No, sir. My commu——"

"Then it must be this for $70 for shoes——"

"No, sir. My note was one asking if I might have your daughter's hand."

"You want to marry her?" gasped Mr. Prater. Then, turning over the pile of bills, he urged: "Take her, young man! I don't know your name, but take her quickly! She's talking about doing some more shopping!"

* * *

Making It Worse.

ELIHU ROOT said at a dinner in New York: "It's no use whining and complaining about Russia. The best we can do is to fight on hard. Whining only makes things worse

"A man once rang Russell Sage's bell in the middle of the night.

" 'Mr. Sage, I can't sleep,' he said.

" 'What's that to me?' growled Russell, as he shivered in his nightshirt.

" 'My note falls due tomorrow——'

" 'I know it does,' snapped Sage.

" 'And I want to tell you, sir, I can't sleep a wink because I can't pay it.'

" 'Go to the dickens!' roared Sage. 'Now I can't sleep a wink, either!' "

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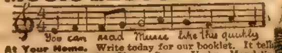

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Miss Sherlock Takes a Hand

By T. C. Harbaugh

Events in the Story to Date

HIRAM HENDERSON has been found in his library, murdered Detective Chief Connors has fastened the crime on young Stanley Payne, suitor for the hand of Henderson's ward, Lotta. Payne's aunt has been fleeced out of her fortune by Henderson. Hilda Hurst, private detective, has found beside the murdered man a peculiar turtle-shaped pearl, and she recalls having seen a diver bring up such a pearl from the south seas at Asuncion. She goes to Asuncion, therefore, in quest of the name of the man who bought the pearl. From the diver she learns that this man was an American, and from Captain Jose, proprietor of the Hotel Imperiale, she learns that his name is Crucible. The diver pays for his information with his life, while Hilda Hurst herself barely escapes Captain Jose, who has suspected her too late Meanwhile Crucible is making friends with Connors, who is in possession of Henderson's will leaving some sixty thousand dollars to Lotta, and a million dollars to the "Gray Brotherhood." Crucible explains the society of the Gray Brotherhood to Connors and says that he is himself a member of it Hilda Hurst returns to New York and learns that a man named Senelli has made a duplicate of the turtle-headed pearl. Lotta has found Henderson's will and a diary. The will she has turned over to Connors, while from the diary Hilda begins to get a line on the Gray Brotherhood, and Jose and Crucible decide they must get rid of Hilda. Max goes on a dangerous mission, bungles it and is injured. Achilles Bruce, another member of the Brotherhood, appears. Connors tries to compel Hilda to drop the case, but fails. Captain Jose and Bruce fight but make up in an effort to get the Henderson million. Max returns and finds Hilda gone. He picks up the button of a man's coat in her room, which evidently has been the scene of a struggle. Bruce visits Hilda's apartment and, unable to get hold of her pistol, she is carried away. Accordingly, Max goes in search of the girl. He runs across Captain Jose, and trails him. He then enters a room, expecting to find Hilda, but instead finds Achilles Bruce lying unconscious on the floor. Bruce and Jose had been fighting. He goes for an officer, but when he returns Bruce has disappeared. He continues his search for Hilda, and finds her imprisoned in a house in Ambrose [illegible] from which he heroically rescues her. As soon as she is released, Miss Hurst goes after what Max had failed to get, and succeeds in getting further evidence to convict Henderson's slayer.

The above will enable you to go ahead with the installment this week Back copies containing the earlier chapters may be bought from our agents, news dealers or by mail from the office of publication. The story began in Ledger No. 11, dated March 16.

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CHAPTER XVII.

MR. CONNORS HAS CALLERS.

IT WAS not strange that Lot Connors should have Mr. Crucible as an occasional guest. The chief had taken a liking to the man, who spent his money freely and who always had interesting tales of travel in lands the detective had never seen. On the night after Hilda Hurst's visit to Jersey Mr. Crucible once more was welcomed to the Connors home. Pipes and cordials were brought forth and the two men settled down for a chat.

"By the way," said Mr. Crucible, "how are you getting along with that Henderson case?"

Connors smiled. "We're about at the end of it," he said. "As I have already intimated, the bird is netted and the law will soon deal with the prisoner."

"With young Payne, eh?"

"Certainly. We don't miss the mark very often, Mr. Crucible. It would ruin our business if we did."

"And break you all up in the bargain?"

Connors replenished his pipe. "It would simply floor me," he admitted.

"But that young woman who has taken to the hunt?"

"Oh, Miss Hurst? She's but a little fly in our ointment, you know. Wants to be known as a mystery solver. She's got it bad—very bad, sir."

"But she's got nerve."

"And the impudence of Beelzebub," Connors growled. "Some of these days I am going to put an end to her ambitions. I don't like to fight a woman; it's not very nice warfare, you know. But she shall receive no mercy at my hands. She never catches any one; always springs her trap before the game is in it."

Mr. Crucible arose suddenly and crossed the room to a window. He looked out upon the street and if Connors had watched him he would have seen him lift a hand and as suddenly drop it.

Five minutes later the doorbell tinkled and the maid ushered in a dark-faced man

"This is my friend Captain Jose," said Mr. Crucible to Connors. "He is from the South; to be exact, from Margarita." As Connors held out his hand in greeting, Mr. Crucible continued: "I never keep secrets from a friend. Captain Jose belongs to the Gray Brotherhood."

"Ah!" ejaculated the chief. "Then you are both interested in the Henderson will?"

"To some extent, yes. I did not know the Captain was in the city till a few hours ago. He is anxious to see the will. You have it still?"

"It is as yet in my possession, but has not been opened."

"Pardon me, but you said that Henderson—or Delaplane, as we knew our late brother—had left the bulk of his fortune to the Brotherhood."

Connors saw he was cornered and looked twice at his callers before he spoke again.

"I—that is——," he began, when he saw a new light in Mr. Crucible's eyes.

"We want to make sure of the provisos in the document before it goes to court," he said. "You're no mind reader, chief. The will has been opened, of course, to aid you in your hunt."

Connors' jaws came together with a snap. "It has been opened," he said "We thought we might find a clew in it." Then, opening a drawer, he took out a legal document sealed with green wax.

"This is the will," said he, laying it on the table before the two men. "It is to be placed in the hands of the proper authorities tomorrow."

"But let us see it now," and Mr. Crucible leaned forward and picked up the folded paper before he could be restrained.

"Don't fool with it!" growled Connors, his eyes suddenly flashing. "You have no right——"

"I beg pardon," retorted Mr. Crucible. "I am now chief of the Gray Brotherhood. We'll just take a peep, and as to the seal, we'll fix that part of it so neatly that the closest observer would never discover the previous manipulation."

Connors began to suspect something. "Gentlemen," said he, 'you must let that seal alone!"

"But you broke it once," cried Captain Jose. "You have disobeyed the laws of your own country and——"

"It was in the interest of justice,' broke in Connors. "When I say you must not monkey with that bit of wax I mean every word of it!"

In another second the sallow hand of Captain Jose came up over the edge of the table and the chief was looking into the muzzle of an automatic. He fell back in his chair in helpless amazement

'Break the seal," said Captain Jose to his companion. "I will attend to the Americano."

Mr. Crucible promptly obeyed His pocket-knife was already in his hand and he cut the ribbon with the dexterity of an expert. As he opened the paper his eager eyes ran down the page.

"It's all right in a way," said he, glancing at Captain Jose. "Delaplane did not forget his oath; but what is this at the bottom of the will?"

"What is it?" echoed Captain Jose, leaning forward. Mr. Crucible's face was white and tense as he answered.

"Here in the last item he practically spoils the broth. He says that unless the Gray Brotherhood claims its legacy within twenty-four hours after his death the girl gets the whole fortune! You made no mention of this proviso, Mr. Connors."

"I did not," admitted the chief of detectives as Mr. Crucible dashed the will upon the table with a curse.

"It's a forgery, that's what it is!" grated Captain Jose.

In spite of the menace of the automatic, Lot Connors sprang to his feet. "It's a lie!" he roared. "That will is in the same condition in which it was found."

"Then the girl had it forged!" cried Mr. Crucible. "We'll bring her to book."

"Miss Henderson is incapable of crime," the chief retorted. "She would never think of committing a forgery, not even when she would be the gainer."

"We'll see about that," exclaimed Crucible. "We won't be cheated out of our rights—not by a young girl, at any rate."

"I'm expecting her here at any moment,' the chief volunteered. "She is coming to tell me for the hundredth time that Stanley Payne did not kill Hiram Henderson'

"Then we'll wait for the fair forger," smiled Mr. Crucible, settling back in his chair, "and by the eternal, there'll be some one else behind the bars before daybreak!'

He had scarcely ceased when the bell rang again. The maid appeared at the door and looked at Connors.

"Let her in," said the chief. All eyes were fixed upon the door as it swung wider, and Connors uttered an ejaculation of astonishment, while Mr. Crucible and Captain Jose only stared.

"Good evening, chief," said a woman's voice as the speaker came forward. "I trust I'm not intruding—"

'By no means, Miss Hurst," was the reply "For once in my life I'm glad to see you."

Hilda advanced to the table and looked into the eyes of the chief's visitors. A smile rippled at the corners of her mouth.

"You have distinguished visitors," she said, addressing Connors. "This one is my old acquaintance of the Hotel Imperiale, and this is Mr. Crucible. May I ask them what has become of the other man-tiger, Achilles Bruce?"

CHAPTER XVIII

TWO WOMEN AND THE CHIEF.

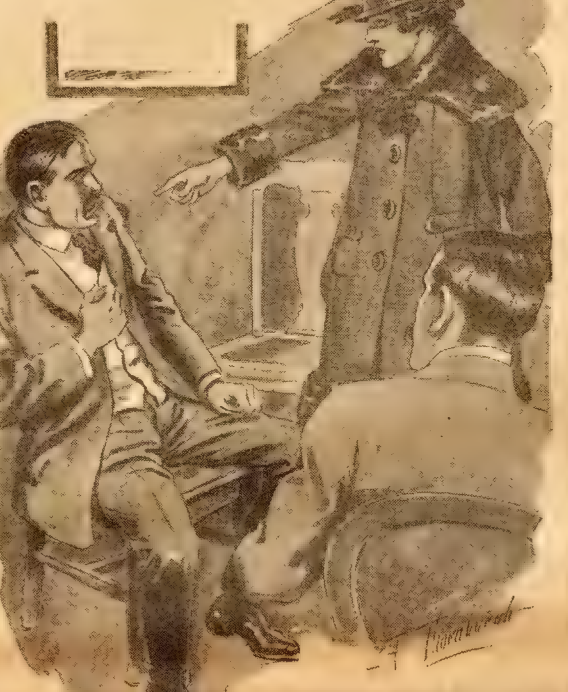
THE slender hands of Miss Hurst seemed to get a firmer grip on the edge of the table. She was looking calmly into the startled faces of the two men she confronted.

"Do you know what has become of Achilles?" she asked again, and Murad Crucible gave the answer.

"We don't know the man," he lied deliberately.

"Very well," said she, her voice changing slightly. "We will have to take your word for it. You seem to be a gentleman," and with this she turned to Connors. If her eye had caught sight of the will still lying on the table she made no sign.

"We'll see you later," suddenly said Mr. Crucible, addressing the chief. "You can have the lady to yourself. Come, Captain," and the two left.



"The Story Is Done, Chief. That Man Killed Hiram Henderson!"

"You have had distinguished guests," said the Mystery Solver to Chief Connors after a moment, breaking a silence which was becoming burdensome. "I did not expect to disturb you."

Connors twisted his lip a trifle and met her gaze almost rebukingly. "You put an end to a scene which was becoming annoying," said he. "You know why you asked them what has become of one Achilles Bruce, and I'm not going to put you on the witness stand."

"I did not come here to testify," was the retort. "You don't seem to like my interference in what you have frequently termed your 'business.'"

"And I do not like it. I have been plain with you, Miss Hurst, but you don't seem to care for my bluntness."

He reached out a hand and drew the will toward him. "I presume," he continued, without lifting his eyes to the little woman, "that you are still on the Henderson case?"

"I am," answered Miss Hurst. "The time has not yet come for me to abandon it."

"You are trying to shift the crime from Stanley Payne to some one else?"

"Maybe," mysteriously replied Miss Hurst. "You are as positive that he killed Hiram Henderson as I am that he did not."

"We'll not argue that point, for we could never reach an agreement. I've got the facts, while you, Miss Hurst——"

"While I am beating the air wildly? Yes, I see that in your eye. You don't like to see me waste my energies, Lot?"

She was growing too familiar, and this Connors resented. "I'm expecting a visitor," said he churlishly. "If you will leave me, Miss Hurst——"

"In a moment," interjected Miss Hurst. "Of course you know your late visitors? Murad Crucible is the biggest rascal unhung, and his companion is Captain Jose of the Caribbean, a tiger who can put on velvet when velvet serves his purpose. Achilles Bruce is the executioner of the Gray Brotherhood. When last seen he was in the Devil's Playground, and——"

"But what has all this to do with the Henderson enigma?" Chief Connors asked impatiently.

"Now," smiled Miss Hurst exasperatingly, "you don't intend to extract from me a secret or two which I may hold of some importance? That is, I know, in accordance with men of your profession, but remember that I belong to the craft, tho not so recognized by you."

The nettling arrow went home. "Then please leave me alone," Connors exclaimed as his face reddened. "You'll irritate me beyond control if you remain. I've got the Henderson case solved—absolutely solved—and I don't care to discuss it."

"Not just now, you mean," almost laughed the cool little woman. "Well, we may discuss it later on, willy nilly," and with this Miss Hurst went to the door and laid her hand on the knob. "Good night, Captain Lot," was her farewell. "When Miss Henderson calls don't be harsh to the poor girl."

"She's a little devil!" muttered Connors as she left. "More than once she has crossed my trail, and the time is coming when I will have to put an end to her interference. I must admit, tho, that her visit tonight was quite opportune. This paper a forgery?" and he picked up the will and looked it over. "I did not see the last paragraph. I don't believe, however, that Miss Lotta had it forged, and as to her doing the job herself, that's all bosh."

Again the bell rang, and Miss Henderson soon stood before him. Connors arose and, with the air of a gentleman, which he could assume at will, led her to a chair. She was veiled, but as she dropped into the armchair she quickly uncovered her face. It was very white and showed signs of trouble.

"I received your note," said Connors, "and have been expecting you."

"Yes? I am glad to have you grant me an audience," Lotta responded. "You have, no doubt, guessed the import of my visit?"

"I can't say that I exactly have, but I suppose it pertains to the—the unfortunate affair."

"It does, Mr. Connors," and Lotta leaned forward, with her hands gripping the arms of the chair. "Mr. Stanley Payne did not commit that terrible crime."

"No? Well, Miss Henderson, I am glad to know some one is standing by him. You'll have to admit we seldom make a mistake."

"It is your business to make none; I know that. I am going to be plain with you."

"That's right. I like plainness."

"Stanley was in the house that night. He quarreled with my foster-father. There are those who heard the hard words. Miss Hurst——"

"There, don't let us discuss that woman!" broke in Connors, raising his hand. "She's the height of impudence, to use no harsher word. You have no evidence that confutes what we know. I am sorry, really sorry. The court will sift the evidence against Stanley Payne. You hold him in the highest regard, I see."

A deep flush which rendered her more beautiful than ever swept over Lotta's face.

"You have answered me," Connors said, noticing the sudden change. "You have my sympathy ——"

"Sympathy at times does but little real good," the girl interrupted. "Stanley Payne is above murder. The quarrel that fatal night did not result in his taking life. You are surely on the wrong trail, Mr. Connors."

The chief tried to be suave, but his temper got the better of him. Lotta saw the cloud that darkened his hard face.

"I have not asked for criticism," he cried, as his pudgy hands closed like vises. "You are only guessing in your anxiety to save the neck of a guilty man. What about this?" He snatched up the will and held it forward with an air of dramatic triumph.

"What is it?" exclaimed Lotta, drawing back. "It has been sealed with wax—it looks like a will!"

"It purports to be the last will and testament of Hiram Henderson," snapped Connors.

"Purports, you say? My God! Mr. Connors, what are you driving at?"

"It is charged that this document is a forgery—that the real will is missing. Nearly everything is left to you in this paper. Who wrote it, Miss Henderson? Stanley Payne, the accused?"

A little shriek followed Connors' last word as Lotta sprung to her feet.

"It is false!" she cried, her face as white as snow again. "Stanley is no forger. Let me see it," and with a sudden bound she snatched the paper from the chief's hands and held it tremblingly before her face. "I see, I see! That is Hiram Henderson's handwriting. I will swear to that on my mother's Bible! Find the witnesses to this will and learn the truth."

"They can't be found in this city," coolly retorted Connors.

"Can't, you say? I will comb the world for them. I will find them and prove that this is the real will of Hiram Henderson!"

"A girl like you? Pish! Don't blight your life on a wild-goose chase. Settle down to brass tacks. The man who took Hiram Henderson's life is now in the net of the law, and the sheriff will do the rest."

The brute was uppermost in Lot Connors once more. There was no response to his cruel thrust. The figure before him straightened impulsively, and he read in Lotta Henderson's look more than words can express.

CHAPTER XIX.

EXIT CAPTAIN JOSE.

TWO nights later Mr. Crucible was sitting in his room, apparently quite at his ease. Now and then he consulted a watch, as if waiting for somebody. A whisky bottle was on his table within easy reach.

"If the Captain doesn't come soon I will have to look him up," he soliloquized. "There's that old grudge between him and Achilles, and if it isn't checked it will result in something red, for Bruce can't get the tiger spirit out of him."

He waited another hour, until he heard a clock strike ten. "The rascal is too dilatory to suit me!" he exclaimed, getting up. "I will have to go after him."

Fifteen minutes later a taxi landed him in front of a second-class hotel. "Room 225," he said to the man at the desk, and he was escorted to the elevator by a bellboy.

"What if I don't catch the Captain in?" he thought as he paused at the door. His knock brought no response, so he entered without ceremony.

The light was turned on full and on the floor in the middle of the apartment he saw the body of a man, face downward.

"My God! The Captain!" came in horrified accents from Crucible's lips as he stooped and nervously turned the body over.

Sure enough, he was looking into the white, immobile face of his comrade of the South Seas, Captain Jose Salvador of Margarita. The wild stare in the dead eyes assured him that one member of the Gray Brotherhood had passed to his eternal reckoning.

"It's not heart trouble," he muttered. "It's cold-blooded murder, that's what it is." No longer able to control his feelings, he sank into a chair and tried in vain to keep from looking at the dead thing on the carpet.

"It's the end of the feud!" he exclaimed. "It is the work of Achilles Bruce! They were bound to have it out some time, and Bruce selected this place."

He found a half-emptied decanter and helped himself to its fiery contents, but his overstrained nerves did not quiet down.

"This is no place for Murad Crucible," he decided. "Some one might drop in at any moment, and then what a pretty fix I would be in!"

With one more sidelong glance at the dead man he stole across the room and opened the door. Thank fortune, no one was in the long hall! He left the hotel without comment, and soon was back in his own room, where he sat down in a perfect stew of perspiration.

"Connors ought to know of this," thought he, "but what would he do after the manner in which we left him last? And the woman, this little she-cat, what will she say?"

Aye, what would Hilda Hurst say?

"If I could only find Bruce——" He checked the forced flow of his thoughts, donned his overcoat again, descended to the street, cast a hurried look about him and hastened off. It was not flight that he meditated. It was something more tragic.

Stopping finally at a house halfway across the city, he rapped on the door. A woman opened it and he dodged inside.

"Is he here?" asked Mr. Crucible.

"My boarder?"

"Yes, the man."

"He went off not two hours ago, I think for good."

Mr. Crucible was silent a moment. "Let me see his room," he then said.

"Go up yourself. I'm tired out. It is the first room to the left of the landing."

Murad dashed up the poorly carpeted stairs, found the room without difficulty and burst into it like a storm. It was untenanted.

"Gone!" sighed Crucible, without taking a seat. "I might have known it after what I've just discovered."

The hand which had been clutching a revolver in his pocket all the time released its grip and he fell back.

"Oh, well," he muttered as he left, "I can play the game out myself. There'll be nothing to divide now. But I must look after this she-cat whom Connors doesn't like. If any one thinks I am at the end of my string he—or she—will have another guess coming."

For fully ten minutes, despite the confidence thus voiced, he stood in the glaring lights of the street. The turtle-head pin on his bosom sent forth a few latent rays, and he looked down at it with a faint smile.

"I'll get a cab and go to Connors," he said half aloud. "I think I'm master enough to face the chief alone. Our last meeting hasn't cracked our friendship to an alarming extent, and I can fix matters with him. If I had that will I'd be at my ease. I don't more than half believe that Connors believes our statement that it is a forgery. There must be another one somewhere in Delaplane's house, unless the forgers destroyed it."

Just then a taxi halted within a few feet and he hailed the chauffeur.

"Do you know where Chief Connors lives?" he asked.

"Yes, sir."

"Well, take me there."

"All right, sir. Get in."

Mr. Crucible was in the act of depositing his bulk inside the taxi when he was accosted by a feminine voice at his side.

"I guess it's big enough for two, Mr. Crucible," it said in tones that went thru him like the point of a stiletto.

Mr. Crucible whirled upon the speaker with the quickness of a cat.

"You?"

"Why not?" was the reply as he looked into the inperturbable face of Miss Hurst and hesitated.

"Never mind; I'll pay both fares," she went on. "Just get in. I have a little story which I think will interest both you and Captain Connors."

The astounded head of the Gray Brotherhood got inside with a grumble, and Hilda followed. He noticed that she kept one hand in the pocket of her coat, and this made him think of the weapon on his own person.

"It's not a very long story," Miss Hurst went on. "Just a little summing up of my late experiences."

He did not answer. The taxi moved away, and whenever the street lights sifted into it Mr. Crucible saw that the hand was still in the depths of Hilda's pocket; and he settled back with an unexpressed anathema on his cruel lips: "The she-cat!"

CHAPTER XX.

THE COILS OF FATE.

WITH feelings which no pen can describe, Murad Crucible found himself ushered into the presence of Chief Connors, with Miss Hurst at his heels. Connors looked up in amazement, but seemed to take in the situation at a glance.

"Good evening, chief," said Hilda in clear tones in which there was half-smothered triumph. "My excuse for disturbing you at this hour is my desire to give an account of my stewardship, tho the same may not be entirely to your liking."

The scowl which had settled over the face of the chief certainly did not take flight at this broad hint of personal discomfiture.

"Take a seat, Mr. Crucible," Hilda went on, nodding to a chair on the opposite side of the table. "I'm not going to tell my story in three volumes, like the old English novelists used to do. It will be complete in one."

Crucible almost fell into the chair and turned his face in mute appeal to Connors, but for once the chief did not come to his aid.

"I'll waive all preliminaries," continued Miss Hurst, who remained standing. "I will say, however, that Mr. Crucible is not here of his own free will."

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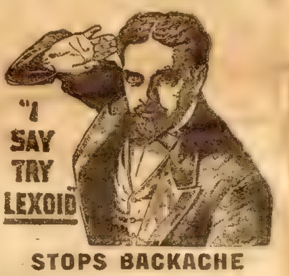

STOPS BACKACHE

If you have backache, **kidney, bladder trouble or rheumatism,** nervousness, tired and worn-out feeling, if you make water often, getting up during the night, if it smarts and burns in passing, if there is sediment or brick dust when it stands, **write for my treatment without a minute's delay.**

I know you want to be well and strong again, so you can work, and walk, without pain; so you can sleep without disturbance, and wake up refreshed and rested, able to use every muscle, nerve, cord and joint of your body, without suffering misery all the time.

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Take it when it comes. **Use half of it, and see just what it does.** Then when you know it is helping you, **when you know you are getting better,** just send me a small amount, an amount within your easy reach—an amount you can easily afford to spare—that is all I ask. I know you'll be willing to do your part when it helps you—and your word is good **enough for me.** Try it first, pay afterwards when you know, **not before. When you have used half of it,** if you are not satisfied, **return what's left and pay nothing.** Don't send a penny in your letter, not even a postage stamp; just your name and address and where to send the treatment. Address your letter to me personally, like this:

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"You're right, curse you!" was the man's growl.

"When I got into the house on Paradise avenue the morning after the tragedy," she proceeded, "I found things in a topsy-turvy condition. Murder was evident. I thought I would take advantage of the situation, for I knew that you, Mr. Connors, would soon be on the ground. I made a search of the room in which the crime was committed, and this is what I found."

While she was finishing Miss Hurst was unwrapping something which had a covering of tissue paper, and when her work was done she placed on the table a turtle-head pearl.

"Having found this and nothing more at the time," she went on, "I left the city and went to the Island of Margarita, the land of the pearl divers, which was not altogether unfamiliar to me, for a trail took me to the same spot last summer. That is the queerest pearl which the sea ever gave up. It was found by a diver named Abozo, who was brutally murdered while I was there this last time because he had given me a little information concerning the man who had purchased it of him. When I left Asuncion I had the pearl safely in my possession.

"You will observe that it has no pin. To find the lost pin was my next quest, and I unearthed it over in Jersey, where it was in the possession of Maida Calderon, Lotta Henderson's maid, who did not give it up without a struggle. Here is the pin," and she placed it beside the turtle-head pearl. "Maida had found it in the fatal library.

"During one of my visits to the Henderson home after the crime I encountered Lotta, who opened for me a secret place in the library wall. In this hidden niche she had found a diary kept by Hiram Henderson during his sojourn in Italy and afterward, and by it I learned that Henderson, who once went by the name of Delaplane, had belonged to a society known as the Gray Brotherhood. The diary contained a list of the members, and among them were Murad Crucible, Captain [illegible] Salvador and Achilles [illegible]

[illegible]thing had been left in the niche, I [illegible] in my hand and found a small diamond which had dropped from a ring at some time. We might call it Exhibit B," and Hilda laid a shining object beside the turtle-head pearl.

"It is charged that Stanley Payne committed the crime. He was in the house on the fatal night of the 10th; he quarreled with Henderson—quarreled violently—because the millionaire had defrauded his aunt out of a large sum of money. Young Payne went there that night to try to make Henderson disgorge, but he found him adamant. He was literally thrown out of the house. He afterward went back, but could not gain admittance.

"Some time afterward," Hilda continued, smiling as Captain Connors leaned eagerly forward, "Henderson had another visitor. This man was driven to within a square of the house in a taxi. He got out and entered the house, which at that time was occupied only by Henderson and a sleepy butler, who was aroused by noises in the library. He did not investigate or he might have caught the murderer red-handed.

"The turtle-head pearl, as I have said, was lost in the library by the man who accomplished his fiendish purpose. Mr. Crucible yonder, as you will observe, chief, is wearing the counterpart of the pearl, but it is only a duplicate furnished by Mr. Senelli, the lapidary. The pearl on the table is the true one, and the pin which was found in the murder-room by Maida belongs to it.

"When I was in the midst of my investigations I was abducted by Achilles Bruce and carried to a house in Ambrose alley, where I would have perished if it had not been for my friend Max Pipe.

"I think I am about at the end of my story. Let us get to the 'summing up,' as the lawyers say. It was Mr. Murad Crucible who bought the original pearl from Abozo, the pearl diver; it was the same man who went to the Henderson house late on the night of the 10th, the same man who founded the Gray Brotherhood, the members of which society are obliged under oath to make a will bequeathing all their worldly goods to the remaining members.

"This latter obligation Hiram Henderson did not quite meet. He loved Lotta, whom he had raised from babyhood, and he could not permit his associates to take what should be hers. Therefore, he broke his oath by an evasion when it came to making his last will and testament.

"The witnesses to the will which fell into your hands, Mr. Connors, are living. One is Archibald Gramms, a commission merchant, and the other is Absalom Wolfe, a tailor in Baxter street. They remember the signing of the will and can be produced at any time; therefore, the will is genuine and not a forgery.

"Not long after my visit to Margarita for a clew, Captain Jose came to this city and joined Mr. Crucible. Achilles Bruce also came on from somewhere. There had long been a grudge between Bruce and the Margaritan, and tonight perhaps the island tiger lies dead, slain by his enemy."

Here Mr. Crucible started and let out an oath he could not keep back.

"That's true!" he ejaculated. "I found Jose weltering in his own blood."

Miss Hurst nodded. "The story is done, chief," she resumed. "That man yonder killed Hiram Henderson! He lost his diamond in the secret niche, which he found by some means, and the one in the ring he now wears is a duplicate, as is the turtle-head pearl now on his bosom. What do you say, Mr. Connors?" and Miss Hurst leaned toward the man she had beaten so often—and now again—at his own profession.

"I hold all the strands of fate in my hands," she went on, her voice carrying conviction in every accent. "Do you want more proof, Mr. Crucible? Lola, Captain Jose's wife, tried to kill me with a poisonous reptile in Asuncion, but I got the better of the yellow death. You both strangled and stabbed Hiram Henderson the night of the 10th. Did he not repudiate the oath which he had taken in Italy as Delaplane? Why didn't you search for your pearl after the murder—or perchance you did?

"There is your prey, Lot Connors. Now see that the prison doors open for Stanley Payne, and let love have its way. You don't like my methods; I know that. This is my last case. Hereafter you need not growl at my interference. Hilda Hurst is out of the game."

"What are you going to do?" Captain Connors blurted out.

"Oh, I'm just going to settle down and—and——"

"And become Mrs. Piper?"

"Max says I am, and I guess Max knows."

At this juncture there was a sudden movement by the doomed man in the chair opposite.

"Not just yet!" he hissed.

Connors was across the table in an instant, and before the thing in Mr. Crucible's hand could bark he was against the wall, with a pair of supple hands at his throat.

"That's confession, Mr. Connors," said Miss Hurst coolly. "The turtle-head pearl clew wasn't a false one by any means."

The next day Stanley Payne gave up his cell to Mr. Crucible, who walked out of it later to the chair where he expiated his crimes. Achilles Bruce was never apprehended; in fact, there was no hunt for him, for the Gray Brotherhood had ceased to exist.

Some time after the clearing up of the mystery of Paradise avenue there was a quiet wedding in the Henderson mansion, and when Max and Miss Hurst had congratulated the happy pair Max turned to the Mystery Solver with a smile.

"That was a right good chase, Hilda," said he. "Your next one won't be quite so arduous."

"What do you mean, Max?"

"You can find a husband quicker than you found who killed Hiram Henderson, and—and——"

"We'll dine at Delmonico's again tonight," Hilda interrupted happily, "and maybe we'll discuss this matter further. Come, Max, the taxi is waiting."

The End

* * *

Tells Why Chicks Die.

E. J. Reefer, poultry expert of 501 Reefer Bldg., Kansas City, Mo., is giving away free a new book which tells of a simple home solution that raises 98 per cent of all chicks hatched and cures white diarrhoea over night. All poultry raisers should write for this valuable free book.

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The Bayles Distributing Co., 1858 Grand Ave., Kansas City, Mo., will mail Free Sample of ANTI-FLAMMA, a Soothing Anti-septic Poultice that draws out the poisons, stops the itching around sores and Heals While You Work. Write today describing case.

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Boloism.

CHARLES F. MURPHY, the Tammany leader, said in a discussion of Boloism:

"The spread of Boloism shouldn't surprise us, for money's corrupting power is immense.

"Let me tell you a story.

"A Senator, while traveling in the South, attended a colored church one Sunday morning, and put a $20 bill in the collection plate.

"The collector gave a start. He carried the plate, with its little heap of coppers and nickels and its crisp yellow bill, up to the pulpit. There he and the preacher and a couple of elders conversed excitedly in hissing whispers for several minutes.

"Finally the collector tiptoed down to the Senator and muttered in his ear:

"'Boss, when yo' gwine to leave dis town?'

"'Tomorrow morning,' said the Senator.

"'Wall, boss,' whispered the collector, 'we uns have decided to pass her if you'll promise to keep still. Dere ain't a man in town can tell her from a good one.'"

DOCTOR SAYS NUXATED IRON WILL INCREASE STRENGTH of DELICATE PEOPLE in TWO WEEKS' TIME

In many instances persons have suffered for years without knowing what made them feel tired, listless and run-down when their real trouble was lack of Iron in the blood—how to tell.

If you were to make an actual blood test on all people who are ill you would probably be greatly astonished at the exceedingly large number who lack iron and who are ill for no other reason than the lack of iron. The moment iron is supplied a multitude of dangerous symptoms disappear. Without iron the blood at once loses the power to change food into living tissue and therefore nothing you eat does you good; you don't get the strength out of it. Your food merely passes through your system like corn through a mill with the rollers so wide apart that the mill can't grind. As a result of this continuous blood and nerve starvation, people become generally weakened, nervous and all run down and frequently develop all sorts of conditions. One is too thin; another is burdened with unhealthy fat; some are so weak they can hardly walk; some think they have dyspepsia, kidney or liver trouble, some can't sleep at night, others are sleepy and tired all day; some fussy and irritable; some skinny and bloodless, but all lack physical power and endurance. In such cases, it is worse than foolishness to take stimulating medicines or narcotic drugs, which only whip up your fagging vital powers for the moment, maybe at the expense of your life later on. No matter what any one tells you, if you are not strong and well you owe it to yourself to make the following test: See how long you can work or how far you can walk without becoming tired. Next take two five-grain tablets of ordinary Nuxated Iron three times per day after meals for two weeks. Then test your strength again and see for yourself how much you have gained. You can talk as you please about all the wonders wrought by new remedies, but when you come down to hard facts there is nothing like good old iron to put color in your cheeks and good sound, healthy flesh on your bones. It is also a great nerve and stomach strengthener and one of the best blood builders in the world. The only trouble was that the old forms of inorganic iron like tincture of iron, iron acetate, etc., often ruined people's teeth, upset their stomachs and were not assimilated and for these reasons they frequently did more harm than good. But with the discovery of the newer forms of organic iron all this has been overcome. Nuxated Iron, for example, is pleasant to take, does not injure the teeth and is almost immediately beneficial.

MANUFACTURERS' NOTE: Nuxated Iron which is recommended above is not a secret remedy, but one which is well known to druggists everywhere. Unlike the older inorganic iron products, it is easily assimilated, does not injure the teeth, make them black, nor upset the stomach. The manufacturers guarantee successful and entirely satisfactory results to every purchaser or they will refund the money. It is dispensed by all good druggists.

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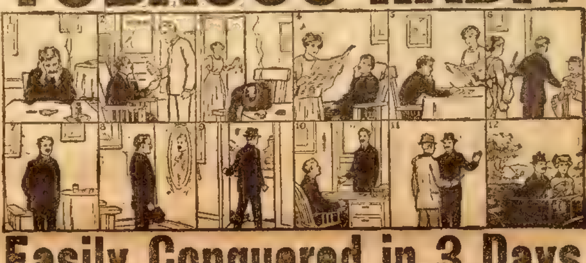

Easily Conquered in 3 Days

Picture No. 1—*Shows how tobacco has nearly wrecked a man's career. He has become nervous, dyspeptic and irritable; he cannot sleep well, has lost his energy and ambition.* No. 2—*The doctor says: "I'm giving you this medicine but it will do very little good, unless you stop killing yourself with tobacco."* No. 3—*Still a slave; another collapse.* No. 4—*Wife reads advertisement of Mr. Woods.* No. 5—*Writes for Woods' FREE BOOK.* No. 6—*Being convinced by multitude of proofs, he has ordered remedy which is in box postman is now delivering.* No. 7—*Has begun to overcome tobacco craving. Already is feeling much better; vigor and ambition returning.* No. 8—*Surprising improvement; all craving gone, filled with new courage and backed by good health.* No. 9—*Beginning anew.* No. 10—*Succeeding in business.* No. 11—*Now able to resist temptation of tobacco in any form.* No. 12—*By clear-headedness, good health and energy, he has now become prosperous.*

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Tobacco is poisonous and seriously injures health in several ways, causing such disorders as nervous dyspepsia, **sleeplessness,** gas belching, **gnawing,** or other uncomfortable sensation in stomach; **constipation, headache,** weak eyes, **loss of vigor,** red spots on skin, **throat irritation,** catarrh, asthma, bronchitis, **heart failure, melancholy,** lung trouble, **impure** (poisoned) **blood,** heartburn, torpid liver, **loss of appetite,** bad teeth, **foul breath,** lassitude, **lack of ambition,** weakening and falling out of hair and many other disorders.

Overcome that peculiar nervousness and craving for cigarettes, cigars, pipe, chewing tobacco, or snuff.

Here is an opportunity to receive **FREE a carefully compiled treatise on the subject,** containing interesting and valuable information that you should be glad to learn about. This book tells all about the **renowned THREE DAYS' METHOD** by which **thousands and thousands saved themselves from the life-wrecking tobacco habit.** Full particulars, including the book on tobacco and snuff habit, will be mailed **FREE TO YOU,** in plain wrapper, postpaid. All you need do is **merely REQUEST IT.** A postcard will do. Address

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STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUG. 24, 1912:

Of the **Chicago Ledger,** published weekly at Chicago, Ill., for April 1, 1918. State of Illinois, County of Cook (ss.). Before me, a notary public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared W. D. Boyce, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the business manager of the **Chicago Ledger,** and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the act of Aug. 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations.

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, W. D. Boyce Company, 500 N. Dearborn St., Chicago. Editor, M. M. Taylor, 500 N. Dearborn St., Chicago. Managing Editor, W. D. Boyce, 500 N. Dearborn St., Chicago. Business Manager, W. D. Boyce, 500 N. Dearborn St., Chicago.

2. That the owners are: W. D. Boyce, 9,[illegible] shares, 500 N. Dearborn St., Chicago. W. D. Boyce, trustee for B. and J. Boyce, [illegible] shares, 9,999 shares out of 10,000.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities, are: No bonds; no mortgages. In regard to section 2 of the law, the **Chicago Ledger** does not accept payment for any editorial or other reading matter printed as news.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also, that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

Signed:

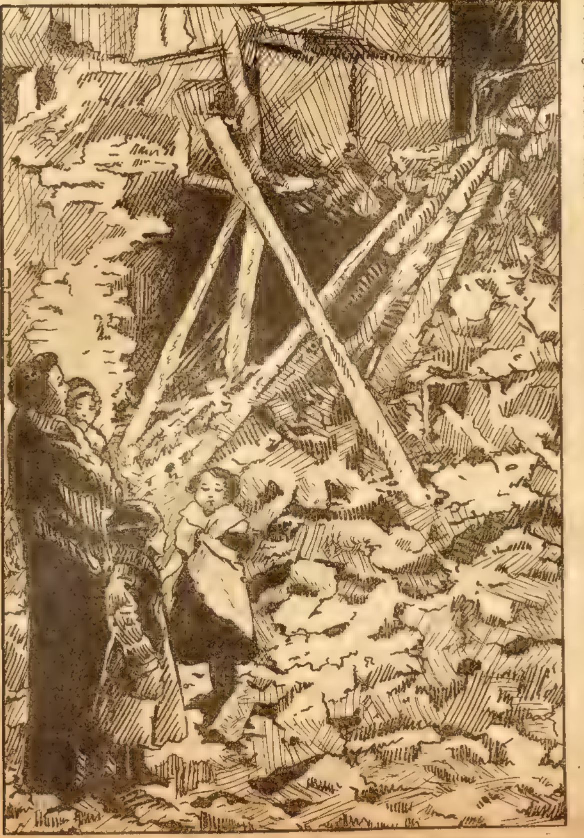
W. D. Boyce

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 1st day of April, 1918.

(Seal) E. E. WOOTRING

(My commission expires May 29, 1920.)

Where the Vandal Hun Has Been.



This picture was sent out by the Italian embassy at Washington. It shows a "German-Kultured" home at Padua, a church and university town which has no fortifications or military factories. Yet it was bombed by the Huns.

The Story of Liquid Fire.

ONE of the first, and perhaps the worst of Germany's many devilish contributions to trench warfare, was liquid fire. This fiendish weapon, invented by a German professor in one of the great universities was, like the submarine and poison gas, to have paved the road to an early victory, but like them, failed to produce the desired results.

This liquid fire, which is the equal of poison gas in destructiveness, was launched against the British troops in Argonne Woods in the summer of 1915, and helped to win several hundred yards of trenches for the Huns. Altho checked in time, as all other German devices have been, it took a heavy toll in life. Men could not hold the trenches in the face of this wall of flame which could not be extinguished, and that seared and burned them horribly.

It remained for a Breton sergeant to discover that the mud and clay in the trenches was an excellent protection against the flaming liquid, and the men coated their faces and hands with the clay, and sometimes even their uniforms. This proved an effective armor against the flame, but the heat from the gas often baked the clay into a solid mass which had to be broken off with a hammer.

This same French sergeant gives a vivid account of a German flame attack which was met and repulsed with bombs:

"Right beside me a mitrailleuse began banging like a motorcycle, and almost simultaneously there rose up forty feet high on the extreme left flank of attack a tall, thin jet of white and red light from which sprayed off flashes of green and yellow as water sprays from a hose at a fire. For what seemed a full second or more the flame hung in air above us, showing bright as day the shapeless slope in front with its mounds and hollows. Then a rain of blazing liquid fell upon us, and I screamed as the drops of fire seared my hand. It's a queer thing about some of these new war inventions. You feel a concrete hatred as for a savage beast without thinking about the men who are really working the thing.

"My hand began to hurt damnably and I turned to see if our Breton sergeant had any oil when I was startled to hear him yelling as if for the first time in his life he was excited.

"'The mud, the mud,' he shouted—'the mud will save us.'

"I thought he was crazy, and so, I suppose, did the lieutenant, for he shouted back: 'What the devil do you mean?'

"'We escaped at this end,' the Breton replied more calmly, 'yet the flame fell right among us. Only two of us were burned, and they were dry, so it made cinders of them, but we others had fallen into a shell hole and the mud and water had saved us.'

"I don't know what they use in these devilish fire-throwers, but it is fierce. Nothing will extinguish it; it just flares away until it's all consumed. . . .

"By this time the sea of flame in front had died down, and we knew the Boches would try again immediately before it got light enough to help us. Already one could see things more clearly in the gray twilight, and when they did come the mitrailleuse worked terrible execution. But one quick firer isn't enough for a massed attack and bombs make more noise than damage, so things began to look ugly.

"They had their flame jets going again, but more scattered this time, and tho we blew up one or two there was a steady rain of fire we couldn't check or avoid. But the mud was wonderful. It saved our lives a dozen times over. We wrapped bandages around our hands and then daubed mud on that so we were armored all over like tortoises in their shells, save our fingers, which caught it every once in a while and hurt horribly as we threw our bombs.

"I woke up in a hospital. They told me my uniform was covered with a sort of an armor, that wonderful clay baked hard as iron. They had to break it off with a hammer."

❧

Necessity a Stern Teacher.

"NECESSITY is the mother of invention." It may be a platitude, but it always holds good. The Great War has brought out its truth more pointedly than any other episode in the world's history, and shown us that our much-vaunted civilization is nothing but a thin veneer laid over the savage instincts of our antediluvian ancestors. It has shown us how easily this coating can be swept aside, and how quickly the primitive instincts in man will come to the surface.

The primitive man, combating Nature, learned not only how to exist in the face of hard conditions, but to make himself comparatively comfortable. And civilized man, facing a barbarous enemy that rains death on his shelter from early morning to late at night, not only has learned to protect himself against the elements, but against the rain of Fritz's murderous shells, as well. After a few months in the trenches, the bookkeeper and office clerk can, with the aid of few materials, and even fewer tools construct a fairly comfortable home for himself.

Take the case of Sergeant L. Shannon Cormack. When he joined the Canadian Oversea forces, he didn't know a pick or a shovel from a Lewis gun, yet after a period in the trenches, was able to convert a disused pigsty into a tolerably comfortable home. Cormack was a newspaper man before he went across, but the life in the trenches taught him to be resourceful, and when his regiment was transferred after the Battle of the Somme to a comparatively quiet sector, he and his "bunkie" discovered a pigsty which they converted into a home with the aid of trench mats, taken from an engineers' dump, a half roll of tar paper, a few pieces of lumber and chicken wire, as well as a tarpaulin quietly borrowed when the quartermaster wasn't looking. This, together with an empty gasoline can with some holes punched in the bottom, went to make up their home. The gasoline can, with some pieces of bent iron thrust thru, made an excellent brazier and heater, and over its flames many a midnight supper was cooked to cheer the lagging spirits of the men.

The experience of Cormack and his "bunkie" is typical. Men all along the line have learned to adapt themselves to the hard conditions which they face, and are learning the lesson of independence and resourcefulness, that will stand them in good stead when they return to their ordinary occupations.

❧

BIRDS AND BOMBS.

There is no doubt as to the feelings of the London birds with regard to the air raids. No sooner does the noise of guns and dropping bombs begin than the pigeons of the embankment take rapid flight from the immediate neighborhood of the river. It seems to leave them suspicious of all loud noises, for they have been seen making the same hurried flight, and in the same direction, at the noise of a bursting tire the day after a raid. Unlike other folks who make for the cellar, the pigeons appear to desert the streets for the chimney tops. During a night raid the little brown owl has been heard in the intervals of the thuds and explosions, screeching his disapproval, and, after the city is once more left in peace, the birds congregate in the trees and talk it all over volubly.

Careless Use of Soap Spoils the Hair

Soap should be used very carefully, if you want to keep your hair looking its best. Most soaps and prepared shampoos contain too much alkali. This dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle, and ruins it.

The best thing for steady use is just ordinary mulsified cocoanut oil (which is pure and greaseless), and is better than the most expensive soap or anything else you can use.

One or two teaspoonfuls will cleanse the hair and scalp thoroughly. Simply moisten the hair with water and rub it in. It makes an abundance of rich, creamy lather, which rinses out easily, removing every particle of dust, dirt, dandruff and excessive oil. The hair dries quickly and evenly, and it leaves the scalp soft, and the hair fine and silky, bright, lustrous, fluffy and easy to manage.

You can get mulsified cocoanut oil at any pharmacy, it's very cheap, and a few ounces will supply every member of the family for months.—Adv.

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A Total Eclipse.

BY HORTENSE B. DAVIS.

"HOW did you happen to come to this out-of-the-way place, Edith?"

"I came because I heard you were here," she told him frankly, "but I didn't dream I'd be so excited. The old hack simply crept up the mountain with me the lone passenger, and when it finally stopped in front of the hotel porch I trembled with excitement at the thought of meeting you in the crowd. Where were you then, Jim?"

"I came in late from a day's fishing."

"That was why I didn't see you at dinner," she went on. "I could scarcely eat for watching the door, and when you didn't come in the dining-room at all, I was almost sick. I wondered if I had come too late, and you had probably gone."

"How did you know I was here?" he asked, curious.

"Never mind. I've found you. I went immediately to the hotel clerk when I had finished dinner, and asked if you were still registered here, and he told me you were, and that your party had telephoned to have dinner saved for you. Finally, from my window, I saw some one strolling up this path in the moonlight, and I could barely get your outlines, but I recognized your walk, and when I saw the flicker of your cigar here in the arbor, that was when I wanted to come to you."

The orchestra of the little mountain hotel began. Then: "Perhaps you'd like to dance with me?" he asked.

"No, no; that isn't what I came here for. I've had enough of that; too much of it, Jim. It's because I've fallen in love with you, Jim, that's why I'm here," she burst forth.

"But, my dear girl, that's all past."

"No, it isn't all past," she cried. "It can't be past with you here and me here. You were always so good and patient, you'll forgive me, I know. When I asked you for a divorce it was because I thought we were not suited to each other. You didn't love people and parties and lights and music as I did."

"I did enjoy them," he interrupted, "but I told you often what I loved more than that. I wanted a home, Edith; I wanted a fireside; I longed to see your beautiful face glorified with the light of motherhood. My very soul was hungry while you played on, and didn't seem to understand."

"I couldn't, Jim. I didn't know anything about making a home. I wasn't taught to make a home. I was taught to have a good time, and—to marry," impatient with retrospection.

"That was the trouble," he sighed. "God help some of the mothers of today! They are not training their daughters to be wives, but playthings."

"But, dear, I understand now. I am older, and time has taught me many things. It's you I love now, Jim, not just pleasure. I've learned to love all your ideas, and I believe I can live up to them."

"But you forget that——"

"No," she broke in, "I haven't forgotten, but I want to. I want to empty my heart of it all. All the money and freedom you gave me with the divorce has failed; my whole viewpoint is changed, and I just want you, Jim. Won't you try me again?"

Her arms crept about his neck and her eager tears glistened in the moonlight.

"It's impossible, little girl!" He took her hands in his a moment. "Let me tell——"

"Please, Jim, please," she cried. "I'm different now. I'll make you happy. You surely can't forget how you once loved me; that you've held me in your arms," she sobbed.

"But, little girl," he answered, gravely, "I can't forget, either, that I've recently held my little son in my arms. I married again, Edith. I didn't think you'd care."

A cloud passed over the moon just then.

* * *

A Mental Giant.

A GROUP of people who were touring Alaska one summer were disgusted at the laziness of the buck Indians they saw in the villages and along the trail.

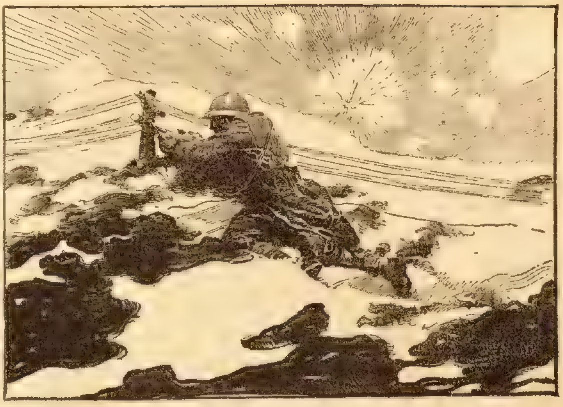
One day when they were taking a side trip they came upon a couple of Indians who were evidently packing into the mountains to stay a while. The squaw was staggering under a tremendous burden. She lugged all of the bedding and provisions, and a papoose for good measure. The old buck was slumping along lazily ahead of her, smoking his pipe and looking down at the trail.

One member of the tourist party hailed the Indians and when they stopped he inquired, somewhat out of patience:

"See here buck, how comes it that Nikkawana is carrying all of the baggage and you are slouching along, enjoying your pipe? Why don't you take at least half of the load off your squaw, you big lazy Indian?"

The buck stood silent as a sphinx for a few moments, then he grunted to himself and pointing his index finger to his forehead he exclaimed in deep guttural tones:

"Huh, me all time think!"



The Spirit of War Service

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The safety of the troops depends on these lines of communication, often used for the sentries' warnings, the carrying of official commands and the summoning of reinforcements.

In a dark hole hidden among sparse brushwood are the telephone operators, some of whom have been for months in their damp cave ceaselessly swept by shells.

And they are admirable, all these heroes of the Signal Corps, whether serving in darkness or in the all too bright light of day.

The spirit of war service, over here as well as over there, furnishes the nerves, the endurance, the morale—the stuff that wins war.

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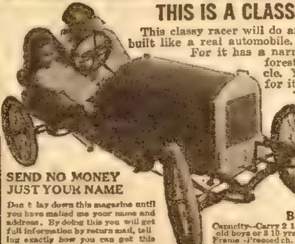

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Just look at the happy faces of the two girls in this picture. Don't they look like they were ready for a real time perhaps off on an errand for Mother or a jaunt to the postoffice or fishing pond? Wouldn't you like to be with them?

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Don't lay down this magazine until you have mailed me your name and address. By doing this you will get full information by return mail, telling exactly how you can get this wonderful boys' and girls' auto without it costing you one cent. Send today—quickly.

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Tires—Culver non-skid
Clutch—Foot pedal, b.-b.
Axles—Crucible steel
Gas Tank—2 g[illegible] ca[illegible]r. 60-m.
Wheel Base—66 in.
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The Quitter Who Didn't

By Marquis James

You Can Go On If You Read This

IT IS said that no American is so completely and intensely progressive, once he is spurred to action, as your proud son of the leisured aristocracy of the South. Blair J. Bixby, such a son, takes a fling at fortune in Chicago, and Chicago treats him ill. With but few articles of value still unpawned, smarting under the ignominy of his humble part in the Northern city, he listens irresistibly to the call of easeful luxury and family prestige in his Southern home. Mazie Boone alone keeps him holding his ground. She also is from the South—that is, Texas—a young artist who, like Blair Bixby, is up against defeat. Blair asks her to marry him and paints alluring pictures of their return to a life of dignity in his father's home. She scorns it. Under the spur of her [illegible] in his own native abilities, he takes, not a Pullman for Charleston, his home, but a cattle train for Oklahoma—a field of action, as Mazie has pointed out, worthy of his own revered colonial ancestors. Arrived in Caldwell, just over the line from Oklahoma, Bixby proves his grit on the back of Charlie Higgins' evil-eyed broncho and thereby obtains a job as cowboy, with Higgins as his best friend. In one of their journeys over the range Higgins sights a pair of "sooners," hiding on the ledge of a mesa, one of whom he recognizes and draws upon, but cannot bring himself to shoot. Bixby does not forget the mysterious enmity thus disclosed nor Charlie's definition of "sooner" as one who hides in the forbidden territory against the great opening day and thus beats the honest "nesters" to the choicer lands. Bixby says farewell to the cattlemen, receiving his cowpony as a gift of good will, and rides away to Kingfisher. There he sees the two "sooners." Mutual recognition follows. Bixby just misses a death-dealing blow from the larger "sooner's" gun. Bixby learns that the "sooners" are Pritchard and Brooks—gunmen and cattle thieves from New Mexico. They are apparently determined to "get" him because he has overheard their plotting in the Strip. September 16 arrives and 100,000 men race for the land in the Strip. Bixby races for the section adjoining the town site of Enid. As he nears the goal he finds himself running just behind another man whom he takes to be a "sooner." The man's horse stumbles and Bixby dashes on to stake the coveted land. He then turns to aid the unlucky rival, the condition of whose horse has convinced him that the man is not a "sooner." The man orders Bixby off his section at the point of a gun. His name is Ben Boone and Bixby has a premonition that he is Mazie's father. Patrolling his section lines against the encroachments of "sooners," Bixby comes upon fresh hoof-prints in the sand at the bottom of a ravine bordering his land, but finding no other trace of a "sooner" in hiding, returns to his tent for the night.

The earlier chapters of this story may be read in full by obtaining back copies of the Ledger. The story began in issue No. 12, dated March 23.

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CHAPTER XI.

FROM BAD TO WORSE

IT WAS full daylight when Bixby awoke. Blinking, he rubbed his sleep-swollen eyes. He produced his watch and noted with a start of surprise that it was after 6 o'clock. He had slept nine hours! Pulling on his boots—the only apparel of which he had deigned to divest himself—he scrambled outside. It had rained the night before and rained hard, but thanks to the soundness of his slumber and the fact he had taken the precaution to ditch his tent, Bixby had been unaware of it till now. Dick was safe, grazing contentedly away on a patch of buffalo grass near by. He had not strayed fifteen rods during the night.

That Bixby had risen tardily was apparent on all hands. The town site of Enid, eighteen hours back a plot of bald prairie, was a beehive of activity. The low, gray-hued, L-shaped land-office building near the railroad, which had loomed so conspicuous and misplaced the day before, was invisible. A myriad of white and tin-topped tents pitched as random as the stars in the sky, speckled the landscape and obscured the Government building entirely. A countless throng surged about. The sound of a thousand hammers and saws rang and rasped in the morning air as the first frame structures of the future metropolis of the Strip were being thrown together, architectural beauty and everything sacrificed to speed. Enid already was a functioning trade center

Bixby glanced south. Ben Boone was gone. He had pulled up stakes. Only the washed-out ashes of his fire remained. Blair in the few minutes before he had dozed off asleep the night previous had concluded to approach the settler again and endeavor to square matters between them. To start things off in a new country with a feud with a prospective father-in-law was no way at all.

"Gone in to Enid to file, I reckon," surmised Bixby, addressing his remarks to his horse. "Suppose we had better be doing that same thing pretty pronto, eh Dick?"

All about him Bixby saw men who had staked their quarter-sections of land the day before riding into the county seat to the land-office. Five days were allowed to file, but the sooner the job was done the freer would be the homesteaders' hands to devote to contest trouble.

Bixby breakfasted on black coffee and bacon of his own preparing, regaling himself the while with the happy thought that at noon the repast would be varied, for he intended to patronize one of the tent-housed Enid restaurants. His matutinal meal out of the way, Bixby saddled Dick, but before setting out for Enid he decided on another tour of the borders of his fourth-square-mile domain. He deemed it best to make a cursory examination at least before he went to present his filing evidence before the registrar. He felt a hankering to assure himself that there were no fresh hoof-prints on the bottom of the east ravine, and if there were, he wanted to know about it.

Riding the north boundary, Bixby sighted another horseman, apparently engaged in the same pursuit. He approached the stranger warily, only to learn he had settled on the claim to the north. Hardy, his name was. He greeted Bixby cordially and they shook hands. As they rode along together, Bixby related his experience in the draw the day before.

"I thought at the time," he explained, "that probably the hoof-prints might have been made by the man who had taken the claim on my north, as they came from his side of the line, circled about and returned to his side after a few hundred yards. I figured he might have gone over, not knowing he was off of his quarter-section."

"No, sir," assured Hardy, "those tracks are not mine. I haven't been in the draw yet. You see it is not so deep on my side and I could inspect every foot of it riding along here on top. I rode the four corners of my claim yesterday afternoon, but never set my horse's foot inside that draw, let alone over on your land."

Hardy was a sincere-looking chap and Bixby believed him. "Now don't that beat the deuce," he frowned. "Those were fresh tracks, and I'd bet my hat on it. Hardy, some one's been snooping around here."

"Oh, maybe, and maybe not," returned Hardy, not disposed to regard the evidence presented as indicative of anything serious.

But Bixby was not so ready to drop the matter. "I'm suspicious," he went on. "I had a run-in with a couple of sooners down at Kingfisher," he related. "You see, I'm a cow-man. Rode herd for the Bar X outfit, which had a range over this country up to two months ago. With another puncher, I was looking up strays along Skeleton Creek to the southwest and ran onto a couple of those birds framing up to grab a couple 160's adjoining the Enid town site. Down in Kingfisher they recognized me and tried to put me off watch because of what I know. I beat them to it in a gun row, and it looks as if you and I had beat them to it in the run for claims, since we have the two which adjoin the town site on the east and those are the ones they were after. So I'm expecting trouble, and want to meet it half-way when it comes."

Hardy had listened with intent interest as Bixby progressed with his recital. "Well, that's real news, old man," he said. "And much obliged. I'll just be on the lookout for those two citizens. What were their monakers and what did they look like?"

"Pritchard was the name the big fellow went by," supplied Bixby. "He was a tall, gaunt chap, with long mustaches, and wears the general get-up of the plains. But you could spot the little one in a million out here. Brooks, he calls himself. He dresses like a dandy. Wears silk shirts and a colored silk handkerchief about his neck, passed thru an ivory ring at his throat. Keeps his boots shined until you could see your picture in them. Wears silver spurs and silver ornaments on his hatband. You'd remember him if you ever saw him once. But for all his looks he's rated as a bad one, was killer with a rustling outfit in New Mexico before he came here, two jumps ahead of the vigilantes, so I picked up down in Kingfisher."

"I'll keep a sharp lookout for those birds," said Hardy.

"And don't lose any time letting me know if you see them," requested Bixby. "I want to see them first, get me?"

"I'll do that and what you ask goes both ways. It's up to us to truck together on this, being neighbors and holding the claims that the sooners seem to have their hearts set on. Suppose we arrange a little set of signals for long distance communication?"

"Shots in the air. How's that?"

"Exactly. Let's say if either of us wants the other we fire one shot and then after a pause three more in quick succession. That'll be the signal and anything the other of us hears then he'll come at a gallop in the direction of the sound."

"Agreed," said Bixby, and held out his hand. They shook on it.

By this time the men had reached the edge of the ravine. Both peered anxiously along its yawning lengths, but saw nothing out of the ordinary.

"I'll be riding along south," remarked Bixby. "I want to get in to Enid and file as soon as I can."

"I filed already," replied Hardy, "but I'll be going north. I want to keep a pretty sharp watch on this stretch after what you've said. This draw would make a first-rate hiding-place for some sneaking sooner to hang out in, and then come out of his hole and file contest. So long, and remember, one shot and then three as fast as you can work the trigger."

"I'm on," Blair flung back, as they parted and rode their opposite ways.

Bixby followed the rim of the ravine for some distance, looking for a break in the declivity which might admit of passage by a horse. He found none and rode on, covering half the distance to the southern boundary of his claim. Then there chanced upon his vision something that took his attention off the important quest of hoof-prints in the draw. Silhouetted against the turquoise sky, sauntering along the crest of a gentle rise, he saw a woman on horseback. She was on Ben Boone's land!

Bixby pricked Dick's flanks with his spurs and sent the animal forward at a gallop. Altho the distance intervening made the guess a rash one, Blair was certain that the horsewoman was none other than Mazie Boone herself. He had been correct in his surmises regarding his neighbor's identity, after all.

And Mazie it was, indeed. Urging Dick on by whip and spur, Bixby soon brought himself near enough to distinguish her features beyond mistaking. Pretty as a picture she was, in her riding skirt of tan corduroy, her tan boots, and broad felt hat. Even prettier than when he had seen her last, gracing more formal attire in Chicago. But why had she halted her horse and fixed a studied, expressionless stare on Bixby's face as he neared her as fast as horseflesh could take him? Perhaps she did not recognize him, so great was the change the West had wrought in him, Bixby thought as he rode on.

"Mazie!" he cried, wheeling his steed in beside Mazie's beautiful piebald. "Why, Mazie, don't you know me?"

The girl regarded him with an unwinking, even stare. Her features were as immobile as a plaster cast.

"Why, Mazie," Bixby stammered the repetition, still panting for want of breath. "Mazie, don't you recognize me?"

Her blue eyes narrowed. "Since you put it that way," she replied icily, "I am forced to say I do. I recognize you, but no longer believe I know you. I thought I did—once."

"Mazie, what——"

"Just this, Mr. Bixby; it was my understanding you were coming here to win your way, not cheat it."

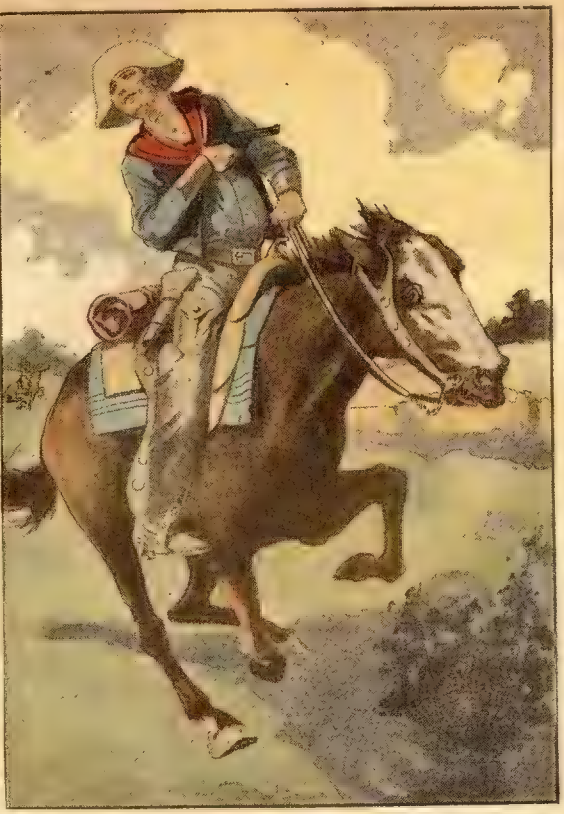
"Mazie, you astound me!"

"Quite likely; quite likely, indeed. You are surprised to see me here——"

"That goes without saying, but——"

"Pardon me, but I had not finished what I started to say. You are surprised to see me here and doubtless will be little less surprised to learn that it is my father who staked this claim."

"On the contrary, Mazie, I was quite



As He Cut the Wind, the Staccato of Revolver Shots Reached His Ears.

sure [illegible] was your father—sure of it all along."

"Not all along, Mr. Bixby. You may have divined as much when he told you his name and invited you off his land at pistol point, but when you were racing neck and neck for the banner quarter of the Strip—the one you settled on—you didn't know he was my father then. And I'll tell you why."

"I wish you would," Blair put in helplessly.

"Well, Mr. Bixby, you are a clever young man. You came out here [illegible]. You decided to take the easiest way—to play the crooked game. You turned sooner. But you had planned it well. Your horse was well [illegible] when you rode out from the other side of the mesa. To all appearances you were playing fair and had come all the way from the southern border with the rest. Evidently you hadn't calculated on meeting a horseman of my father's steel, for despite your trickery, he would have beaten you out if his mare hadn't stumbled. You didn't know you were trying conclusions with my father. If you had, for various reasons, you would have deemed it the part of expediency to contrive to lose the race. You wouldn't have played your game and tricked my father if you had known him. Men don't fool my father and succeed at it. And again, I suppose, I might have figured in your calculations if you had known."

"It's a serious accusation you urge against me, Mazie," said Blair. "I have been in this country long enough to know what it means to be called a sooner. You must have some ground for your charges and I think it concerns me sufficiently to ask what they are. I infer from your remarks that I was hiding out about Horseshoe Mesa."

"And I have witnesses to prove the truth of my assertion," the girl replied.

"Witnesses?"

"Yes, two of them. They saw you skulking about the mesa for days before the run."

"Two witnesses," demanded [illegible]. Instantly, the names of Pritchard and Brooks crossed his mind. "May I ask who they are?"

"You will learn that in due time," responded the girl.

"But I demand to know now," retorted Blair warmly, "and I think I have a right to know, as this affair concerns me most vitally. You have condemned me utterly without giving me the opportunity of defending myself against the most dastardly plot that ever was conceived against a man. What these 'witnesses' have told you or told your father is false. I swear it by all that is sacred. Tell me who they are. I will go to them and make them retract their lies, make them eat their own words."

"Mr. Bixby, your fine enthusiasm would do credit to a nobler cause. Let us say no more about it, for you soon will have other matters to occupy your attention. You are not going to remain in Oklahoma long."

"I shall remain here," replied Blair, "until I have run this conspiracy to earth and proven every syllable of what you have told me here is false. But while I remain under the cloud of suspicion I have no right to this." Bixby drew forth from his pocket a small object wrapped in a handkerchief. He handed it to Mazie. In the folds of the handkerchief was disclosed the girl's bracelet. She beheld it with surprise.

"My bracelet!" she exclaimed. "I thought that was pawned in Chicago."

"No," replied Blair, "I retained it as a keepsake. But while under suspicion, and with you leagued with my accusers I have no right to it. I shall clear myself and then, perhaps, I may ask for it back."

Mazie, for a moment, was at a loss for words. "Thank you," she said at length. "The bracelet was my mother's. I have not forgotten the letter from you with money inclosed, mailed, evidently, just before you left Chicago. You shall be speedily repaid."

"And Mazie, you still believe?" beseeched Blair. "You still believe these lies that have been told you?"

The girl was about to frame a reply, but suddenly thought better of it. Without a word, she wheeled her pony and dashed off in the opposite direction. Bixby watched her until she was lost to view over a gentle rise.

"Looks pretty bad, doesn't it, little horse?" he confided to Dick, as he turned his horse's head back toward his tent. He had covered about half the distance when a revolver shot roused him from his melancholy reverie. The report came from the direction of Hardy's claim. Bixby listened. In quick succession came three more shots.

The signal agreed upon an hour before!

Hardy had word of Pritchard or Brooks!

CHAPTER XII

HANDS UP!

BIXBY plied the spur to his mount and rode away to the north in the direction of the shots at a furious pace. As he cut the wind, again the staccato of revolver shots reached his ears.

Bam! Bam—Bam—Bam!

Bixby reckoned it a good plan to make his approach as inconspicuous as possible, so he headed Dick toward the draw on the west line and piloted the animal down the steep side to the floor of the canyon. Then he proceeded north with all speed, commensurate with caution, toward Hardy's claim and the direction of the warning pistol shots. As he neared the dividing line between his claim and Hardy's, he slowed Dick to a walk and rested his right hand on his revolver butt.

This precaution, however, proved needless.

"Hands up! Reach high and quick!"

A mean-business voice rasped out the harsh commands just in Bixby's rear.

Blair whirled about in his saddle without taking time to turn his horse. For the second time in forty-eight hours, he found himself contemplating the small end of a forty-four. The peril was doubled in this instance, however, for Pritchard had him thoroly covered with a gun in each hand. Bixby caught the sullen gleam in Pritchard's eye and lost no time reaching toward the clouds. Pritchard had got the drop on him by the easy expedient of riding his horse into an ambush of undergrowth on the side of the gully and slipping out after the rider had passed.

"Well, you seem to control the situation," remarked Bixby to his captor, dryly. "Now what do you want?"

"First and foremost to give you a little advice," responded Pritchard, "but your time on this earth is so short you ain't going to have much opportunity to profit by it. But I just want to let you know that the man don't live long in these parts who tries any monkey-shines with Bill Pritchard."

"Referring to our previous meeting just outside the Red Front in Kingfisher, I suppose," mentioned Bixby.

"Yes, and the time before that. The little incident on Horseshoe Mesa before the opening, I refer to."

"The meeting at Horseshoe Mesa was hardly intentional. It passed from my mind entirely until the affair in Kingfisher recalled it."

"Hardly intentional!" mocked Pritchard. "I guess you hadn't been snooping around these parts for a month or so, playing as a cowboy with the Bar X outfit, just to get a line on me. Sort of suspicious as to my rights in these parts, I reckon. Well, let me tell you, young feller, I've got a heap more right here than you have, which is another way of saying I'm going to stay in these parts and you're not."

"But, I understand, you said a moment ago that you were going to kill me. In that case, I'm likely to be here a long time unless some one tells my folks where they can get my remains."

"You're a cocky young cayuse," retorted Pritchard. "I want you to understand this ain't nothing to be cracking jokes about."

"I don't know—you tried to shuffle me off once before, but bungled the job something awful. Where's your little pal, Brooks? I understand he's somewhat more of a marksman than you are when it takes to man-gunning."

"I reckon I can hit a man when he ain't much farther off than you are," responded Pritchard.

"Tell me," demanded Bixby, "did you ever really kill a man?"

Pritchard laughed. "Well, 'sposen I ain't," he chortled. "It's never too late to begin, as the saying is."

And he moved a bit closer and projected his guns menacingly in the direction of Blair's vitals.

"But you're going to give a man his chance," countered Bixby, his voice breaking into a tone of appeal for the first time. "You wouldn't slaughter a man with his hands over his head. Give me a chance on the draw and I'll call it square and there'll be no hard feelings on my part however it comes out."

Here was a proposition for Pritchard to clean his hands of murder. Out West when a man gives his opponent "his chance" and then beats him to the draw, it isn't murder punishable by the code of the West, it's just a "killing" then.

"I'll warrant you ain't going to harbor no hard feelings, anyway, young feller," rejoined Pritchard. "Now, I'm getting pretty tired holding these guns this way, and I reckon you are pretty much fagged out keeping your hands hoisted all this time, so we'll just make this little affair brief."

"Do you want to shoot me on the horse or would you prefer I dismounted and made a little steadier target?" asked Bixby.

Meantime Bixby had surreptitiously slipped his feet from the stirrups and with an appraising eye was measuring the distance between himself and Pritchard, calculating on the desperate possibility of downing the man by a spring from his saddle before his foe could bring his artillery into action.

"I'll trouble you to slip your feet back in those stirrups," returned Pritchard, not heeding the question.

"Nothing seems to escape you," said Bixby, complying. "But, tell me, don't you think you're going a bit far? Ben Boone might have told you to run me out of the country, but I don't believe

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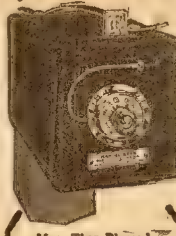

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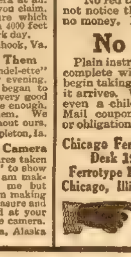

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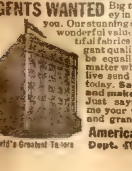

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he'd stand for your killing a man like this."

At the mention of Boone's name, Pritchard's evil face darkened. "What do you know about me and Ben Boone?" he growled. "Quick, speak up, or I'll blow the top of your head off."

"It was my understanding that you are going to do that anyway," replied Bixby, drolly. "Why should I seek to oblige a man who is about to kill me?"

"Listen, kid, you been talking to Boone about me?" questioned the man with the guns.

"Well," remarked Bixby after a well-calculated pause, "since you seem real anxious, and since it looks as if I was about to go some place where I won't get a chance to do any talking for a good, long while, I'll tell you the whole story if you're disposed to listen. But before I begin let me tell you it's mighty uncomfortable with my hands up in the air like this. You can take my gun, and still keep me covered while I rattle off what I have to say."

"All right then," agreed Pritchard, "no monkey business now." Pritchard stepped up and lifted Bixby's gun from the holster at his waist. Then [illegible] stepped back and seating himself on a rock, rested his arms on his knees keeping the muzzles trained on Blair. "Now," he added, "fire away!"

"Well," began Bixby slowly, "to begin with I'll just say that if you get me here, Boone'll know who did it and that won't exactly increase your chances of getting life insurance in these parts. Boone and I have had our difficulties. I suppose he mentioned that to you. In fact, I suppose he told you a good deal about [illegible], but one thing is certain, and that is you are going a little outside of instructions when you undertake to fill me full of lead. That wasn't in any contract between you and Boone. Now I haven't any particular love for Boone and I know you haven't. You want his land and mine too. Well, putting me out of the way ain't going to help you get this claim; as for Boone, that's between you and him."

"You seem d—d well informed, dangerously well informed, young feller, when it comes to other people's business," interjected Pritchard.

The gunman's tone sent a chill down Bixby's spine. Blair took a new tack "Yes, tolerably so," commented Bixby, with every effort at self-composure. "In fact, I'm so well informed that I've not been a bit nervous from the start that you'd carry out your intention here when once you got wind of my story. You're not going to kill me because you dare not do it."

Bixby bit the last words off with a determined click of his jaw. Unflinchingly, he looked Pritchard squarely in the eye. The desperado returned the gaze just as steadily, but it seemed Bixby's words had turned him from his purpose. Blair's heart fluttered. Would he get away with it?

Pritchard's reply, returned after due deliberation, answered the question. "So I don't dare," he sneered. "Well, I guess you don't know the lay of this here land as well as I first thought you might of. Nobody that knows Bill Pritchard tells him he don't dare to do anything—and lives. Dead men don't tell any tales. Young feller——"

Pritchard paused as he squinted one eye down a gun-barrel and took careful aim at Bixby.

"The jig's up'"

The roar of a pistol supplied the exclamation point to Pritchard's words. Blair's senses swam; he staggered.

It required more than a few seconds to assure himself that he had not been wounded.

Pritchard had not fired the shot!

An agile figure, brandishing a revolver, dashed down the side of the gully. He had fired, and he was gunning for Pritchard, who with miraculous quickness had apprised himself of that very fact. Pritchard had no time to waste on his late prisoner. Bixby was unarmed. Pritchard crouched behind a bowlder and concentrated his attention on the newcomer.

The rescuer was Charles Higgins, the cow-puncher, and Bixby's pal with the Bar X!

CHAPTER XIII.

A DARING RESCUE.

AS THE cow-puncher fired the last shot in his pistol cylinder, he "broke" the gun and made to reload. But this was useless. The target, both horse and rider, had vanished around a bend in the canyon.

"By the Great Horn Spoon!" muttered Higgins in almost inexpressible disgust. "If I haven't let him get away'"

Pritchard, surprised and trapped, had escaped. The feat, which was nothing short of miraculous, served to sharpen Bixby's appreciation of the desperate attributes of the man who sought his life. Pritchard, with the tables turned on him so suddenly, had just one chance in a hundred to make his get-away. He accepted that one chance—and luck was his. But it wasn't luck altogether, Bixby was forced to admit. The way the desperado zigzagged his horse and lay so low on the animal's back as to make himself almost invisible proved he was no novice in such a situation.

When Higgins appeared, as if by magic, Pritchard acted as quickly as if he had expected the interruption right along. He dropped behind the bowlder on which he was sitting, and which protected him from Higgins' fire. He made no move to give battle to his discoverer. Throwing himself flat on his stomach, he wiggled his way along on the ground, under cover of the rock until he gained a patch of underbrush a few feet away. Darting thru the underbrush to his horse, he mounted and rode up the canyon.

Higgins leaped down the side of the gulch and began firing. He let six shots go after careful aim, but none of them stopped the lightning-like progress of the fleeing man. The very audacity of Pritchard's act had been the secret of its success. But this was small consolation to Higgins, who still cursed his luck and bad sighting.

"Say no more about it," chirped Bixby. "Personally, I prefer to have Pritchard alive than myself dead. Higgins, for G—d's sake tell me how it happened!" Blair broke his silence for the first time since Higgins had made his phenomenal appearance. In the episode which followed he had gazed on, immobile and speechless with astonishment.

"Happened?" demanded the cowboy "Well, I reckon I'm a d—d poor shot that's how," he added fiercely. "To think, I get that chance—the chance I've waited two years for to even up with old Bill Pritchard and then he wouldn't show fight. We'd sworn to shoot on sight and then he turned and run. And the way I blowed, I guess is pretty clear proof that I ain't had no great experience shootin' men in the back."

"But, heavens, man," retorted the nonplused Bixby. "You saved my life! I'll overlook the fact you let Pritchard get away, and call it a day."

"But I can't overlook the fact," said Higgins. "Here I've been after that man and he's been after me for two years——"

"Then you and Bill Pritchard are not new acquaintances?"

"Hardly. Two years ago——"

"Tell me about what happened two years ago some other time," Bixby broke in again. "I'm more vitally concerned in what happened about two minutes ago. For the love of Mike, how did you happen to break in on the picture? Gad, I can scarcely believe I'm alive yet."

"Well, it was luck, mostly," responded the cowboy. "You see, two years ago——" An involuntary smile spread over Blair's blanched features at Higgins' recurrence to what happened two years ago, but Blair did not interrupt. "Two years ago," Higgins pursued, "Pritchard shot me in the back. It happened down in Colfax County, New Mexico. At the time, he thought I had cashed in, and if it hadn't been for an Albuquerque doctor who was with the outfit, I reckon I would have. Well, I've been gunning for Bill Pritchard ever since.

"Remember what happened during the round-up there at Horseshoe Mesa? Well, Pritchard was one of those sooners we overheard. I missed him there and didn't say anything about it. When you're gunning for a man it isn't the best thing in the world to advertise the fact overly much. So I went west with the herd, but the thought kept working on my mind and knowing old Pritch [illegible] must be operating in these parts, I decided to come back and square things off with him."

"And how did you know Pritchard was here?" asked Bixby.

"I didn't. That was just fool luck. I was riding along the edge of the canyon here, when I heard his voice, just as I did that time on the mesa. I made up my mind to get him this time, but at that I couldn't shoot a man in the back. I was going to give him his chance. I tethered my pony back a ways from the canyon and crept up to the edge. When I saw you there I could hardly believe my old eyes, but there wasn't any time for a second look, so I up and blazed away."

"It certainly was too bad, old man," said Bixby, "that I had to blunder in the way I did and spoil all your plans for revenge. I apologize."

"Quit your kidding," Higgins remonstrated. "We'll get him next time, and besides I'll have some one to keep me company while I'm looking for him. But just the same I can't help feeling danged put out at his pulling his freight this way and not showing fight. I ain't never shot a man in the back yet, or shot a man who was trying to get away, and I guess I'm too well brought up in the ways of square fighting to begin. But say, tell me, how come you to get mixed up with Bill Pritchard and how'd he come to get the drop on you this way?"

"It's not a short story," replied Blair. "So let's be jogging over toward the tent and I'll spin it to you."

"The tent?" queried Higgins.

"Sure," replied Bixby. "This is my plantation we're on. Staked it in the run."

"The d—l you did! You're a lucky tenderfoot, landing smack up against the county-seat town site. And that little thing takes the mystery out of your run in with Bill Pritchard or I miss my guess. Bill, being in the soonering business for a change, rather took it hard that you should blow in this way and get the claim he had all picked out in advance for himself."

"Well, maybe I'm lucky and maybe I'm

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not," Blair drawled meditatively. "But that all comes out in the story. Let's go."

Bixby led Dick up the side of the canyon to the prairie where Higgins' pony was grazing contentedly. As the two rode toward Blair's habitation, Bixby narrated his relations with Pritchard and Brooks from their meeting in the Red Front to Higgins' providential frustration of Pritchard's determination in the canyon. Blair told of his race with Ben Boone during the run and the disturbing consequences of his victory. It was necessary to bring Mazie into the story, but Bixby did this guardedly. He substituted the casual explanation that Mazie was just an acquaintance he had made in Chicago, for the story of their betrothal and the real cause of Bixby's coming to the Southwest.

By the time Blair's recital was finished the horsemen had reached the tent. Higgins had interrupted his friend's account at once and then to interpolate the explanation that Brooks really was the [illegible]-slinger he was cracked up to be and [illegible] about seven notches in his gun that people knew of.

Squatted on the buffalo grass, the cow-puncher rolled a cigarette with great pains as Bixby started preparations for the evening meal. Higgins exhaled a couple of contemplative rings of smoke.

"Well, Bix," he drawled at length, "you ain't asked me my opinion, but——"

"Hop to it, Charlie," invited Blair. "How does it size up to you? What's the next move?"

"What the next move should be is hard for me to say," replied the cowboy slowly. "'Specially since I ain't so well up on the etiquette of love and courtship and such matters, not having been around the women folks a lot."

"Love and courtship!" exclaimed Blair, dropping a skillet. "Who said anything about love?"

"You did."

"When?"

"Just now."

Blair laughed. "Charlie," he chuckled, "you missed your calling. You should have been a lawyer."

"Yes, or a lightning-rod agent, perhaps," observed the cowboy. "You'll excuse me, Bix, for bringing the subject up this way, but it's plain as the shoes on a Texas steer that you're pretty far gone on this little girl of Boone's. Course I don't blame you for not wanting to blab it right out. Your Southern chivalry, I reckon, sort of balked at mentioning any regard you might have for a sure-enough lady, to a reckless lad like me. But it's all right, Bix, you needn't feel that way about it, or keep nothing back from me. It's a lonesome life on the range as I've often thought, and if I was anything else but a plain cow-puncher, I might try to shine up to some good gal myself. Don't feel hard that I've spoke out this way, Bix, for I'm with you till h—l freezes over and the little matter between Bill Pritchard and me can wait until I've helped you square it up with the girl."

"You're true blue, Charlie," said Dick, extending his hand. "Shake: I apologize—Mazie Boone and I were engaged to be married up in Chicago."

Higgins tossed his cigarette butt into the fire. For a long moment the blaze appeared to fascinate his gaze.

"H-m-m," he spoke at length reflectively. "So—it's—Mazie—Boone."

A retrospective light played in the cowboy's eyes as he spoke the name, slowly, softly and with a vague sort of reverence in his tone.

The malignity of Pritchard is hurled back upon Bixby from the very gates of death, but truth triumphs in the end. The final installment of this story will be published in next week's issue of the Ledger.

* * *

Breaking the News Gently.

HE ENTERED the ladies' sitting-room at the railway station, walked up to a woman whose husband had left the room about ten minutes previously, and calmly inquired: "Madam, your husband went out to see the river, didn't he?"

"Yes—why?" she asked, turning pale in an instant.

"He was a tall man, wasn't he?"

"He was," she replied, rising up and turning still paler.

"Had red hair?"

"He had. Oh, what has happened?"

"Weighed about 180 pounds?"

"Yes, yes! Where is he—where is my husband?" she exclaimed.

"Couldn't swim, could he?"

"He's drowned—my husband is drowned!" she wailed.

"Had a silver watch chain?" continued the stranger.

"Where is my husband—where is the body?" she gasped.

"Do not get excited, madam. Did your husband have on a gray suit?"

"Yes. Oh, my Thomas, my Thomas!"

"And laceup boots?"

"Let me see him—let me see him!"

"Come this way, madam, but do not get excited. There, is that your husband across the street at that fruit stand?"

"Why, yes, that's him—that—that's my husband!" she exclaimed joyfully. "I thought you said he was drowned."

"No, madam, I did not. I saw him buying a cocoanut, and I believe it to be my duty to say to you that cocoanuts are not healthy at this season of the year."

A Camouflage Story.

W. B. TRITES, a novelist, is in Paris with the American troops and at a dinner at Paillard's he told a camouflage story.

"A young American officer," he said, "came to Paris from a flying camp on furlough, and celebrated his first evening in the metropolis a little too gaily. His mother had an apartment in the Avenue de Messine, and he drove home at the evening's end with the firm determination that the good lady should never know how pickled he was.

"He got in noiselessly and began to search the apartment for a place to hide. He thought of hiding under a bed, then of getting into a wardrobe, but finally he found two portable tin baths, and these gave him an excellent idea.

"He undressed silently, curled himself up in one of the baths, and drew the other one over him. Then he chuckled to think how well he had managed, and went off to sleep.

"His mother in the small hours, finding his bed empty, made a search for him. At last she came to the two superimposed baths, peeped thru a crack and said.

"'Are you there, dear?'

"The crack widened a little, a wild eye looked out and a voice whispered:

"'Sh-sh! Go—hic—away, or you'll spoil my camouflage. I'm a—hic—oyster!'"

* * *

Cheap and Unlikely.

MAYOR HYLAN of New York said at a recent luncheon:

"The story about Germany being well nourished now is as credible as the story of the Scotch restaurant.

"A Scotchman dined in a Broadway restaurant, and was disgusted when the waiter brought him a bill for $3.75.

"'Mon, mon,' said the Scotchman, 'I could get a better dinner nor that in Scotland for a shillin'.'

"'Ah, come off!' said the waiter. 'What would they give you for a shillin'?'

"'Mon,' said the Scot, 'they'd give me soup, fish, roast beef, chicken, ice cream, fruit, cheese, coffee and a cigar.'

"'My goodness,' said the waiter, 'that's a bargain! Whereabouts in Scotland is it?'

"'I don't don't know, mon,' said the Scot, 'but ain't it awful cheap?'"

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A prominent druggist says "Take for example Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, a preparation I have sold for many years and never hesitate to recommend, for in almost every case it shows excellent results, as many of my customers testify. No other kidney remedy that I know of has so large a sale."

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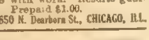
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Some Nuts to Crack

It is not desired that readers send in the answers to the puzzles. They are printed simply as brain teasers, and the correct answers will be printed the following week.

11. Diagonal Puzzle.

H * * * *

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* * * * L

This puzzle is solved by filling in the blank spaces with the words indicated by the following sentences. The first row, both horizontal and vertical, spells the same word; both the second rows are the same, etc.

1. Part of the body.
2. Burst of applause.
3. Cream of society.
4. Machine for working wood or metal.
5. A form of iron.

12. Double Word Puzzle.

Fill blanks in following sentences with pairs of words pronounced alike, but spelled differently.

1. It proved that she was only —— a spell of —— to attract the attention of the party to herself after the shock was over
2. However, she was not so —— after Harold had emptied half a —— of water over her.
3. Whenever Jennie is —— on an errand she is given a —— to spend.
4. They will —— enough wood over to heat the ——.
5. The people cared little about their political —— so long as they were unhampered in their religious ——.
6. Altho Louise was selfish and —— she was her father's ——
7. That skirt —— to be all puckers and crooked ——
8. Father chose a —— within —— of the river
9. He was of unfriendly —— and showed signs of a —— nature
10. I saw an old man with peculiar —— come thru the —— a moment ago.

13. The Miller's Problem.

A miller took one-tenth of the meal or flour he grinds for "toll." How much did he grind if the customer had just one bushel after the toll had been taken?

14. Fractions.

1. Take O from a State, two-fifths from a town in Georgia and two-sixths from one of our island possessions and have a city in the middle West.
2. Take two-sevenths from a city where an exposition was held, the whole of a month and three-eighths of a tribe of Indians and have one of the oldest cities in America.
3. Take two-fifths of an American general, two-thirds of a river in Scotland and two-sixths of a river in the United States and have a Canadian capital.
4. Take ten from centennial, three-quarters of a lake in Inverness, Scotland, and three-elevenths of a Southern capital and have a State in the Union.
5. Take two-fifths of an Italian city, two-sixths of one of the largest rivers in the world and one-fourth of one of the United States and have a river in the middle West.
6. Add one-third of a month, two-fifths of a State, and a third of a large island and have a gulf on the American coast.

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES.

5. Literary Acrostic—Margaret Deland. 1. Meredith, Owen. 2. Allen, Elizabeth Akers. 3. Rosetti, D. G. 4. Gray, Thomas. 5. Aldrich, T. H. 6. Ruskin, John. 7. Elliott, Ebenezer. 8. Taylor, Bayard. 9. Drummond. 10. Emerson, R. W. 11. Lowell, J. R. 12. Addison, Joseph. 13. Norris, John. 14. Dryden, John.

6. Diagonal.

M U S T Y

U S U R P

S U G A R

T R A D E

Y P R E S

7. Decapitations.

1 Sore—ore. 2. Learn—earn. 3. Price—rice. 4. Whoop—hoop. 5. Shot—hot. 6. Mother—other. 7. Teach—each. 8. Number—umber. 9. Grow—row. 10. Falter—alter

8. Double Acrostic.

1. Notch. 2. Alpha. 3. Throw. 4. Heart. 5. Allah. 6. Negro. 7. Idler. 8. Ellen. 9. Leave. The correct answer is Nathaniel Hawthorne.

9. Famous Americans.

1. Peary. 2. Edison. 3. Roosevelt. 4. Sherman. 5. Hobson. 6. Irving. 7. Nelson. 8. Grant. Their initials spell Pershing.

10. Millionaire's Problem.

The millionaire offered a note for $5,000, for which he received four $1, eight $2, forty $5, four hundred $10 and thirty-nine $20 bills.

A Fatherly Interest

"WHAT I am interested in," said the man with the cream-colored buckskin gloves, "is this small town guy—this friend of yours from west of the Mississippi. When is he coming, and why is he coming, and who in blazes is he?"

"Oh, he's just the man I'll probably marry," answered the pink-cheeked girl, proceeding to regard her swagger stick demurely.

"Well," observed the man, "in that case you'd probably better turn him over to me. I'll educate him for you. He can stay in my apartment while he's here in town, and I'll see that no harm befalls him. I give you my word that I take a passionate, fatherly interest in him."

The flush in the pink cheeks deepened angrily.

"Oh, he isn't so desperately young as all that," she made answer to this. "I believe you are just about three years his senior."

"I suppose so, I suppose so." The man waved his hand lightly. "It's not the years that count—it's the experience. I live in the city. He lives in the country. I'm sure I could give him some very good pointers. I could see that he keeps to the street car lines in his wanderings, for instance. We certainly wouldn't want to lose our little village wild flower."

"St. Louis isn't such a village." The girl tapped her swagger stick against her brown boots. "You don't take my affairs seriously at all."

"Oh, but I do! I do! You are mistaken. I do! Here I am ready and willing, I might say eager, to show your friend the town. In fact, I'll even go along on the wedding tour. I'll lend you my car, and we can run down to New Orleans or some such town. I can at least show you where the good places to eat are."

"Ridiculous!" exclaimed the girl. "He knows the country just as well as you do. Why, he took a walking trip once, from Chicago to Nashville."

"There you are!" said the man, triumphantly. "That's why I think I ought to go along. He might try that same stunt with you. I wouldn't make you walk. I could plan out a beautiful motor trip for us. But I wouldn't consider it safe for you to go alone with that boy. Running around the country alone with a child like that, almost anything might happen to you. Oh, yes, indeed! I insist on going along!"

"You are incorrigible," declared the girl. "You have never even seen him, and you have the most absurd ideas about him. I shouldn't let you talk about him at all."

"You don't care about him, you know you don't care about him," said the man coaxingly. "You know you don't care two straws what I say about him."

"I do, too!" said the girl. "Why, two years ago I was engaged to him."

"That's nothing—two weeks ago you were engaged to me. What I want to know is not how you felt about him in ancient times, but how you feel about him now."

The pink-cheeked girl devoted a few minutes to consideration.

"Well," she said finally, "of course, that's my own affair—and his."

"Oh, all right," said the man. "Have it your own way! I agree! It's your own affair—and his. I don't care. But answer me this—how do you feel about me? That's your own affair—and mine."

"Oh, let's go and have tea somewhere," said the girl. "I'm starving!" She rose and walked, cheerfully twirling her swagger stick.

"But if we do take that honeymoon trip down to New Orleans, or some place," she remarked, "don't you think it would be an awful bore having him along?"

* * *

High Morale.

HENRY VAN DYKE, the former Minister to the Netherlands, said at the Authors' Club the other day:

"The morale of all the Allied soldiers is always excellent. They joke about their wounds.

"I met a wounded young American aviator from the Escadrille Lafayette at a tea. He sat in a bath chair, with his leg propped straight out, and his two crutches at his side.

"'How is the leg coming on?' I said.

"'Well, anyhow,' he laughed, 'it isn't coming off.'"

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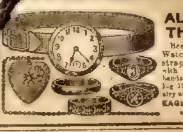
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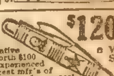
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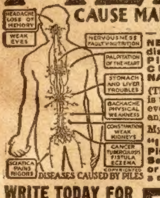
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712

Wartime Music

"WHAT are you all dressed up for?" Mrs. Simmons asked her niece, who had happened in. "Surely not just to call on me?"

"Not exactly!" her niece laughed. "I have been making a very formal call."

"You, a busy teacher? I didn't know you ever found time for such frivolity. Where did you go?"

"This demands a very formal explanation," said Mrs. Simmons' niece, solemnly. "In the first place, times are very hard for music teachers just now. Lots of people cut down on music lessons, especially in those numerous cases where they do not have prodigies for children. You see, they reason that the girl can take her lessons up at any time and so they notify me that they will not 'take' for a while. They say they'll let me know later when they want to begin again. You know, just as well as I, that they probably won't ever be able to persuade the child to begin again after a glorious vacation from practicing."

"It really doesn't hurt the average child to rest a bit," said Mrs. Simmons. "Most of them are doing too much."

"Aye, but look at me, your very precious niece," her caller said with energy. "I can't hibernate while they are getting their rest. Please don't spread such pernicious ideas among the populace. It might get fashionable not to study music and then I'd have to take in back stairs to scrub."

"You could have mine any day," volunteered Mrs. Simmons, amiably.

"I was counting up my pupils yesterday," the niece went on, "and I found such a falling off as made me decide that I must do something very bold and daring. I bought this new suit out of the remnant of savings I happened to have, and in consequence I became flat financially. I have to go out after pupils, but when I looked at the darling pockets this coat has I felt a little braver and decided to beard the lioness in her den. Don't you like those pockets?"

"Oh, are those pockets?" her aunt asked curiously. "I thought they were the old fashioned paniers."

"No, sir, they are real-live pockets," Mrs. Simmons' niece assured her.

"Evidently you had a satisfactory call."

"I'll tell you all about it. I had noticed that the woman who lives in that little house across the street had three children. And I decided they must take lessons of me. She had moved in only last week and seemed to be a really pleasant sort of woman. To tell the truth, I hadn't noticed the woman so much as I had the children, because I was so busy making up a course for each child along the lines of my theory of child training. I had planned a recital for them next year before I had fully made up my mind that I dared call and ask for them. I have never done any asking and the idea of it made me shake in my shoes."

"As if anybody would be cross to a girl like you!"

"Oh, you are my aunt!" her niece laughed. "Well, anyhow, I got into my best duds after having arranged my hair four times before I was satisfied with its appearance."

"I wondered what made you look so different and unnatural."

"Never mind," the niece said complacently. "I was all right. I rang the bell feeling as tho I were stealing sheep, and I kept saying over and over the set speech I had made up to spout in case I got rattled.

"The woman herself opened the door and her cordial reception of me made me forget the words I had learned by heart and I answered her in the same friendly way. I went in and sat down and we talked of everything under the sun before I could remember how to begin my little message. I was just opening my mouth to tell how much I wanted her little cherubs to take lessons of me when she spoke up and told me how very kind she thought it that I had been so quick to call upon her. She said she was from a small New England place and was lonely and she considered it very charming and sweet of me to take the trouble to come to see her."

"So, of course, you had to swallow your speech?" asked Mrs. Simmons.

"Of course," laughed the niece. "And I was as blue as indigo all the while I was talking to her. That woman was so happy to see some one that I couldn't bring myself to tell her that I had come entirely on business."

"What a disappointment!"

"That's what I thought as I went down the steps to go home," said her niece, "I don't know when I have been so disappointed about anything as I was over losing those pupils. I was even wishing I hadn't taken the trouble to wear my good clothes, when my hostess opened the door and ran after me. She said she wanted me to tell her, if I could, where she could find a music teacher for her children, because she wanted them to begin at once to study."

* * *

A Day Will Come.

GOVERNOR WHITMAN said at a dinner in Albany:

"The Allies are determined to fight on till militarism is destroyed. Germany is very arrogant now, but a day will come.

"Germany on that day will be a good deal like the German who went fishing, and the Allies, maybe, will be as unsympathetic as the Irishman on the dock.

"This German fell off the dock into deep water, sank heavily, came up and shouted:

"'I can't swim!'

"The Irishman sat with his eyes on his float and made no attempt at a rescue.

"The German sank a second time, came up and shouted again:

"'I can't swim!'

"The Irishman fished calmly on.

"A third time the German sank, and a third time he came up and roared:

"'I can't swim!'

"The Irishman, as he took a chew of tobacco, gave a laugh.

"'Well, it's a bloomin' funny time to brag about it,' he said."

At the Fighting Front

It takes muscles of iron and nerves of steel — real men — men with red blood, men with the brawn to do and nerve to buck the line. Men "with a wallop," men with vim, vip, vigor, are those who take "Irontic," a new discovery, composed of iron and herbal extracts, and recently found to be a wonderful tonic for the manufacture of red blood within the body. Dr. Pierce and a dozen physicians at the Surgical Institute in Buffalo, N. Y., have long experimented and have at last found the best blood maker and nerve tonic known today. This they called "Irontic." It's an iron tonic that puts new energy, life, stamina into the blood. "Irontic" is to be procured of almost all druggists, in 60-cent vials. If you want to try it, send 10 cents to Dr. Pierce's Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y., for a trial package. You will find "Irontic" tablets equally as good and effective as Doctor Pierce's Pleasant Pellets, which have been known for the past fifty years as a gentle herbal laxative. Folks at home have acquired the healthiest of habits. They become "regular as clock-work", after taking these "Pleasant Pellets." Being composed of May-apple, aloes, jalap, they are perfectly harmless to any system. They are tiny sugar-coated pellets.

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Try it. It will pay you to try. When you have found four of the faces, mark each with a cross (X), cut out the picture and mail it to us, and inclose 4 cents in stamps, for packing, postage, mailing, etc.; we will then send you the beautiful set of "movie" stars' photographs on postcards, which we know you will appreciate.

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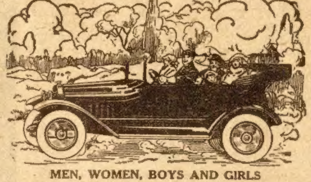

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For Those Adept With the Needle

Abbreviations of Crochet Stitches

ch st—Chain stitch.
si cr—Single crochet.
do cr—Double crochet.
tr cr—Treble crochet.
do tr cr—Double treble crochet.
p—Picot.
sp—Space.
gr—Group.
*—Sign of repetition.

Ch st, make a loop over hook, thread over hook, pull second loop thru first loop, repeat for the length required.

Si cr, make a length of ch sts, skip 1 ch st, insert hook into 2nd ch st, thread over hook, draw thru the ch st, making 2 loops on hook, thread over hook, thru both loops.

Do cr, make a length of ch sts, thread over hook, skip 3 ch sts, insert hook into 4th ch st, draw thread thru ch st, thread over hook, thru 2 loops, thread over hook, thru the 2 remaining loops.

Tr cr, make length of ch sts, thread over hook twice, skip 4 sts, insert hook into 5th ch st, draw thread thru ch st, thread over hook, thru 2 loops, thread over hook, thru 2 loops, thread over hook, thru the 2 remaining loops.

P, make 5 ch sts, catch back into 4th ch st, from the hook, pull loop thru.

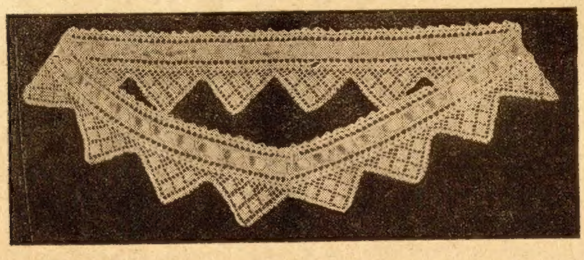
Sp, 1 d c, 2 ch sts, skip 2 sts, forms 1 sp.

Gr, 1 d c into each st for 4 sts together form 1 gr.

A Simple Round Yoke for a Nightgown

BY ELIZABETH BERNE.

THIS simple yoke can be easily made by the amateur crochet worker. The stitches are simple and very speedy. No. 50 mercerized crochet cotton, in either white or pink, makes dainty nightgown yokes. Two spools of cotton are used with 1½ yards of No. 1½ satin ribbon; if one wishes to make it more dressy, she can add a small bow of the ribbon at the front; if joined together for a slipover gown this is not necessary.



Start with 35 ch sts.

First Row—3 do cr into the 6th st, 2 ch sts, 3 do cr into the same st, forming 1 fan, 2 ch sts, skip 3 sts, 1 do cr into each of the next 4 sts, 3 ch sts, skip 3 sts, 1 si cr, 3 ch sts, skip 3 sts, 1 do cr into each of the next 4 sts, 2 ch sts, skip 3 sts, 1 fan, 2 ch sts, skip 2 sts, 1 do cr, forming 1 sp, make another sp, 5 ch sts, turn.

Second Row—1 do cr into do cr of previous row, forming first sp, 2 ch sts, 1 do cr into first do cr of fan, forming second sp, 2 ch sts, fan over ch at center of fan; you will observe that you now have 3 sp above 2 sp of previous row; in this manner you add 1 sp to each row, until you have completed the point, 2 ch sts, 4 do cr over 4 do cr, 7 ch sts, 4 do cr over next 4 do cr, 2 ch sts, fan over fan, 5 ch sts, turn.

Third Row—Fan over fan, 2 ch sts, 4 do cr, 3 ch sts, skip 3 sts, 1 si cr, 3 ch sts, skip 3 sts, 4 do cr, 2 ch sts, fan over fan, 4 sp, 5 ch sts, turn.

Fourth Row—1 sp, 7 do cr over 2 sp, forming 2 gr, 2 sp, fan over fan, 2 ch sts, 4 do cr, 7 ch sts, 4 do cr, 2 ch sts, fan over fan, 5 ch sts, turn.

Fifth Row—Fan over fan, 2 ch sts, 4 do cr, 3 ch sts, 1 si cr, 3 ch sts, 4 do cr, 2 ch sts, fan over fan, 3 sp, 2 gr, 1 sp, 5 ch sts, turn.

Sixth Row—7 sp, fan over fan, 2 ch sts, 4 do cr, 7 ch sts, 4 do cr, 2 ch sts, fan over fan, 5 ch sts, turn.

Seventh Row—Fan over fan, 2 ch sts, 4 do cr, 3 ch sts, 1 si cr, 3 ch sts, 4 do cr, 2 ch sts, fan over fan, 2 sp, 2 gr, 1 sp, 2 gr, 5 ch sts, turn.

Eighth Row—1 sp, 2 gr, 1 sp, 2 gr, 3 sp, fan over fan, 2 ch sts, 4 do cr, 7 ch sts, 4 do cr, 2 ch sts, fan over fan, 5 ch sts, turn.

Ninth Row—Fan over fan, 2 ch sts, 4 do cr, 3 ch sts, 1 si cr, 3 ch sts, 4 do cr, 2 ch sts, fan over fan, 10 sp, 5 ch sts, turn.

Tenth Row—1 sp, 2 gr, 1 sp, 2 gr, 1 sp, 2 gr, 2 sp, fan over fan, 2 ch sts, 4 do cr, 7 ch sts, 4 do cr, 2 ch sts, fan over fan, 5 ch sts, turn.

Eleventh Row—Fan over fan, 2 ch sts, 4 do cr, 3 ch sts, 1 si cr, 3 ch sts, 4 do cr, 2 ch sts, fan over fan, 3 sp, 2 gr, 1 sp, 2 gr, 1 sp, 2 gr, 1 sp, 5 ch sts, turn.

Twelfth Row—13 sp, fan over fan, 2 ch sts, 4 do cr, 7 ch sts, 4 do cr, 2 ch sts, fan over fan, 5 ch sts, turn, completing one point; repeat from the start for the length required.

Finish the edge of the points with * 5 ch sts, catch back into the 4th st, with 1 si cr, 1 ch st, 1 si cr over sp, repeat * for each sp, making 3 p at each corner, sp.

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PATENT YOUR IDEAS. BOOKS, "HOW TO Obtain a Patent," and "What to Invent," sent free. Send rough sketch for free report regarding patentability. Manufacturers constantly writing us for patents. Patents advertised for sale free. Established 20 years. Address Chandlee & Chandlee, patent attorneys, 499 7th St., Washington, D. C.

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YOUR IDEA WANTED. PATENT YOUR invention. I'll help you market it. Send for 4 free books, list of patent buyers, hundreds of ideas wante[illegible] Advice free. Highest references. P[illegible]vertised free. Richard B. Owen, Pat[illegible] Lawyer, 22 Owen Bldg., Washington, D. C.

INVENT SOMETHING. YOUR IDEAS MAY bring wealth. Send postal for free book. Tells what to invent and how to obtain a patent through our credit system. Talbert & Talbert, 4276 Talbert Building, Washington, D. C.

PROTECTIVE PATENTS PROCURED promptly. 104 pg. Blue Book free. Trademarks registered. Robb & Robb, 248-252 Southern Building, Washington, D. C.

WANTED TO BUY

CASH FOR OLD FALSE TEETH. SOME worth up to $19.50 per set (broken or not). Send Immediately—we return cash same day we receive package. We pay highest prices for old gold jewelry, gold crowns, bridges, platinum, silver. (Cut out adv.) U. S. Smelter Works, 302 Goldsmith Bldg., Milwaukee, Wis.

OLD MONEY WANTED

$2 TO $500 EACH PAID FOR HUNDREDS of coins dated before 1895. Keep all old money. Send 10 cents for new illustrated Coin Value Book, 4x6. You may have coins worth many dollars premium. Get posted. Clarke Coin Co., Box 70, Le Roy, N. Y.

UNDERGROUND TREASURES

UNDERGROUND TREASURES—HOW AND where to find them. Particulars for stamp. Bee Company, Kansas City, Missouri.

MEN

GET VITAL STRENGTH—RETAIN YOUTHful vigor. Simple, easy, sure. Particulars free. Winslow D. Chase, Washington, D. C.

MEDICAL

FREE TREATMENT FOR THE WORST forms of blood disease. Welch Medicine Co., Jacksonville, Fla.

A Cap a Soldier Will Like.

Here are instructions for making a practical headgear for our soldiers. It was evolved out of criticisms one woman heard made by soldiers on the various forms of headgear we have been making for their comfort. It has the merit of being warmer and smaller and altogether more comfortable and convenient than the others, and can be made quickly by any who crochet. The materials required are one-half hank of yarn and a bone crochet hook.

By "single crochet" is meant to insert hook in work, draw thread thru, then throw thread over and draw thru the two stitches on hook. This is the only stitch used in the entire work.

The hood may be used as a helmet, a trench cap, or a sleeping cap.

To make it chain four stitches and join. Into the tiny ring thus formed put as many single crochets as will fill it smoothly.

Continue round and round with single crochet, being careful always to take up both sides of the stitch, and widening by putting two single crochets in a stitch, as often as necessary to keep the work smooth and flat until it measures six and one-half inches across. Then continue round and round without widening for another six inches.

This completes the cap or hood portion. To make the lap across the front, turn the work without breaking the thread and crochet back four inches. Turn again and go back over this same four inches. Continue to work back and forth until the strip thus formed measures nine and one-half inches.

Make buttonholes in end of strip as follows: Work three stitches, then chain five. Skip five and work until within eight stitches of opposite end. Chain five, skip five, and work last three stitches. Turn and work back, being careful to work in chain stitches. Crochet back and forth on this until the buttonhole is about one-half inch from end of the strip. Break thread and finish neatly. Put buttons on opposite side of cap to match these.

In making this article it should be adjusted by fitting it to some man's head.

*

Fashion Notes.

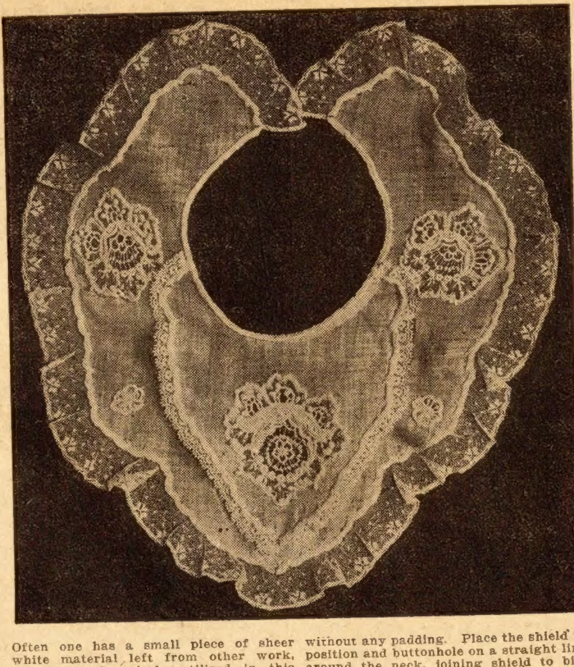
Nowadays no one is ashamed of having her dresses dyed, or even turned. Woolen materials are so very expensive; indeed, it is almost impossible to get really good serge, even if one is willing to pay exceedingly high prices. Silken goods of all kinds are much cheaper than woolen stuffs, and so it is to be a winter of silk, to a great extent.

A Bib for Baby When Company Comes

AT FIRST glance this elaborate bib appears to be very much work, but it is surprising to notice on closer inspection that it is not. **The bib is cut in two** parts, the full size bib and the narrow pointed shield at the front. As the purpose of a bib is to protect the front of baby's dress, the double layer of material is extra protection as well as ornamental.

For all kinds of baby wear, the fine materials are the first to be considered. Often one has a small piece of sheer white material left from other work, which can be nicely utilized in this useful little article.

The medallions are of Venetian lace and are cut from a square of lace and appliqued to the bib. Of these, three large medallions and two small ones are used. Baste them in place and whip the edges with small even stitches, turn to the back of the three large medallions, and with a sharp-pointed scissors cut away the material, leaving enough to turn a tiny hem and whip this to the lace. The small medallions are only sewed to the bib.



The baby scallops are buttonholed flat, without any padding. Place the shield in position and buttonhole on a straight line around the neck, joining shield to bib. A narrow edge of valenciennes lace edges the shield, and lace one inch wide edges the bib.

British Humor.

THE number of consulting physicians in England has become so reduced as a result of mobilization and overwork on account of those not called to active duty, owing to age, etc., that invalids and those subject to everyday maladies are requested to refrain from sending for the doctor for "every little ache and pain," this privilege being permitted only in extreme cases.

"It is desired that the public in general, in order to simplify medical services, take the greatest of care possible in order to prevent carelessly contracting diseases that require long, difficult and expensive courses of treatment.

"It will be a proof of patriotism on the part of every one during the war to content themselves with the less serious complaints, such as influenza, neuralgia, headache and hysteria, these latter being easily relieved by means of a few cheery words."

The above is the advice found in an English newspaper. Americans should profit by this advice.

* * *

The Uncertain Voice.

AT A CLYNE CLUB dinner in Chicago—the Clyne Club was formed to give cheap dinners as a protest against dear dinners in war time—District Attorney Charles F. Clyne, the organization's founder, told a story.

"New members are joining the Clyne Club by letter and telegram every day," he said. "Our leading men are showing their appreciation of the club with no uncertain voice.

"Before this generous appreciation we can feel sure. We don't have to feel like the colonel.

"'Men,' shouted the colonel, wavi his sword round his head, "we attack at dawn, and before the whistle summons you to go over the top, I want to ask you one question. Will you fight, or will you run?"

"One loud unanimous shout went up: 'We will!'

"'What will you do?' said the colonel, knitting his brow."

"'We will not!' shouted the regiment.

"'Thank you, men,' said the colonel. 'I knew you would.'"

CLASSIFIED WANT ADS

Classified Want Ad Information If you have hesitated to try Classified Advertising for fear your lack of experience in writing advertisements might stand in your way you need delay no longer. Just write a letter to the Classified Dept., W. D. Boyce Co., 500 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill. State fully what you wish to advertise and the amount of money you can devote to it. Copy will at once be submitted for your approval. Rate 30c a word. Not less than 14 words accepted.

W. D. BOYCE COMPANY, Publisher

SALESMEN WANTED

SALESMEN—CITY OR TRAVELING. Experienced or inexperienced. Send for our valuable free book, "A Knight of the Grip," list of openings and full particulars. Fit yourself to earn the big salaries—$2,500 to $10,000 a year. Prepare in spare time to make a success like thousands of our members have done. Our course combines careful training with practical experience. Immediate and unlimited employment service rendered members. Address nearest office. Dept. 103, Natl. Salesmen's Tr. Ass'n, Chicago—San Francisco—New York.

UNUSUAL OPPORTUNITY; CAPABLE SPECIALTY salesman; established concern. New strong proposition to general trade. Staple goods. Present conditions offer unlimited opportunity to earn big money. The Continental Jewelry Company, 255 Continental Bldg., Cleveland, Ohio.

SALES MANAGER — FOR EXCLUSIVE sale and distribution in restricted territory; high-caliber men, with some finances to start; good proposition to right man. Write for particulars. [illegible] Co., Bridgeton, N. J.

AGENTS WANTED

NEW MONEY MAKING INVENTION—VENTILATED Chemical Indoor Closet for country, village and suburban homes; banishes obnoxious outhouse; no plumbing; no waterworks; no cesspool; absolutely odorless; thirty days' free trial guarantee; every village and farm home a customer. An order at every house. One man made $112 commission in eight hours. Another sold 25 in one day. G. W. Keiser has averaged over $100 a week for past six months, being able to work only about half time account of ill health. Exclusive territory contract. Biggest real cash winner ever offered to agents and general agents. Full particulars and proof free. Write today. Address Shafer Mfg. Co., 467 Colton Bldg., Toledo, O.

I WANT 100 MEN AND WOMEN TO ACT as my agents and take orders for Kantleak raincoats. I paid Eli Bridge $88.95 for orders taken during his spare time in one week. Cooper made $314 last month. Wonderful values. A dandy coat for $3.98. Four average orders a day gives you $2,500 a year profit and an automobile free at the end of six months. No delivering or collecting. I'll give you a sample coat and complete outfit for getting orders. Hurry. Write for my liberal offer. Comer Mfg. Co., Dept. B121, Dayton, Ohio.

AGENTS—STEADY INCOME. LARGE MANUFACTURER of Handkerchiefs and Dress Goods, etc., wishes representative in each locality. Factory to consumer. Big profits, honest goods. Whole or spare time. Credit given. Send for particulars. Freeport Mfg. Co., 52 Main St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

$65.00 A WEEK AND YOUR SUIT FREE. You can earn this and even more if you take advantage of our startling offer. Write us at once, and we will send you a full line of samples and everything necessary to start at once, absolutely free, postage prepaid. Spencer Mead Company, Dept. 1178, Chicago.

AGENTS. SELL GUARANTEED HOSIERY at big profits. You can sell at less than store prices. Bought heavily before prices doubled. Mrs. Schurman made over $2000 last year. Write for sample outfit. Thomas Hosiery Co., 3111 North St., Dayton, Ohio.

$60 WEEKLY AND AUTOMOBILE FURNISHED men everywhere placing samples wonderful new automobile fuel product with car owners. 3c worth equals gallon of gasoline. Outfit furnished free. L. Ballwey, 7, Sta. F., Louisville, Ky.

ACT QUICKLY; 100 REMARKABLE RESULT producing business letters, complete; no two letters alike. Written by America's leading ad-writer. Businessmen snap 'em up. Retails $1. Write to-day. Mochi, 2335 Beaumont Avenue, New York City.

AGENTS—GALLIVER MADE $6.60 IN TWO hours selling our transfer initials and patriotic emblems. Applied to automobiles in ten minutes. $1.35 profit on $1.50 order. Write quick for samples. Auto Accessories Co., Dept. C-11, Dayton, Ohio.

AGENTS: SELL RICH-LOOKING IMPORTED 36x68 rugs, $1 each. Carter, Tenn., sold 115 in four days; profit $57. You can do same. Write for sample offer selling plan; exclusive territory; sample rug by parcel post prepaid 98c. Condon, Importer, Stonington, Maine.

WE START YOU IN BUSINESS, FURNISHING everything; men and women, $30.00 to $200.00 weekly operating our "New System Specialty Candy Factories," home anywhere. Opportunity lifetime; booklet free. Z. Ragsdale Co., East Orange, N. J.

PORTRAITS, MEDALLIONS, PHOTO PILLOW tops, luminous crucifix, photo plates, frames, sheet pictures, papier mache frames, etc. Lowest prices; rejects credited; prompt shipments; 30 days' credit; catalog and samples free. Jas. C. Bailey, Desk S-7, Chicago.

AGENTS WANTED. TO TAKE ORDERS for high grade household goods. We do all delivering and send you check every Saturday. Cascade Merchandise Corporation, 350 L. C. Smith Building, Seattle, Washington.

GET DAVIS' 1918 PROSPERITY OFFER—best in 21 years—our food, soap and toilet goods cut store prices 1-3 to 1-2. Everybody buys to lower living cost. E. M. Davis, Dept. 609, 910 Lake St., Chicago.

WE START YOU WITHOUT A DOLLAR—Soaps, extracts, perfumes, toilet goods, experience unnecessary. Carnation Co., 26 S. Main, St. Louis.

AGENTS—$30 TO $100 A WEEK. FREE samples gold sign letters for stores and office windows. Liberal offer to general agents. Metallic Letter Co., 416 N. Clark, Chicago.

AGENTS—I'VE A NEW SOAP GAME that's a dandy. New stuff; 100% profits. Sample and full layout free. Write quick. Lacassian Co., Dept. 21, St. Louis, Mo.

$1100 IN THREE MONTHS, S. MADE; SO can you; new tremendous seller; field unlimited; sells incessantly. Write Bergen Products Co., Dept. 20, Lester Prairie, Minn.

AGENTS WANTED—(Continued)

AGENTS—200% PROFIT. WONDERFUL little article. Something new; sells like wildfire. Carry right in pocket. Write at once for free sample. E. M. Feltman, Mgr., 5254 3rd St., Cincinnati, O.

MEN AND WOMEN—YOU CAN MAKE FROM $5.00 to $10.00 profit each day selling Sanitary Brushes for all purposes. All or part time. Puritan Co., Dept. B 1966 Broadway, New York.

AGENTS—A NEW ONE! HARPER'S FIBRE Broom and Ten-Use Brush Set Combined. Saves broom expense; lightens housework; easy seller; first order returnable. Harper Brush Works, Dep't. B, Fairfield, Ia.

HELP WANTED

WANTED IMMEDIATELY — THOUSANDS men—women, 18 or over, $100 month. War preparations opening thousands government clerical positions. Easy, pleasant work, 7 hour day. Vacation with pay. Common education sufficient. Write immediately for list positions open. Franklin Institute, Dept. O28, Rochester, N. Y.

BE INDEPENDENT. CHIROPRACTIC DOCTORS earn $3,000 to $6,000 yearly; work for yourself; this good paying profession quickly learned by correspondence; low rates; easy terms; illustrated book and charts free. American University, 173 Manierre Building, Chicago.

DO YOUR BIT—SAVE LAND, SAVE LABOR, help solve the Nation's food problem, grow bushels of fine potatoes in back yard, space 4x8, new tried out method, no weeds to hoe, easily protected from frost and drouth; send $1.00 for full instructions. N. A. Perry, Nordegg, Alta.

MAKE $5.00 DAILY DURING SPARE TIME selling beautiful colored Roll of Honor pictures. Every mother, father, brother, sweetheart of a soldier a customer. Retails 50c. Sample, postpaid, 12c. Patriotic Certificate Co., 160 No. Wells St., Chicago, Ill.

EVERY READER OF THE LEDGER OUGHT to read these ads. Every week splendid chances to make money—to better yourself—to buy, sell or exchange goods or services, are offered here.

MALE HELP WANTED

MEN—GET A SWELL, STYLISH, HAND-tailored spring or summer suit free and make some real money as our special representative. We furnish everything. Send postal today for big style book of 1918 fashions with liberal samples and amazing free suit offer. Ruby Tailors, Dept. 186, Chicago, Ill.

WANTED—WIDE AWAKE MEN TO OPEN hat cleaning and blocking establishments, small capital, excellent profits. We supply equipment and tell you how. Write for booklet. E. W. Bender & Co., Dept. 2, Charlotte, N. C.

RAILROADS WANT TRAFFIC INSPECTORS. Pay $125 to $200 monthly; all expenses, advancement; three months home study; booklet L 23 free. Frontier Prep. School, Buffalo, N. Y.

FIREMEN, BRAKEMEN, BAGGAGEMEN, 8 hours, $140. Colored porters wanted everywhere. Experience unnecessary. 686 Ry. Bureau, East St. Louis, Ill.

GOVERNMENT EXAMINATIONS — THOROUGH instruction, $5. Returned if not approved. Particulars free. American Civil Service School, Washington, D. C.

BECOME CHAUFFEURS $35.00 WEEK. Learn while earning. Sample lessons free. Franklin Institute, Dept. O814, Rochester, N. Y.

MEN—AGE 17 TO 45. EXPERIENCE UNNECESSARY. Travel; make secret investigations, reports. Salaries; expenses. American-Foreign Detective Agency, 126, St. Louis.

I WILL PAY ANY HONEST MAN UP TO $50 monthly for part of spare time. No canvassing. No capital. Write today. Voorhies, Desk 300, Omaha, Nebraska.

SMOKE AND CHEW KENTUCKY HOMESPUN Tobacco. 5 lb., $2; 10 lb., $3.75, prepaid. E. Craft, Grower, Bowling Green, Ky.

BE A DETECTIVE. EXCELLENT OPPORTUNITY, good pay, travel. Write C. T. Ludwig, 320 Westover Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

FEMALE HELP WANTED

FIVE BRIGHT, CAPABLE LADIES TO travel, demonstrate and sell dealers, $75.00 to $150.00 per month. Railroad fare paid. Goodrich Drug Company, Dept. 85, Omaha, Neb.

WOMEN TO SEW. GOODS SENT PREPAID to your door; plain sewing; steady work; no canvassing. Send stamped envelope for prices paid. Universal Co., Dept. 54, Philadelphia, Pa.

WOMEN—BECOME DRESS DESIGNERS. Earn $18 to $50 week. Sample lessons free. Write immediately. Franklin Institute, Dept. O 854, Rochester, N. Y.

WANTED—LADIES MAKE APRONS; $4.20 to $12 dozen; send 22c for patterns; returned if desired. Richards, 6240 South Park, Chicago.

LADY DEMONSTRATORS — EXPERIENCE unnecessary. Toilet goods; each county; good pay; no investment. Tannomore, 756, St. Louis, Mo.

WOMEN WANTED. THOUSANDS GOVERNMENT war jobs open. $100 month. List free. Franklin Institute, Dept. Q30, Rochester, N. Y.

INFORMATION

ASK US—INFORMATION FURNISHED ON any subject, or purchases of any article made. A reasonable charge for service rendered, full information for three cent stamp. Chicago Information and Purchasing Co., Lock Box 640, Chicago, Ills.

REAL ESTATE

A SMALL CALIFORNIA FARM MAKES more money with less work. Live longer, better. Delightful climate. Rich soil. Low prices. Easy terms. Sure profits. Hospitable neighbors. Good roads, schools, churches. Write for our San Joaquin Valley illustrated folders free. C. L. Seagraves, Industrial Commissioner, Santa Fe Ry., 1931 Railway Exchange, Chicago.

MISSOURI FARM LANDS

SMALL MISSOURI FARM. $2.50 CASH AND $2.50 monthly, no interest or taxes. Also an interest in our great development project which within the next few months should pay you one hundred dollars for every dollar you invest. Highly productive land, close to three big markets; photographs and full information free. Munger, H. 186, N. Y. Life Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

MICHIGAN FARM LANDS FOR SALE

LAND! LAND! CLOVER, POTATOES, RYE, beans, wheat, oats, alfalfa, fruit, big money makers on our hardwood lands. Buy while this land is cheap and its products high. 10, 20, 40 to 80 acres. $15 to $30 per acre. Small amount down, little each month and soon you will be a farmer on a farm of your own. Good markets, schools, churches. Michigan's best counties—Kalkaska, Antrim. 40,000 acres to choose from. Write for big free book. Swigart Land Co., X1245 First Nat'l Bank Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

SOUTHERN FARM LANDS

DO YOU WANT A FARM WHERE LARGEST profits are made? The South's great variety of crops and wonderfully productive climate make it the most profitable farm section of America. It is the place for the lowest cost meat production and dairy farming. It grows the largest variety of forage crops. Good lands in good localities, as low as $15 to $25 an acre. Let us show you locations that will give the highest profits. Development Service, Room 5, Southern Railway System, Washington, D. C.

MISSOURI LANDS

POOR MAN'S CHANCE—$5.00 MONTHLY buys 40 acres productive land near town; healthy location. Price $200. Other bargains. Box 425S, Carthage, Mo.

$5 PER MONTH BUYS 40 ACRES, WAYNE Co., Missouri; price $160; write for description list. Geo. D. Williams, Mt. Vernon, Ill.

FARM LANDS FOR SALE

VIRGINIA, N. C., W. VA. & OHIO FARMS at $15.00 per acre and up offer big values for the price. Best climate, markets, schools and transportation. Good land and neighbors. Write F. H. LaBaume, Agrl. Agt. N. & W. Ry., 248 Arcade, Roanoke, Va.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

$1 DOES IT. MILLIONS MADE MONTHLY in wonderful Texas oil fields. Behnken, clerk, invested $42, received $1144. Bartmes, clerk, $84, received $2288. Hufstettler, farmer, $700, cashed in $19,067 within ten months. $1 monthly few months, gets warranty deed, may pay $200 or more monthly. Cooperative well. Information, maps, free. Write today. Sourlake Texas Oil Co., 566 DeMenil, St. Louis, Mo.

$20 BUYS DEED TO LAND, ALSO INTEREST in oil well that should pay you $100 for every dollar invested; payments $2 monthly; complete information free. Address Texas-Gulf Company, 1105 Union Bank, Houston, Texas.

LATEST WYOMING OIL MAP SENT FREE. Small investments making millionaires. Write Midwest Investment Bureau, Boston Block, Minneapolis, Minn.

DEBTS COLLECTED ANYWHERE IN world. No charges unless we collect. May's Collection Agency, Somerset, Kentucky.

MOTION PICTURE BUSINESS

LARGE PROFITS DAILY MADE IN THIS business. Openings everywhere. Small capital starts you. Complete outfits sold on installments. No experience needed. Our machines are used and endorsed by Government institutions. Catalog free. Atlas Moving Picture Company, Franklin Building, Chicago.

$100 TO $200 PROFIT WEEKLY. COMPLETE moving picture outfit; machines, films, etc., furnished on easy payment plan. No experience needed. Free book explains everything. Monarch Film Service, Dept. 1-A., 228 Union Ave., Memphis, Tenn.

SHORT STORIES WANTED

WANTED—STORIES, ARTICLES, POEMS for new magazine. We pay on acceptance. Handwritten Mss. acceptable. Send Mss. to Woman's National Magazine, Desk 186, Washington, D. C.

WRITERS! — STORIES, POEMS, PLAYS, etc., are wanted for publication. Literary Bureau, B4, Hannibal, Mo.

LIVE STOCK

HOLSTEIN CALVES, BOTH SEXES, 5 weeks old, 15-16th pure, $25.00 each, crated for shipment. Edgewood Farms, Whitewater, Wis.

ROOTS—BARKS—HERBS

CASH PAID FOR PRODUCT. COLLECTOR made $186 fortnight. Learn business. Stamp, for list 900 plants. "Market Facts." Box 1000, Badger Medical Plant Growers (Buyers-Exporters), Rhinelander, Wis.

TOBACCO HABIT

TOBACCO OR SNUFF HABIT CURED OR no pay. $1.00 if cured. Remedy sent on trial. Superba Co., TC, Baltimore, Md.

SONG POEMS

WHO WILL WRITE THE SONG HIT OF the war? If you have an idea suitable for such a song, write for free booklet, "Songwriters' Manual and Guide." We revise poems, compose music, secure copyright and facilitate free publication or sale. Poems submitted, examined free. Knickerbocker Studios, 112 Gaiety Bldg., N. Y. C.

WRITE THE WORDS FOR A SONG. WE write music and guarantee publisher's acceptance. Submit poems on war, love or any subject. Chester Music Co., 538 S. Dearborn St., Suite 106, Chicago.

PERSONAL

SUFFERERS FROM NERVOUS, WEAK, run down conditions should take Juven Pills. They accomplish marvelous results. This medicine has more rejuvenating, vitalizing force than has ever before been offered. Sent postpaid only on receipt of this advertisement and $1, by C. I. Hood Co., proprietors Hood's Sarsaparilla, Lowell, Mass. (Z.R.)

MEN:—SEXTONIQUE NEVER FAILS TO restore strength to those troubled with nervous, weak, run-down and despondent conditions that undermine good health. Costs nothing if not cured. Write for free book. Cumberland Chemical Co., 32 Berry Block, Nashville, Tenn.

MEN ON THE DOWN GRADE, REMEMBER we cure varicocele, stricture, chronic, nervous, blood, kidney, bladder and private diseases. Book symptom blank and advice free, sealed. Hinze Medical Institute, 22 Washington Ave. So., Minneapolis, Minn.

MARRY. THOUSANDS CONGENIAL PEOPLE, worth from $1,000 to $50,000 seeking early marriage; descriptions, photos, introductions free. Sealed. Either sex. Send no money. Address Standard Cor. Club, Grayslake, Ill.

HURIANEK'S FOOT POWDER FOR PERSPIRING feet, hands and other parts of body. Removes all odors, chilblains and soreness; relieves corns. Two or three boxes bring permanent relief. Price 75c a box, postage prepaid. J. A. Hurianek, Mesita, Colo.

$150 IN CASH PRIZES AND PREMIUMS for only 6 names monthly, given absolutely free, during 1918, to every intelligent person who sends this ad and address immediately to the Great Eastern Commercial Service Co., Binghamton, N. Y.

MARRY AT ONCE. WE PUT YOU IN CORRESPONDENCE with thousands of charming and refined ladies who wish to marry, many worth from $1,000 to $25,000 and upwards. Particulars free. Address Allen Ward, B 520, Valley, Nebr.

A LETTER TO DR. ROWE, THE SPECIALIST, brings his serial No. 1 on varicocele, stricture & urinary diseases; every man should have it. Postage 4c. Send to day. Dr. Rowe, 112 North Pearl St., Buffalo, N. Y.

MARRY AT ONCE—IF LONELY; WRITE me; and I will send you hundreds descriptions; congenial people, worth $1,000 to $350,000; wishing marriage; (confidential). Ralph Hyde, San Francisco, Cal.

FOR SPEEDY MARRIAGE, BEST, LARGEST in country. Established 12 years. Thousands wealthy, confidential descriptions free. Reliable Club, Mrs. Wrubel, Oakland, Calif.

MATRIMONIAL PAPER AND DESCRIPTIONS free. Many wealthy (sealed), pay when married. Langden, 802 Arbor Ave., Dayton, Ohio.

YOUNG WIDOW, 24, WORTH $150,000. Anxious to marry honorable gentleman. Mrs. Warn, 2216½ Temple St., Los Angeles, Cal.

MARRY — FREE PHOTOS, BEAUTIFUL ladies; descriptions and directory; pay when married. New Plan Co., Dept. 21, Kansas City, Mo.

MARRY—MARRIAGE DIRECTORY WITH photos and description free. Pay when married. The Exchange, Dept. 28, Kansas City, Mo.

LIFE READING, PHOTO POSTALS, SECRET conversation cards and lovely present, only 12c in stamps. D. Union Supply Co., Palatine, Ill.

I DARE YOU ANSWER—FARMER, WORTH $80,000, lonely, will marry, for more particulars, address Mr. Hyde, 253a Minna St., San Francisco, Calif.

MOSTLY PRETTY SOUTHERN GIRLS. Many descriptions and photos, sent free. (Matrimonial). Sunny South Club, Winston-Salem, N. C.

LONELY, CLEAN CUT YOUNG GENTLEMAN wants correspondence with young lady, object early marriage. Box 65 Station 1, Seattle, Wash.

GET MARRIED — BEST MATRIMONIAL magazine published mailed free. Ladies send description, age. American Distributor, Blairsville, Penna.

ANTIES GERMAN SECRET SOLVES THE prohibition problem; the easiest, most secret and simple thing out. For full particulars, write J. A. Short, Stephensville, Texas.

LONELY MAIDEN, 24, WOULD CORRESPOND with gentleman matrimonially inclined. Pictures exchanged. B. L., Box 150, Syracuse, N. Y.

HAVE SWEETHEARTS EVERYWHERE. Your name in Walker's Postcard and Letter Exchange 10c. Walker, Publisher, Cash, Ark.

MARRIAGE PAPER — PHOTOS, DESCRIPTIONS, many rich, want to marry. Free. H. Jahn, St. Paul, Minn.

MARRY RICH. HUNDREDS ANXIOUS TO marry. Descriptions and photos free. E. Unity, Grand Rapids, Mich.

MARRIAGE PAPER WITH NAMES, ADDRESSES, photos, descriptions, sealed 25c. Box 2265 B, Boston, Mass.

WILL YOU WRITE TO LONELY YOUNG widow worth $35,000? Object, matrimony. Mary, Box 584, Los Angeles, Cal.

FREE TRIAL

SEND NO MONEY–JUST THIS COUPON

C. Newberry Company,
200-214 North Peoria Street, Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen:—Please send me trial package of ten fifteen-cent boxes of SPIK and SPAN tablets. I promise to send the special price of $1.00 to you or return the goods within 30 days.

Name______________________________

Address____________________________

SPECIAL OFFER:—If you send this coupon in at once we will put a $1.00 free advertising certificate in each 15-cent package.

MAIL THIS COUPON

"FREE WOMEN FROM THE DRUDGERY OF WASH DAY"

Takes The Work Out of Wash Day!

An amazing discovery. Wonderful little tablets that save half the soap and nine-tenths of the labor on washday.

Washday drudgery banished forever! Scrubbing on the washboard out-of-date—a thing of the past!

Clothes saved from the wear and tear of old-fashioned washing!

One-half cake of soap doing the work of a whole cake and doing it better! Wonderful—amazing—yes, but true. SPIK and SPAN—the modern washday miracle has done it.

SPIK AND SPAN

CLEANS AND WHITENS EVERYTHING

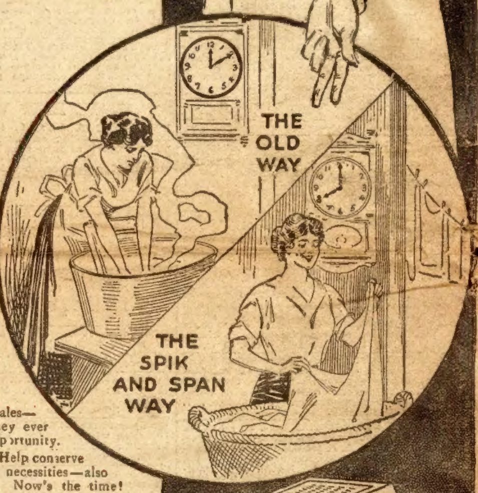
SPIK and SPAN tablets are made from absolutely pure ingredients—no lye, potash or paraffin, no injurious chemicals—have freed women from wash day slavery.

Dirt vanishes—stains come out, the clothes are spotlessly clean in a surprisingly short time. No rubbing necessary.

Cleans everything around the house.

SPIK and SPAN—10 tablets to a box—enough for five big washings—only 15 cents. Think of it!

Women are enthusiastic—hundreds upon hundreds of letters are pouring in—thanking us for this invention. Read the unsolicited testimonials on this page. Then send the coupon—and know for yourself.


THE OLD WAY
THE SPIK AND SPAN WAY

A Fortune-Maker For AGENTS!

The women of America want SPIK and SPAN. They are waiting for it—ready to buy—anxious to buy.

We must have ambitious men and women in every community to represent us. We must get SPIK and SPAN to every woman. Our agents are reporting tremendous sales—their incomes are larger than they ever dreamed possible. It's your opportunity.

Act at once—don't delay. Help conserve labor—clothes—soap—war-time necessities—also help yourself to independence. Now's the time!

SEND NO MONEY—Just the Coupon!

Get 10 Packages By Return Mail

Not one penny—just sign your name—it brings you your trial order—ten packages. Try them out in your wash. Sell to your friends or neighbors—keep for your own use. Pay if you wish at the end of thirty days—could anything be fairer? It's your chance—act quickly. SPIK and SPAN is the greatest seller on the market today—it is ready for your territory. Send the coupon.

C. NEWBERRY COMPANY
200-214 North Peoria Street,
CHICAGO, ILL.

Rev. Williams Endorses Spik and Span

Newberry Company:

My wife had SPIK and SPAN tried and thinks it the most wonderful thing on the market. Rev. E. Williams, Hegard, Ky.

Demonstrated and Won

Newberry Company:

Received the shipment of SPIK and SPAN—demonstrated to 20 women at one time and they all think it is the greatest thing ever. It sells like "wild fire" Will send another order soon.
E H Achilles,
Lyndonville, Vt.

Spik and Span Beats Wash Machine

Newberry Co., Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen:—I am a mother of two children and do my own washing. I got a new washing machine that I thought could not be beat, but I received some samples of SPIK and SPAN, tried them, and would not trade one pkg. of SPIK ank SPAN for any machine on the market. It only takes about one-third the soap with SPIK and SPAN. Besides, my washing is a pleasure where before it was the most dreaded of my housework. Mrs. W. M. Mace,
Garnett, Kans.

P.S.—Rush order

Spik and Span Saves Labor, Soap and Time

Newberry Company:

Dear Sirs:—I received your free samples of SPIK and SPAN with prices, and consider them very liberal. I tried the sample as directed and was surprised at the results—clothes looking clean and white and me not a bit tired from washing. I consider the SPIK and SPAN a labor saver, a great help in saving soap and time, and indispensable on wash day. It is very pleasant to deal with the Newberry Company, they having proved themselves gentlemen in many ways.
Mrs Phoebe Thomas

Got Some Before and It Was Fine

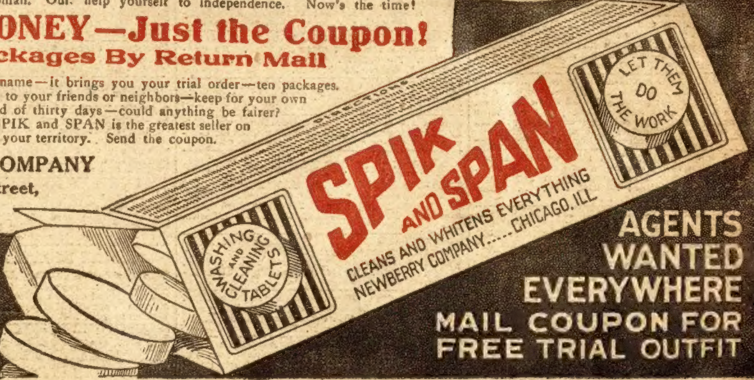
Newberry Co., Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen:—Please send me $1.00 worth of SPIK and SPAN by parcel post. I got some of this before from you and it was fine. Enclosed please find money order.
W. Devne, Pullman, Ill.

She Wants to Buy More Spik and Span

Newberry Co., Chicago, Ill.

Sirs:—Myself as well as five or six of my neighbors have tried your SPIK and SPAN tablets and are well pleased with them, but do not know where to purchase them. I bought some from a relative in Indiana and gave some samples to friends here. We are about out of them now and don't know who handles them here. Have you an agent here? Let me hear by return mail.
Mrs. Frank Welch, Dayton, O.


DIRECTIONS
LET THEM DO THE WORK
SPIK AND SPAN
CLEANS AND WHITENS EVERYTHING
NEWBERRY COMPANY......CHICAGO, ILL.
WASHING AND CLEANING TABLETS

LAUNDRY
SOAP

AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE
MAIL COUPON FOR FREE TRIAL OUTFIT

SAVES ½ the SOAP